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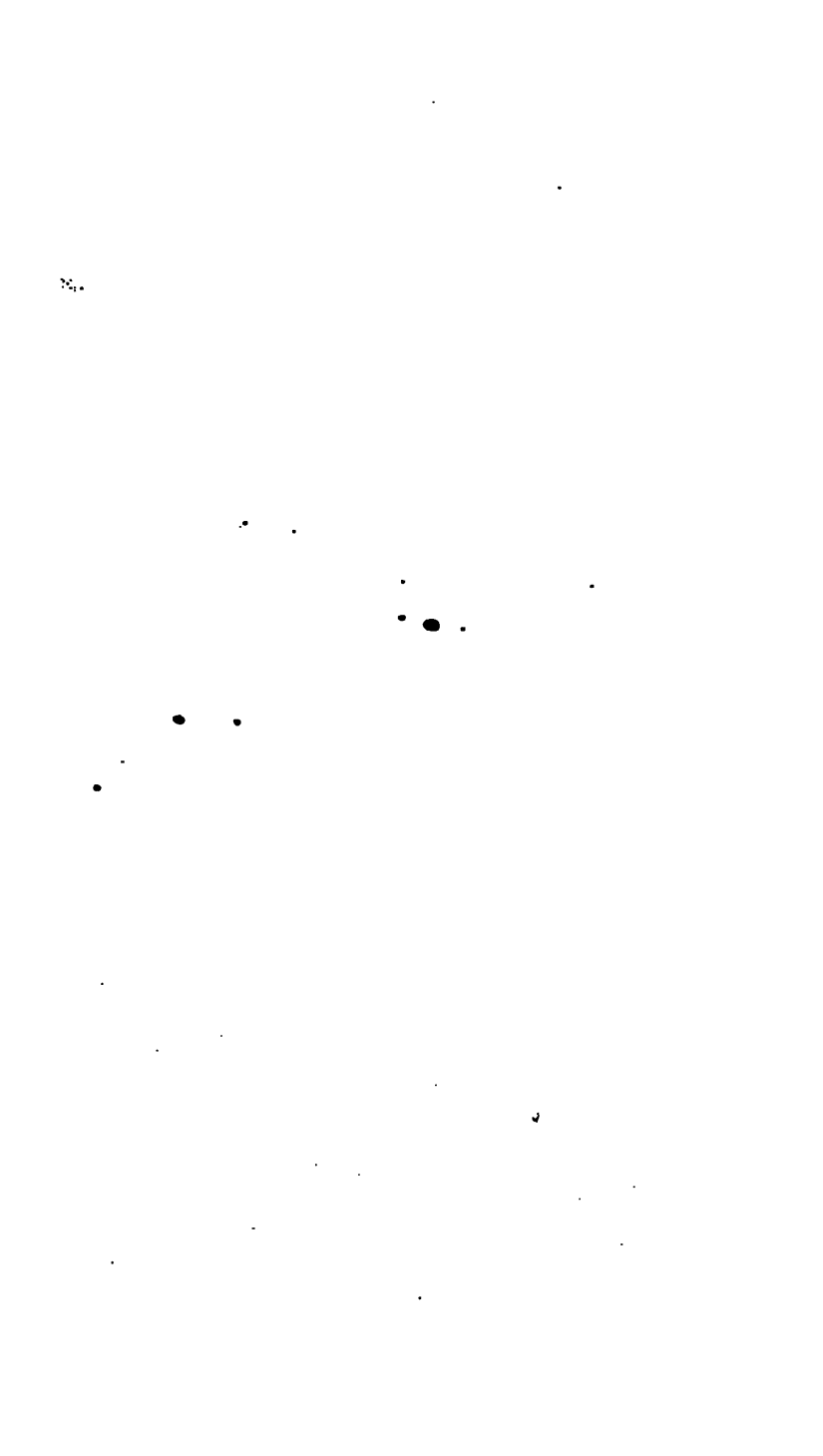
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# INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE

12259

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY."

DON DUART. I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal.

CLODIO. No, sir! I am a kind of—what-d'ye-call-'um—a sort of here-and-thereian. I am a stranger nowhere.

DON DUART. Have you travelled far, sir?

CLODIO. My tour of Europe, or so, sir!—dangled about a little.

LOVE MAKES A MAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

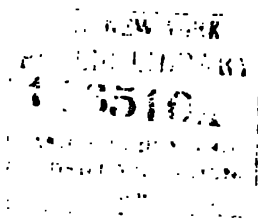
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1836.

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CRAIGHEAD AND ALLEN, PRINTERS, CORNER OF ANN AND NASSAU STREETS.

# CONTENTS

## TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

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|   |   |   |   |   |     |
|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| The Gipsy of Sardis                       | - | - | - | - | 3   |
| Tom Fane and I                            | - | - | - | - | 79  |
| Larks in Vacation—                        |   |   |   |   |     |
| Chap. I. Driving Stanhope <i>pro tem.</i> | - | - | - | - | 97  |
| II. Saratoga Springs                      | - | - | - | - | 106 |
| III. Mrs. Captain Thompson                | - | - | - | - | 121 |
| A Log in the Archipelago                  | - | - | - | - | 133 |
| Miscellaneous Papers                      |   |   |   |   |     |
| The Reyenge of the Signor Basil           | - | - | - | - | 153 |
| Love and Diplomacy                        | - | - | - | - | 191 |
| The Madhouse of Palermo                   | - | - | - | - | 202 |
| Minute Philosophies                       | - | - | - | - | 217 |

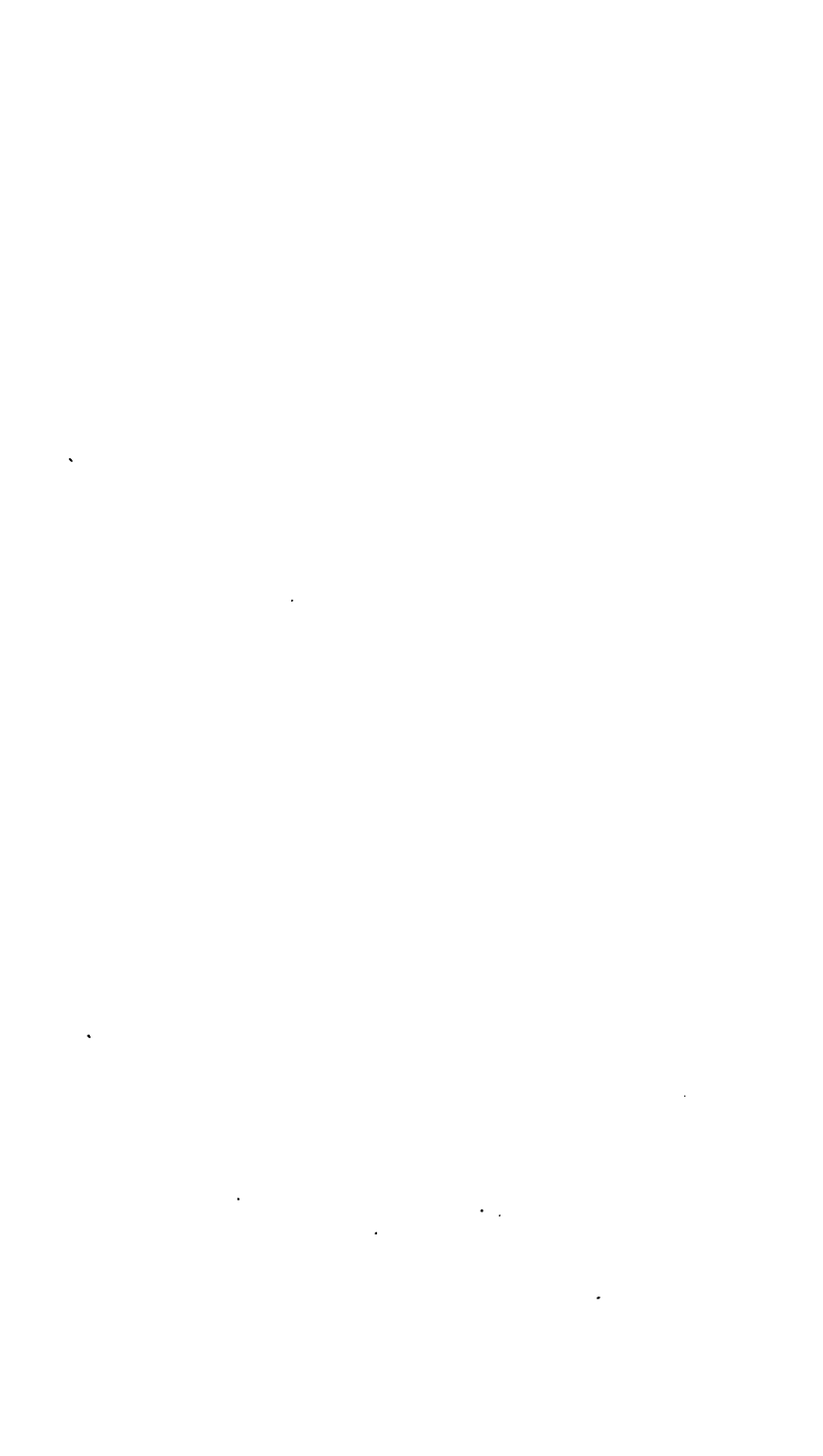


# **THE GIPSY OF SARDIS.**

**VOL. II.**

**2**





## THE GIPSY OF SARDIS.

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“ And thou art far,  
Asia ! who, when my being overflowed,  
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine,  
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.”  
*Shelley's Prometheus.*

---

OUR tents were pitched in the vestibule of the house of Croesus, on the natural terrace which was once the imperial site of Sardis. A humpbacked Dutch artist, who had been in the service of Lady Hester Stanhope as a draughtsman, and who had lingered about between Jerusalem and the Nile till he was as much at home in the East as a Hajji or a crocodile ; an Englishman qualifying himself for “ The Travellers’ ; ” a Smyrniote merchant in figs and opium ; Job Smith (my inseparable shadow) and myself, composed a party at this time, (August, 1834,) rambling about Asia Minor in turbans and Turkish saddles, and pitching our tents, and cooking our *pilau*, wherever it pleased Heaven and the inexorable *Suridji* who was our guide and caterer.

I thought at the time that I would compound to abandon all the romance of that renowned spot, for a clean shirt and something softer than a marble frustrum

for a pillow ; but in the distance of memory, and myself at this present in a deep morocco chair in the library at "The Travellers'," that same scene in the ruins of Sardis does not seem destitute of interest.

It was about four in the lazy summer afternoon. We had arrived at Sardis at mid-day, and after a quarrel whether we should eat immediately or wait till the fashionable hour of three, the wooden dish containing two chickens buried in a tumulus of rice, shaped (in compliment to the spirit of the spot) like the Mound of Alyattis in the plain below, was placed in the centre of a marble pedestal ; and with Job and the Dutchman seated on the prostrate column dislodged for our benefit, and the remainder of the party squatted in the high grass, which grew in the royal palace as if it had no memory of the foot-prints of the Kings of Lydia, we spooned away at the saturated rice, and pulled the smothered chickens to pieces with an independence of knives and forks that was worthy of the "certain poor man in Attica." Old Solon himself, who stood, we will suppose, while reproving the ostentatious monarch, at the base of that very column now ridden astride by an inhabitant of a country of which he never dreamed,—(at least it strikes me there is no mention of the Yankees in his philosophy,)—the old greybeard of the Academy himself, I say, would have been edified at the primitive simplicity of our repast. The salt (he would have asked if it was Attic) was contained in a ragged play-bill, which the Dutchman had purloined as a specimen of modern Greek, from the side of a house in Corfu ; the mustard was in a cracked powder-horn, which had been slung at the breast of old Whalley the regicide, in the American revolution, and which Job had brought from the Green Mountains, and held, till its present base uses, in religious veneration ; the ham (I should have mentioned

that respectable *entremet* before) was half enveloped in a copy of the "Morning Post;" and the bread, which had been seven days out from Smyrna, and had been kept warm in the Suridji's saddle bags twelve hours in the twenty-four, lay in *disjecta membra* around the marble table, with marks of vain but persevering attacks in its nibbled edges. The luxury of our larder was comprised in a flask which had once held Harvey's sauce, and though the last drop had served as a condiment to a roasted kid some three months before, in the Acropolis at Athens, we still clung to it with affectionate remembrance, and it was offered and refused daily around the table for the melancholy pleasure of hearing the mention of its name. It was unlucky that the only thing which the place afforded of the best quality, and in sufficient quantities, was precisely the one thing in the world for which no individual of the party had any particular relish—water! It was brought in a gourd from the bed of the "golden-sanded Pactolus," rippling away to the plain within pistol-shot of the dining-room; but, to the shame of our simplicity I must record, that a high-shouldered jug of the rough wine of Samos, trodden out by the feet of the lovely slaves of the Ægean, and bought for a farthing the bottle, went oftener to the unclassical lips of the company. Methinks, now, (the wind east in London, and the day wet and abominable,) I could barter the dinner that I shall presently discuss, with its *suite* of sherries and anchovy, to kneel down by that golden river in the sunshine, and drink a draught of pure lymph under the sky of effeminate Asia. Yet, when I was there—so rarely do we recognise happiness till she is gone—I wished myself (where I had never been) in "merry England." "*Merry*," quotha? Scratch it out, and write comfortable, I have seen none "merry" in England, save those who have most cause

to be sad—the abandoned of themselves and the world !

Out of the reach of ladies and the laws of society, the most refined persons return very much to the natural instincts from which they have departed in the progress of civilization. Job rolled off the marble column when there was nothing more to eat, and went to sleep with the marks of the Samian wine turning up the corners of his mouth like the salacious grin of a satyr. The Dutchman got his hump into a hollow, and buried his head in the long grass with the same obedience to the prompting of nature, and *idem* the Suridji and the fig-merchant, leaving me seated alone among the promiscuous ruins of Sardis and the dinner. The dish of philosophy I had with myself on that occasion will appear as a *rechauffe* in my novel ; (I intend to write one ; ) but meantime I may as well give you the practical inference ; that, as sleeping after dinner is evidently Nature's law, Washington Irving is highly excusable for the practice, and he would be a friend of reason who should introduce couches and coffee at that somnolent period, the digestive nap taking the place of the indigestible politics usually forced upon the company on the disappearance of the ladies. Why should the world be wedded for ever to these bigoted inconveniences !

The grand track from the south and west of Asia Minor passes along the plain between the lofty Acropolis of Sardis and the tombs of her kings ; and with the snore of travellers from five different nations in my ear, I sat and counted the camels in one of the immense caravans never out of sight in the valley of the Hermus. The long procession of those brown monsters wound slowly past on their way to Smyrna, their enormous burthens covered with colored trappings and swaying backward and forward with their dis-

jointed gait, and their turbaned masters dozing on the backs of the small asses of the East, leading each a score by the tether at his back ; the tinkling of their hundred bells swarmed up through the hot air of the afternoon with the drowsiest of monotones ; the native oleanders, slender-leaved and tall, and just now in all their glory, with a color in their bright flowers stolen from the bleeding lips of Houris, brightened the plains of Lydia like the flush of sunset lying low on the earth ; the black goats of uncounted herds browsed along the ancient Sarabat, with their bearded faces turned every one to the faintly coming wind : the eagles (that abound now in the mountains from which Sardis and a hundred silent cities once scared their bold progenitors) sailed slowly and fearlessly around the airy citadel that flung open its gates to the Lacedæmonian ; and, gradually, as you may have lost yourself in this tangled paragraph dear reader, my senses became confused among the objects it enumerates, and I fell asleep with the speech of Solon in my ears, and my back to the crumbling portico of Cræsus.

The Dutchman was drawing my picture when I awoke, the sun was setting, and Job and the Suridji were making tea. I am not a very picturesque object, generally speaking, but done as a wild Arab lying at the base of a column in a white turban, with a stork's nest over my head, I am not so ill-looking as you would suppose. As the Dutchman drew for *gelt*, and hoped to sell his picture to some traveller at Smyrna who would take that opportunity to affirm in his book that he had been at Sardis, (as *vide* his own sketch,) I do not despair of seeing myself yet in lithograph. And, talking of pictures, I would give something now if I had engaged that hump-backed draughtsman to make me a sketch of Job, squat on his hams before a fire in the wall, and making tea in a tin pot with a "malig-

nant and turbaned Turk," feeding the blaze with the dry thorn of Syria.\* It would have been consolation to his respectable mother, whom he left in the Green Mountains, (wondering what he could have to do with following such a scapegrace as myself through the world,) to have seen him in the turban of a Hajji taking his tea quietly in ancient Lydia. The green turban, the sign of the Hajji, belonged more properly to myself; for though it was Job who went bodily to Jerusalem, (leaving me ill of a fig-fever at Smyrna,) the sanctity of the pilgrimage by the Mahomedan law falls on him who provides the pilgrim with scallop-shell and sandals, aptly figured forth in this case, we will suppose, by the sixty American dollars paid by myself for his voyage to Jaffa and back. The Suridji was a Hajji, too, and it was amusing to see Job, who respected every man's religious opinions, and had a little vanity besides in sharing with the Turk† the dignity of a pilgrimage to the sacred city, washing his knees and elbows at the hour of prayer, and considerately, but very much to his own inconvenience, transferring the ham of the unclean beast from the Mussulman's saddlebags to his own. It was a delicate sacrifice to a pagan's prejudices worthy of Socrates or a Christian.

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\* It has the peculiarity of a *hooked* thorn alternating with the straight, and it is difficult to touch it without lacerating the hands. It is the common thorn of the East, and it is supposed that our Saviour's crown at his crucifixion was made of it.

† The Musselmen make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and pray at all the places consecrated to our Saviour and the Virgin, except only the tomb of Christ, which they do not acknowledge. They believe that Christ did not die, but ascended alive into heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was crucified for him.

## II.

' In all simple states of society, sunset is the hour of better angels. The traveller in the desert remembers his home,—the sea-tost boy his mother and her last words,—the Turk talks, for a wonder, and the chattering Greek is silent, for the same,—the Italian forgets his moustache, and hums *la patria*,—and the Englishman delivers himself of the society of his companions, and "takes a walk." It is something in the influences of the hour, and I shall take trouble, some day, to maintain that morn, noon, and midnight have their ministry as well, and exercise each an unobserved but salutary and peculiar office on the feelings:

We all separated "after tea;" the Suridji was off to find a tethering place for his horses; the Englishman strolled away by himself to a group of the "tents of Kedar" far down in the valley with their herds and herdsmen; the Smyrniote merchant sat by the camel-track at the foot of the hill waiting for the passing of a caravan; the Green Mountaineer was wandering around the ruins of the apostolic church; the Dutchman was sketching the two Ionic shafts of the fair temple of Cybele; and I, with a passion for running water which I have elsewhere alluded to, idled by the green bank of the Pactolus, dreaming sometimes of Gyges and Alexander, and sometimes of *you*, dear Mary!

I passed Job on my way, for the four walls over which the "Angel of the Church of Sardis" kept his brooding watch in the days of the Apocalypse stand not far from the swelling bank of the Pactolus, and nearly in a line between it and the palace of Croesus. I must say that my heart almost stood still with awe as I stepped over the threshold. In the next moment, the strong and never-wasting under-current of early reli-



gious feeling rushed back on me, and I involuntarily uncovered my head, and felt myself stricken with the spell of holy ground. My friend, who was never without the Bible that was his mother's parting gift, sat on the end of the broken wall of the vestibule with the sacred volume open at the Revelations in his hand.

"I think, Philip," said he, as I stood looking at him in silence, "I think my mother will have been told by an angel that I am here."

He spoke with a solemnity that, spite of every other feeling, seemed to me as weighty and true as prophecy.

"Listen, Philip," said he, "it will be something to tell your mother as well as mine, that we have read the Apocalypse together in the Church of Sardis."

I listened with what I never thought to have heard in Asia—my mother's voice loud at my heart, as I had heard it in prayer in my childhood:—

"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy."

I strolled on. A little farther up the Pactolus stood the Temple of Cybele. The church to which "He" spoke "who hath the seven Spirits of God and the seven stars," was a small and humble ruin of brick and mortar; but, of the Temple of the Heathen Mother of the World, remained two fair columns of marble with their curiously carved capitals, and the earth around was strewn with the gigantic frusta of an edifice, stately even in the fragments of its prostration. I saw for a moment the religion of Jupiter and of Christ with the eyes of Croesus and the philosopher from Athens; and then I turned to the living nations that I had left to wander among these dead empires, and looking still on the eloquent monuments of what these religions *were*, thought of them as they *are*, in wide-spread Christendom!

We visit Rome and Athens, and walk over the ruined temples of their gods of wood and stone, and take pride to ourselves that our imaginations awake the "spirit of the spot." But the primitive church of Christ, over which an angel of God kept watch, whose undefiled members, if there is truth in holy writ, are now "walking with him in white" before the face of the Almighty—a spot on which the Saviour and his Apostles prayed, and for whose weal, with the other churches of Asia, the sublime revelation was made to John—this, the while, is an unvisited shrine, and the "classic" of Pagan idolatry is dearer to the memories of men than the holy antiquities of a religion they profess!

### III.

The Ionic capitals of the two fair columns of the fallen temple were still tinged with rosy light on the side towards the sunset, when the full moon, rising in the east, burnished the other like a shaft of silver. The two lights mingled in the sky in a twilight of opal.

"Job," said I, stooping to reach a handful of sand as we strolled up the western bank of the river, "can you resolve me why the poets have chosen to call this pretty stream the 'golden-sanded Pactolus?' Did you ever see sand of a duller grey?"

"As easy as give you a reason," answered Job "why we found the *turbidus Hermus*, yesterday, the clearest stream we have forded—why I am no more beautiful than before, though I have bathed like Venus in the Scamander—why the pumice of Naxos no longer reduces the female bust to its virgin proportions—and why Smyrna and Malta are *not* the best places for figs and oranges!"

"And why the old King of Lydia, who possessed the invisible ring, and kept a devil in his dog's collar,

lies quietly under the earth in the plain below us, and his ring and his devil were not bequeathed to his successors. What a pleasant auxiliary to sin must have been that invisible ring! Spirit of Gyges, thrust thy finger out of the earth, and commit it once more to a mortal! Sit down, my dear monster, and let us speculate in this bright moonshine on the enormities we would commit."

As Job was proceeding, in a cautious periphrasis, to rebuke my irreverent familiarity with the Prince of Darkness and his works, the twilight had deepened, and my eye was caught by a steady light twinkling far above us in the ascending bed of the river. The green valley wound down from the rear of the Acropolis, and the single frowning tower stood in broken and strong relief against the sky, and from the mass of shadow below peered out, like a star from a cloud-rack, the steady blaze of a lamp.

"Allons! Job!" said I, making sure of an adventure, "let us see for whose pleasure a lamp is lit in the solitude of this ruined city."

"I could not answer to your honored mother," said my scrupulous friend, "if I did not remind you that this is a spot much frequented by robbers, and that probably no honest man harbors at that inconvenient altitude."

I made a leap over a half-buried frieze that had served me as a pillow, and commenced the ascent.

"I could as ill answer to your anxious parent," said Job, following with uncommon alacrity, "if I did not partake your dangers when they are inevitable."

We scrambled up with some difficulty in the darkness, now rolling into an unseen hollow, now stumbling over a block of marble, held fast one moment by the lacerating hooked thorn of Syria, and the next brought to a stand-still by impenetrable thickets of brushwood.

With a half-hour's toil, however, we stood on a clear platform of grass, panting and hot, and as I was suggesting to Job that we had possibly got too high, he laid his hand on my arm, and, with a sign of silence, threw me down on the grass beside him.

In a small fairy amphitheatre, half-encircled by a bend of the Pactolus, and lying a few feet below the small platform from which we looked, lay six low tents, disposed in a crescent opposite to that of the stream, and enclosing a circular area of bright and dewy grass, of scarce ten feet in diameter. The tents were round, and laced neatly with wicker work, with their curtain doors opening inward upon the circle. In the largest one, which faced nearly down the valley, hung a small iron lamp of an antique shape, with a wick alight in one of its two projecting extremities, and beneath it swung a basket cradle suspended between two stakes, and kept in motion by a woman apparently of about forty, whose beauty, but for another more attractive object, would have rewarded us alone for our toil. The other tents were closed, and seemed unoccupied, but the curtain of the one into which our eyes were now straining with intense eagerness, was looped entirely back to give admission to the cool night-air, and, in and out, between the light of the lamp and the full moon, stole on naked feet a girl of fifteen, whose exquisite symmetry and unconscious but divine grace of movement filled my sense of beauty as it had never been filled by the divinest chisel of the Tribune. She was of the height and mould of the younger water-nymph in Gibson's *Hylas*,\* with limbs and lips that, had I created and warmed her to life like Pygmalion, I should have just

---

\*A group that will be immortal in the love and wonder of the world, when the divine hand of the English Praxiteles has long passed from the earth. Two more exquisite shapes of women than those lily-crowned nymphs never lay in the womb—of marble or human mother. None is brighter for them.

hesitated whether or not they wanted another half-shade of fulness. The large shawl of the East, which was attached to her girdle, and in more guarded hours concealed all but her eyes, hung in loose folds from her waist to her heels, leaving her bust and smoothly-rounded shoulders entirely bare; and, in strong relief even upon her clear brown skin, the flakes of her glossy and raven hair floated over her back, and swept around her with a grace of a cloud in her indolent motions. A short petticoat of striped Brusa silk stretched to her knees, and below appeared the full trowser of the East, of the same material, narrowed at the ankle, and bound with what looked in the moonlight an anklet of silver. A profusion of rings on her fingers, and a gold sequin on her forehead, suspended from a colored fillet, completed her dress, and left nothing to be added by the prude or the painter. She was at that ravishing and divinest moment of female life, when almost the next hour would complete her womanhood—like the lotus ere it lays back to the prying moonlight the snowy leaf nearest its heart.

She was employed in filling a large jar which stood at the back of the tent, with water from the Pactolus, and as she turned with her emptied pitcher, and came under the full blaze of the lamp in her way outward, treading lightly lest she should disturb the slumber of the child in the cradle, and pressing her two round hands closely to the sides of the vessel, the gradual compression of my arm by the bony hand which still held it for sympathy, satisfied me that my own leaping pulse of admiration found an answering beat in the bosom of my friend. A silent nod from the woman, whose Greek profile was turned to us under the lamplight, informed the lovely water-bearer that her labors were at an end; and with a gesture expressive of heat, she drew out the shawl from her girdle, untied the short petticoat, and

threw them aside, and then tripping out into the moonlight, with only the full silken trowsers from her waist to her ankles, she sat down on the brink of the small stream, and with her feet in the water, dropped her head on her knees, and sat as motionless as marble.

"Gibson should see her now," I whispered to Job, "with the glance of the moonlight on that dimpled and polished back, and her almost glittering hair veiling about her in such masses, like folds of gossamer!"

"And those slender fingers clasped over her knees, and the air of melancholy repose which is breathed into her attitude, and which seems inseparable from those indolent Asiatics. She is probably a gipsy."

The noise of the water dashing over a small cascade a little farther up the stream had covered our approach and rendered our whispers inaudible. Job's conjecture was probably right, and we had stumbled on a small encampment of gipsies,—the men possibly asleep in those closed tents, or possibly absent at Smyrna. After a little consultation, I agreed with Job that it would be impolitic to alarm the camp at night, and resolving on a visit in the morning, we quietly and unobserved withdrew from our position, and descended to our own tents in the ruins of the palace.

#### IV.

The Suridji had given us our spiced coffee in the small china cups and filagree holders, and we sat discussing, to the great annoyance of the storks over our heads, whether we should loiter another day at Sardis, or eat melons at noon at Casabar on our way to Constantinople. To the very great surprise of the Dutchman, who wished to stay to finish his drawings, Job and myself voted for remaining—a view of the subject which was in direct contradiction to our vote of the preceding evening. The Englishman, who was always in a hur-

ry, flew into a passion, and went off with the phlegmatic Suridji to look after his horse, and having disposed of our Smyrniote, by seeing a caravan (which was not to be seen) coming southward from Mount Tmolus, I and my monster started for the encampment of the gipsies.

As we rounded the battered wall of the Christian church, a woman stepped out from the shadow. Through a tattered dress, and under a turban of soiled cotton set far over her forehead, and throwing a deep shadow into her eyes, I recognized at once the gipsy woman whom we had seen sitting by the cradle.

"*Buon giorno, Signori,*" she said, making a kind of salaam, and relieving me at once by the Italian salutation of my fears of being unintelligible.

Job gave her the good morning, but she looked at him with a very unsatisfactory glance, and coming close to my ear, she wished me to speak to her out of the hearing of "*il mio domestico.*"

"*Amico piu tosto!*" I added immediately with a consideration for Job's feelings, which, I must do myself the justice to say, I always manifested, except in very elegant society. I gave myself the greater credit in this case, as, in my impatience to know the nature of the gipsy's communication, I might be excused for caring little at the moment whether my friend was taken for a gentleman or a gentleman's gentleman.

The gipsy looked vexed at her mistake, and with a half-apologetic inclination to Job, she drew me into the shade of the ruin, and perused my face with great earnestness. The same to yourself, thought I, as I gave back her glance, and searched for her meaning in two as liquid and loving eyes as ever looked out of the gates of the Prophet's Paradise for the coming of a young believer. It was a face that *had been* divine, and in the hands of a lady of fashion would have still made a *belle-rifacimento*.

"*Inglese?*" she said at last.

"No, *Madre—Americano.*"

She looked disappointed.

"And where are you going, *filio mio?*"

"To Stamboul."

"*Benissimo!*" she answered, and her face brightened.

"Do you want a servant?"

"Unless it is yourself, no!"

"It is my son."

It was on my lips to ask if he was like her daughter, but an air of uneasiness and mystery in her manner put me on the reserve, and I kept my knowledge to myself. She persevered in her suit, and at last the truth came out, that her boy was bound on an errand to Constantinople, and she wished safe-conduct for him. The rest of the troop, she said, were at Smyrna, and she was left in care of the tents with the boy and an infant child. As she did not mention the girl, who, from the resemblance, was evidently her daughter—I thought it unwise to allude to our discovery, and promising that, if the boy was mounted, every possible care should be taken of him, I told her the hour on the following morning when we should be in the saddle, and rid myself of her with the intention of stealing a march on the camp.

I took rather a circuitous route, but the gipsy was there before me, and apparently alone. She had sent the boy to the plains for a horse, and though I presumed that the loveliest creature in Asia was concealed in one or the other of those small tents, the curtains were closely tied, and I could find no apology for intruding either my eyes or my inquiries. The handsome Zingara, too, began to look rather becomingly *fere*, and as I had left Job behind, and was always naturally afraid of a woman, I reluctantly felt myself under the necessity of comprehending her last injunc-



tion, and with a promise that the boy should join us before we reached the foot of Mount Sypilus, she fairly bowed me off the premises. I could have forsworn my complexion and studied palmistry for a gipsy, had the devil then tempted me !

## V.

We struck our tents at sun-rise, and were soon dashing on through the oleanders upon the broad plain of the Hermus, the dew lying upon their bright vermeil flowers like the pellucid gum on the petals of the ice-plant, and nature, and my five companions; in their gayest humor. I was not. My thoughts were of moonlight and the Pactolus, and two round feet ankle-deep in running water. Job rode up to my side.

"My dear Phil ! take notice that you are nearing Mount Sypilus, in which the magnetic ore was first discovered."

"It acts negatively on me, my dear chum ! for I ag a lengthening chain from the other direction."

Silence once more, and the bright red flowers still fled backward in our career. Job rode up again.

"You must excuse my interrupting your reverie, but I thought you would like to know that the town where we sleep to night is the residence of the 'Beys of Og-lou,' mentioned in the 'Bride of Abydos.' "

No answer, and the bright red blossoms still flew scattered in our path as our steeds flew through the coppice, and the shovel-like blades of the Turkish stirrups cut into them right and left in the irregular gallop. Job rode again to my side.

"My dear Philip, did you know that this town of Magnesia was once the capital of the Turkish empire—the city of Timour the Tartar ?"

“ Well !”

“ And did you know that when Themistocles was in exile, and Artaxerxes presented him with the tribute of three cities to provide the necessaries of life, Magnesia\* found him in bread ?”

“ And Lampascus in wine. Don't bore me, Job !”

We sped on. As we neared Casabar toward noon, and (spite of romance) I was beginning to think with complacency upon the melons, for which the town is famous, a rattling of hoofs behind put our horses upon their mettle, and in another moment a boy dashed into the midst of our troop, and reining up with a fine display of horsemanship, put the promised token into my hand. He was mounted on a small Arabian mare, remarkable for nothing but a thin and fiery nostril, and a most lavish action, and his jacket and turban were fitted to a shape and head that could not well be disguised. The beauty of the gipsy camp was beside me !

It was as well for my self-command that I had sworn Job to secrecy in case of the boy's joining us, and that I had given the elder gipsy, as a token, a very voluminous and closely-written letter of my mother's. In the twenty minutes which the reading of so apparently “lengthy” a document would occupy, I had leisure to resume my self-control, and resolve on my own course of conduct toward the fair masquerader. My travelling companions were not a little astonished to see me receive a letter by courier in the heart of Asia, but that was for their own digestion. All the information I condescended to give was, that the boy was sent to my charge on his road to Constantinople ; and as Job displayed no astonishment, and entered

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\* Not pronounced as in the apothecary's shop. It is a fine large town at the foot of Mount Syphilus.

simply into my arrangements, and I was the only person in the company who could communicate with the Suridji, (I had picked up a little modern Greek in the Morea,) they were compelled (the Dutchman, John Bull, and the fig-merchant) to content themselves with such theories on the subject as Heaven might supply them withal.

How Job and myself speculated apart on what could be the errand of this fair creature to Constantinople—how beautifully she rode and sustained her character as a boy—how I requested her, though she spoke Italian like her mother, never to open her lips in any Christian language to my companions—how she slept at my feet at the khans, and rode at my side on the journey, and, at the end of seven days, arriving at Scutari, and beholding across the Bosphorus the golden spires of Stamboul, how she looked at me with tears in her unfathomable eyes, and spurred her fleet Arab to his speed to conceal her emotion, and how I felt that I could bury myself with her in the Vizier's tomb—we were passing at the moment, and he fed on rice with a goule's bodkin, if so alone we might not be parted—all these are matters which would make sundry respectable chapters in a novel, but of which you are spared the particulars in a true story. There was a convenience both to the dramatist and the audience in the "*cetera intus agentur*" of the Romans.

## VI.

We emerged from the pinnacled cypresses of the cemetery overlooking Constantinople, and dismounting from my horse, I climbed upon the gilded turban crowning the mausoleum of a royal Ichoglan, (a sultan's page, honored more in his burial than in his life,) and feasted my eyes on the desecrated but princely-fair birth-right of the Palæologi. The *Nekropolis*—

the city of the dead—on the outermost tomb of whose gloomy precincts I had profanely mounted, stands high and black over the Bosphorus on one side, while on the other, upon similar eminences, stand the gleaming minarets and latticed gardens of a matchless city of the living—as if, while Europe flung up her laughing and breathing child to the sun, expiring Asia, the bereaved Empress of the world, lifted her head to the same heavens in majestic and speechless sorrow.

But oh ! how fairer than Venice in her waters,—than Florence and Rome in their hills and habitations, than all the cities of the world in that which is most their pride and glory,—is this fairest metropolis of the Mahomets ! With its two hundred mosques, each with a golden sheaf of minarets laying their pointed fingers against the stars, and encircled with the fretted galleries of the callers to prayer, like the hand of a cardinal with its costly ring,—with its seraglio gardens washed on one side by the sea, and on the other by the gentle stream that glides out of the “Valley of Sweet Waters ;”—men-of-war on one side, flaunting their red pennants over the nightingale’s nest which sings for the delight of a princess, and the swift caique on the other gliding in protected waters, where the same imprisoned fair one might fling into it a flower, (so slender is the dividing cape that shuts in the bay,)—with its Bosphorus, its radiant and unmatched Bosphorus—the most richly-gemmed river within the span of the sun, extending with its fringe of palaces and castles from sea to sea, and reflecting in its glassy eddies a pomp and sumptuousness of costume and architecture which exceeds even your boyish dreams of Bagdad and the caliphs—Constantinople, I say, with its turbaned and bright-garmented population,—its swarming sea and rivers,—its columns, and aqueducts, and strange ships of the East,—its impenetrable seraglio, and its close-shuttered harems,—its bezestein and its

Hippodrome,—Constantinople lay before me ! If the star I had worshipped had descended to my hand out of the sky,—if my unapproachable and yearning dream of woman's beauty had been bodied forth warm and real—if the missing star in the heel of *Serpentarius*, and the lost sister of the *Pleiades* had waltzed back together to their places,—if poets were once more prophets, not felons, and books were read for the good that is in them, not for the evil,—if Love and Truth had been seen again, or any impossible or improbable thing had come to pass,—I should not have felt more thrillingly than now the emotions of surprise and wonder !

While I stood upon the marble turban of the *Ichoglan*, my companions had descended the streets of *Scutari*, and I was left alone with the gipsy. She sat on her Arab with her head bowed to his neck, and when I withdrew my eye from the scene I have faintly described, the tear-drops were glistening in the flowing mane, and her breast was heaving under her embroidered jacket with uncontrollable grief. I jumped to the ground, and taking her head between my hands, pressed her wet cheek to my lips.

"We part here, Signor," said she, winding around her head the masses of hair that had escaped from her turban, and raising herself in the saddle as if to go on.

"I hope not, Maimuna !"

She bent her moist eyes on me with a look of earnest inquiry.

"You are forbidden to intrust me with your errand to Constantinople, and you have kept your word to your mother. But, whatever that errand may be, I hope it does not involve your personal liberty ?"

She looked embarrassed, but did not answer.

"You are very young to be trusted so far from your mother, Maimuna !"

"Signor, si !"

"But I think she can scarce have loved you so well as I do to have suffered you to come here alone!"

"She intrusted me to you, Signor."

I was well reminded of my promise. I had given my word to the gipsy that I would leave her child at the Persian fountain of Tophana. Maimuna was evidently under a control stronger than the love I half-hoped and half-feared I had awakened.

"Andiamo!" she said, dropping her head upon her bosom with the tears pouring once more over it like rain; and driving her stirrups with abandoned energy into the sides of her Arabian, she dashed headlong down the uneven streets of Scutari, and in a few minutes we stood on the limit of Asia.

We left our horses in the "silver city,"\* crossing to the "golden" in a caique, and with Maimuna in my bosom, and every contending emotion at work in my heart, the scene about me still made an indelible impression on my memory. The star-shaped bay, a mile perhaps in diameter, was one swarm of boats of every most slender and graceful form, the caikjis, in their silken shirts and vari-colored turbans, driving them through the water with a speed and skill which put to shame the gondolier of Venice, and almost the Indian in his canoe; the gilded lattices and belvideres of the seraglio, and the cypresses and flowering trees that mingle their gay and sad foliage above them, were already so near that I could count the roses upon the bars, and see the moving of the trees in the evening wind; the muezzins were calling to sunset-prayer, their voices coming clear and prolonged over the water; the men-of-war in the mouth of the Bosphorus were lowering their blood-red flags; the shore we

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\* Galata, the suburb on the European side, was the *Chrysopolis*, and Scutari, on the Asian, the *Argentopolis* of the ancients.

were approaching was thronged with veiled women, and bearded old men, and boys with the yellow slipper and red skull-cap of the East ; and, watching our approach, stood apart, a group of Jews and Armenians, marked by their costume for an inferior race, but looking to my cosmopolite eye as noble in their black robes and towering caps as the haughty Mussulman that stood aloof from their company.

We set foot in Constantinople. It was the suburb of Tophana, and the Suridji pointed out to Maimuna, as we landed, a fountain of inlaid marble and brass, around whose projecting frieze were traced inscriptions in the Persian. She sprang to my hand.

"Remember, Maimuna !" I said, "that I offer you a mother and a home in another and a happier land. I will not interfere with your duty, but when your errand is done, you may find me if you will. Farewell."

With a passionate kiss in the palm of my hand, and one beaming look of love and sorrow in her large and lustrous eyes, the gipsy turned to the fountain, and striking suddenly to the left around the mosque of Sultan Selim, she plunged into the narrow street running along the water-side to Galata.

## VII.

We had wandered out from our semi-European, semi-Turkish lodgings on the third morning after our arrival at Constantinople, and picking our way listlessly over the bad pavement of the suburb of Pera, stood at last in the small burying-ground at the summit of the hill, disputing amicably upon what quarter of the fair city beneath us we should bestow our share in the bliss of that June morning.

"It is a heavenly day," said Job, sitting down unthinkingly upon a large sculptured turban that formed the head-stone to the grave of some once-wealthy

Pagan, and looking off wistfully toward the green summit of Bulgurlu.

The difference between Job and myself was a mania, on his part for green fields, and on mine for human faces. I knew very well that his remark was a leader to some proposition for a stroll over the wilder hills of the Bosphorus, and I was determined that he should enjoy, instead, the pleasure of sympathy in my never-tiring amusement of wandering in the crowded bazaars on the other side of the water. The only way to accomplish it, was to appear to yield the point, and then rally upon his generosity. I had that delicacy for his feelings (I had brought him all the way from the Green Mountains at my own expense) never to carry my measures too ostentatiously.

Job was looking south, and my face was as resolutely turned north. We must take a caique in any case at Galata, (lying just below us) but if we turned the prow south in the first instance, farewell at every stroke to the city! Whereas a northern course took us straight up the Golden Horn, and I could appear to change my mind at any moment, and land immediately in a street leading to the bazaars. Luckily, while I was devising an errand to go up the channel instead of down, a small red flag appeared gliding through the forest of masts around the curve of the water-side at Tophana, and, in a moment more, a high-pooped vessel, with the carved railings and outlandish rigging of the ships from the far East, shot out into the middle of the bay with the strong current of the Bosphorus, and squaring her lattine sail, she rounded a vessel lying at anchor with the flag of Palestine, and steered with a fair wind up the channel of the Golden Horn. A second look at her deck disclosed to me a crowd of people, mostly women, standing amid-ships, and the supposition with which I was about



inducing Job to take a caique and pull up the harbor after her seemed to me now almost a certainty.

"It is a slave-ship from Trebizond, ten to one, my dear Job!"

He slid off the marble turban which he had profaned so unscrupulously, and the next minute we passed the gate that divides the European from the commercial suburb, and were plunging down the steep and narrow straits of Galata with a haste that, to the slippered and shuffling Turks we met or left behind, seemed probably little short of madness. Of a hundred slender and tossing caiques lying in the disturbed waters of the bay, we selected the slenderest and best manned; and getting Job in with the usual imminent danger of driving his long legs through the bottom of the egg-shell craft, we took in one of the obsequious Jews who swarm about the pier as interpreters, coiled our legs under us in the hollow womb of the caique, and shot away like a nautilus after the slaver.

The deep-lying river that coils around the throbbing heart of Constantinople is a place of as delicate navigation as a Venetian lagoon on a festa, or a soiree of middling authors. The Turk, like your plain-spoken friend, rows backward, and with ten thousand egg-shells swarming about him in every direction, and his own prow rounded off in a pretty iron point, an extra piastre for speed draws down curses on the caikji and the Christian dogs who pay him for the holes he lets into his neighbors' boats, which is only equalled in bitterness and profusion by the execrations which follow what is called "speaking your mind." The Jew laughed, as Jews do since Shylock, at the misfortunes of his oppressors; and, in the exercise of his vocation, translated us the oaths as they came in right and left—most of them very gratuitous attacks on those, (as Job gravely remarked,) of whom they could know very little,—our respected mothers.

The slackening vessel lost her way as she got opposite the bazaar of dried fruits, and, as her yards came down by the run, she put up her helm, and ran her towering prow between a piratical-looking Egyptian craft, and a black and bluff English collier, inscribed appropriately on the stern as the "Snow-drop" from Newcastle. Down plumped her anchor, and in the next moment the Jew hailed her by our orders, and my conjecture was proved to be right. She was from Trebizond, with slaves and spices.

"What would they do if we were to climb up her side?" I asked of the Israelite.

He stretched up his crouching neck till his twisted beard hung clear off like a waterfall from his chin, and looked through the carved railing very intently.

"The slaves are Georgians," he answered, after awhile, "and if there were no Turkish purchasers on board, they might simply order you down again."

"And if there were——"

"The women would be considered damaged by a Christian eye, and the slave merchant might shoot you or pitch you overboard."

"Is that all?" said Job, evolving his length very deliberately from its coil, and offering me a hand the next moment from the deck of the slaver. Whether the precedence he took in all dangers arose from affection for me, or from a praiseworthy indifference to the fate of such a trumpery collection as his own body and limbs, I have never decided to my own satisfaction.

In the confusion of port-officers and boats alongside, all hailing and crying out together, we stood on the outer side of the deck unobserved, and I was soon intently occupied in watching the surprise and wonder of the pretty toys who found themselves for the first time in the heart of a great city. The owner of their charms, whichever of a dozen villanous Turks I saw about them it might be, had no time to pay them very

particular attention, and dropping their dirty veil about their shoulders, they stood open-mouthed and staring—ten or twelve rosy damsels in their teens, with eyes as deep as a well, and almost as large and liquid. Their features were all good, their skins without a flaw, hair abundant, and figures of a healthy plumpness—looking, with the exception of their eyes, which were very oriental and magnificent, like the great, fat, pie-eating, yawning, boarding-school misses one sees over a hedge at Hampstead. It was delicious to see their excessive astonishment at the splendors of the Golden Horn—they from the desert mountains of Georgia or Circassia, and the scene about them, (mosques, minarets, people, and men-of-war all together,) probably the most brilliant and striking in the world. I was busy following their eyes and trying to divine their impressions, when Job seized me by the arm. An old Turk had just entered the vessel from the land-side, and was assisting a closely-veiled female to mount after him. Half a glance satisfied me that it was the Gipsy of Sardis—the lovely companion of our journey to Constantinople.

“Maimuna!” I exclaimed, darting forward on the instant.

A heavy hand struck me back as I touched her, and as I returned the blow, the swarthy crew of Arabs closed about us, and we were hurried with a most unceremonious haste to the side of the vessel. I scarce know, between my indignation and the stunning effect of the blow I had received, how I got into the caique, but we were pulling fast up the Golden Horn by the time I could speak, and in half an hour were set ashore on the green bank of the Barbyzes, bound on a solitary ramble up the Valley of Sweet Waters.

## VIII.

The art of printing was introduced into the Mohammedan Empire in the reigns of Achmet III. and Louis XV. I seldom state a statistical fact, but this is one I happen to know, and I mention it because the most fanciful and romantic abode with which I am acquainted in the world was originally built to contain the first printing-press brought from the Court of Versailles by Mehemet Effendi, Ambassador from the "Brother of the Sun." It is now a *maison de plaisance* for the Sultan's favorite women, and in all the dreams of perfect felicity which visit those who have once seen it, it rises as the Paradise of retreats from the world.

The serai of Khyat-Khana is a building of gold and marble, dropped down unfenced upon the green-sward in the middle of a long emerald valley, more like some fairy vision, conjured and forgotten to be dissolved, than a house to live in, real, weather-proof, and to be seen for the value of one and sixpence. The Barbyses falls over the lip of a sea-shell, (a marble cascade sculptured in that pretty device,) sending up its spray and its perpetual music close under the gilded lattice of the Sultana, and, following it back with the eye, like a silver thread in a broidery of green velvet, it comes stealing down through miles of the tenderest verdure, without tree or shrub upon its borders, but shut in with the seclusion of an enchanted stream and valley by mountains which rise in abrupt precipices from the edges of its carpet of grass, and fling their irregular shadows across it at every hour save high noon—sacred in the East to the sleep of beauty and idleness.

In the loving month of May it is death to set foot in the Khyat-Khana. The ascending caique is stopped

in the Golden Horn, and on the point of every hill is stationed a mounted eunuch with drawn sabre. The Arab steeds of the Sultan are picketed on the low-lying grass of the valley, and his hundred Circassians come from their perfumed chambers in the seraglio, and sun their untold loveliness on the velvet banks of the Barbyses. From the Golden Horn to Belgrade, twelve miles of greensward, (sheltered like a vein of ore in the bosom of the earth, and winding away after the course of that pebbly river, unseen, save by the eye of the sun and stars,) are sacred in this passion-born month from the foot of man, and, riding in their scarlet *arubas* with the many-colored ribbons floating back from the horns of their bullocks, and their own snowy veils dropped from their guarded shoulders and deep-dyed lips, wander, from sunrise to sunset, these caged birds of a Sultan's delight, longing as wildly, (who shall doubt?) to pass that guarded barrier into the forbidden world, as we, who sigh for them without, to fly from falsehood and wrong, and forget that same world in their bosoms!

How few are content! How restless are even the most spoiled children of Fortune! How inevitably the heart sighs for that which it has not, even though its only want is a cloud on its perpetual sunshine! We were not of those—Job and I—for we were of that school of philosophers\* who “had little and wanted nothing;” but we agreed, as we sat upon the marble bridge sprung like a wind-lifted cobweb over the Barbyses, that the envy of a human heart would poison even the content of a beggar! He is a fool who is sheltered from hunger and cold and still complains of fortune; but he is only not a slave or a seraph,

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\* With a difference. “*Nihil est, nihil deest*,” was their motto.

who, feeling on the innermost fibre of his sensibility the icy breath of Malice, utters his eternal malison on the fiend who can neither be grappled with nor avoided. I could make a paradise with loveliness and sunshine, if Envy could be forbidden at the gate !

We had walked around the Serai and tried all its entrances in vain, when Job spied, under the shelter of the southern hill, a blood-red flag flying at the top of a small tent of the Prophet's green—doubtless concealing the Kervas, who kept his lonely guard over the precincts. I sent my friend with a "pinch of piastres" to tempt the trowsered infidel to our will, and he soon came shuffling in his unmilitary slippers, with keys, which, the month before, were guarded like the lamp of Aladdin. We entered. We rambled over the chambers of the chosen Houris of the East ; we looked through their lattices, and laid the palms of our hands on the silken cushions dimmed in oval spots by the moisture of their cheeks as they slept ; we could see by the tarnished gold, breast-high at the windows, where they had pressed to the slender lattices to look forth upon the valley ; and Job, more watchfully alive to the thrilling traces of beauty, showed me in the diamond-shaped bars the marks of their moist fingers and the stain as of lips between, betraying where they had clung and laid their faces against the trellice in the indolent attitude of gazers from a wearisome prison. Mirrors and ottomans were the only furniture ; and never, for me, would the wand of Cornelius Agrippa have been more welcome, than to wave back into those senseless mirrors the images of beauty they had lost.

I sat down on a raised corner of the divan, probably the privileged seat of the favorite of the hour. Job stood with his lips apart, brooding in speechless poeticalness on his own thoughts.

"Do you think, after all," said I, reverting to the matter-of-fact vein of my own mind, which was paramount usually to the romantic; "do you think really, Job, that the Zuleikas and Fatimas who have by turns pressed this silken cushion with their crossed feet were not probably inferior in attraction to the most third-rate belle of New-England? How long would you love a woman that could neither read, nor write, nor think five minutes on any given theme? The utmost exertion of intellect in the loveliest of these deep-eyed Circassians is probably the language of flowers, and, good heavens! think how one of your *della Cruscan* sentiments would be lost upon her! And yet here you are, ready to go mad with romantic fancies about women that were never taught even their letters."

Job began to hum a stave of his favorite song, which was always a sign that he was vexed and disenchanted of himself.

"How little women think," said I, proceeding with my unsentimental vein, while Job looked out of the window and the Kervas smoked his pipe on the Sultana's ottoman; "how little women think that the birch and the dark closet, and the thumbed and dog-eared spelling-book, (or whatever else more refined torments their tender years in the shape of education,) was, after all, the ground-work and secret of their fascination over men! What a process it is to arrive at love! 'D-o-g, *dog*,—c-a-t, *cat*!' If you had not learned *this*, bright Lady Melicent, I fear Captain Augustus Fitz-Somerset would never have sat, as I saw him last night, cutting your initials with a diamond ring on the purple claret-glass which had just poured a bumper to your beauty!"

"You are not far wrong," said Job, after a long pause, during which I had delivered myself, unheard, of the above practical apostrophe; "you are not far

wrong, *quoad* the women of New-England. They would be considerable bores if they had not learned, in their days of bread-and-butter, to read, write, and reason. But, for the woman of the softer South and East, I am by no means clear that education would not be inconsistent with the genius of the clime. Take yourself back to Italy, for example, where, for two mortal years, you philandered up and down between Venice and Amalfi, never out of the sunshine or away from the feet of women, and, in all that precious episode of your youth, never guilty, I will venture to presume, of either suggesting or expressing a new thought. And the reason is, not that the imagination is dull, but that nobody thinks, except upon exigency, in these latitudes. It would be violent and inapt to the spirit of the hour. Indolence, voluptuous indolence of body and mind, (the latter at the same time lying broad awake in its chamber, and alive to every pleasurable image that passes uncalled before its windows,) is the genius, the only genius, of the night and day. What would be so discordant as an argument by moonlight in the Coliseum? What so ill-bred and atrocious as the destruction by logic of the most loose-spun theory by the murmuring fountains of the Pamfili? *To live* is enough in these lands of the sun. But *merely* to live, in ours, is to be bound, Prometheus-like, to a rock, with a vulture at our vitals. Even in the most passionate intercourse of love in your northern clime, you read to your mistress, or she sings to you, or you think it necessary to drive or ride; but I know nothing that would more have astonished your Venetian *bionda* than, when the lamp was lit in the gondola that you might see her beauty on the lagune in the starless night, to have pulled a book from your pocket, and read even a tale of love from Boccaccio. And that is why I could be more content to be a pipe-bearer in



Asia than a schoolmaster in Vermont, or, sooner than a judge's ermine in England, to wear a scrivener's rags, and sit in the shade of a portico, writing love-letters for the peasant-girls of Rome. Talk of republics—your only land of equality is that in which to breathe is the supreme happiness. The monarch throws open his window for the air that comes to him past the brow of a lazzaroni, and the wine on the patrician's lip intoxicates less than the water from the fountain that is free to all, though it gush from the marble bosom of a nymph. If I were to make a world, I would have the climate of Greece, and no knowledge that did not come by intuition. Men and women should grow wise enough, as the flowers grow fair enough, with sunshine and air, and they should follow their instincts like the birds, and go from sweet to sweet with as little reason or trouble. Exertion should be a misdemeanor, and desire of action, if it were not too monstrous to require legislation, should be treason to the state."

"Long live King Job!"

# THE GIPSY OF SARDIS.

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## PART II.

I HAD many unhappy thoughts about Miamuna. The glance I had snatched on board the Trebizond slaver left in my memory a pair of dark eyes full of uneasiness and doubt, and I knew her elastic motions so well, that there was something in her single step as she came over the gang-way which assured me that she was dispirited and uncertain of her errand. Who was the old Turk who dragged her up the vessel's side with so little ceremony? What could the child of a gipsy be doing on the deck of a slaver from Trebizond?

With no very definite ideas as to the disposal of this lovely child should I succeed in my wishes, I had insensibly made up my mind that she could never be happy without me, and that my one object in Constantinople was to get her into my possession. I had a delicacy in communicating the full extent of my design to Job, for, aside from the grave view he would take of the morality of the step, and her probable fate as a roman, he would have painful and just doubts of my ability to bear this additional demand upon my means. Though entirely dependent himself, Job had that natural contempt for the precious metals, that he could

not too freely assist any one to their possession who happened to set a value on the amount in his pocket ; and this, I may say, was the one point which, between my affectionate monster and myself, was not discussed as harmoniously as the loves of Corydon and Alexis. The account of his expenditure, which I regularly exacted of him before he tied on his bandana at night, was always more or less unsatisfactory ; and though he would not have hesitated to bestow a whole scudo unthinkingly on the first dirty dervish he should meet, he was still sufficiently impressed with the necessity of economy to remember it in an argument of any length or importance ; and for this and some other reasons I reserved my confidence upon the intended addition to my *suite*.

Not far from the Burnt Column, in the very heart of Stamboul, lived an old merchant in attar and jessamine, called Mustapha. Every one who has been at Constantinople will remember him and his Nubian slave in a small shop on the right, as you ascend to the Hippodrome. He calls himself essence-seller to the Sultan, but his principal source of profit is the stranger who is brought to his divans by the interpreters in his pay ; and to his credit be it said, that for the courtesy of his dealings, and for the excellence of his extracts, the stranger could not well fall into better hands.

It had been my fortune, on my first visit to Mustapha, to conciliate his good will. I had laid in my small stock of spice-woods and essences on that occasion, and the call which I made religiously every time I crossed the Golden Horn was purely a matter of friendship. In addition to one or two trifling presents, which (with a knowledge of human nature) I had returned in the shape of two mortal sins—a keg of brandy and a flask of gin, bought out of the Eng-

lish collier lying in the bay ; in addition to his kind presents, I say, my large-trowsered friend had made me many pressing offers of service. There was little probability, it was true, that I should ever find occasion to profit by them ; but I nevertheless believed that his hand was laid upon his heart in earnest sincerity, and in the course of my reflections upon the fate of Maimuna, it had occurred to me more than once that he might be of use in clearing up the mystery of her motions.

"Job !" said I, as we were dawdling along the street of confectioners with our Jew behind us one lovely morning, "I am going to call at Mustapha's."

We had started to go to the haunt of the opium-eaters, and he was rather surprised at my proposition, but, with his usual amiableness, (very inconvenient and vexatious in this particular instance,) he stepped over the gutter without saying a word, and made for the first turning to the right. It was the first time since we had left New-England that I wished myself rid of his company.

"But, Job," said I, calling him back to the shady side of the street, and giving him a great lump of candy from the nearest stall (its Oriental name, by the way, is "peace-to-your-throat,") "I thought you were bent on eating opium to-day?"

My poor friend looked at me for a minute, as if to comprehend the drift of my remark, and as he arrived by regular deduction at the result, I read very clearly in his hideous physiognomy the painful embarrassment it occasioned him. It was only the day before, that, in descending the Bosphorus, we had seen a party of the summary administrators of justice quietly suspending a Turkish woman and her Greek paramour from the shutters of a chamber window—intercourse with a Christian in that country of liberal legislation being punishable without trial or benefit of dervish. From

certain observations on my disposition in the course of my adventures, Job had made up his mind, I well knew, that my danger was more from Dalilah than the Philistines; and while these victims of love were kicking their silken trowsers in the air, I saw, by the look of tender anxiety he cast upon me from the bottom of the caique, that the moral in his mind would result in an increased vigilance over my motions. While he stood with his teeth stuck full of "peace-to-your-throat," therefore, forgetting even the instinct of mas-tication in his surprise and sorrow, I well understood what picture was in his mind, and what construction he put upon my sudden desire to solitude.

"My dear Philip!" he began, speaking with difficulty from the stickiness of the candy in his teeth, "your respected mother——"

At this instant a kervas, preceding a Turk of rank, jostled suddenly against him, and as the mounted Mus-sulman, with his train of runners and pipe-bearers, came sweeping by, I took the opportunity of Job's surprise to slip past with the rest, and, turning down an alley, quietly mounted one of the saddle-horses standing for hire at the first mosque, and pursued my way alone to the shop of the attar-merchant. To dismount and hurry Mustapha into his inner and private apartment, with an order to the Nubian to deny me to everybody who should inquire, was the work of a minute, but it was scarcely done before I heard Job breathless at the door.

"*Ha visto il signore?*" he exclaimed, getting to the back of the shop with a single stride.

"*Effendi, no!*" said the imperturbable Turk, and he laid his hand on his heart, as he advanced, and offered him with grave courtesy the pipe from his lips.

The Jew had come puffing into the shop with his slippers in his hand, and dropping upon his hams near the door, he took off his small grey turban, and was

iping the perspiration from his high and narrow forehead, when Job darted again into the street with a sign to him to follow. The look of despair and exhaustion with which he shook out his baggy trowsers and made after the striding Yankee, was too much even for the gravity of Mustapha. He laid aside his pipe, and, as the Nubian struck in with the peculiar cackle of his race, I joined myself in their merriment with a heartiness to which many a better joke might have failed to move me.

While Mustapha was concluding his laugh between the puffs of his amber pipe, I had thrown myself along the divan, and was studying with some curiosity the inner apartment in which I had been concealed. A curtain of thick but tarnished gold cloth (as sacred from intrusion in the East as the bolted and barred doors of Europe) separated from the outer shop a small octagonal room, that, in size and furniture, resembled the Turkish boudoirs, which, in the luxurious palaces of Europe, sometimes adjoin a lady's chamber. The slippered foot was almost buried in the rich carpets laid, but not fitted to the floor. The divans were covered with the flowered and lustrous silk of Brusa, and piled with vari-colored cushions. A perpetual spice-lamp sent up its thin wreaths of smoke to the black and carved ceiling, diffusing through the room a perfume which, while it stole to the innermost fibres of the brain with a sense of pleasure, weighed on the eyelids and relaxed the limbs; and as the eye became more accustomed to the dim light which struggled in from a window in the arched ceiling, and dissolved in the luxurious and spicy atmosphere, heaps of the rich shawls of the East became distinguishable with their sumptuous dyes, and, in a corner, stood a cluster of crystal *narghiles*, faintly reflecting the light in their dim globes of rose water, while costly pipes, silver-mounted pis-

tols, and a rich Damascus sabre in a sheath of red velvet, added gorgeousness to the apartment.

Mustapha was a bit of a philosopher in his way, and he had made his own observations on the Europeans who came to his shop. The secluded and oriental luxuriousness of the room I have described was one of his lures to that passion for the picturesque which he saw in every traveler; and another was his gigantic Nubian, who, with bracelets and anklets of gold, a white turban, and naked legs and arms, stood always at the door of his shop, inviting the passers-by---not to buy essences and pastilles---but to come in and take sherbet with his master. You will have been an hour upon his comfortable divans, have smoked a pipe or two, and eaten a snowy sherbet or a dish of rice-paste and sugar, before Mustapha nods to his slave, and produces his gold-rimmed jars of essences, from which, with his fat forefinger, he anoints the palm of your hand, or, with a compliment to the beauty of your hair, throws a drop into the curl on your temples. Meanwhile, as you smoke, the slave lays in the bowl of your pipe a small pastille wrapped in gold leaf, from which presently arrives to your nostrils a perfume that might delight a Sultan; and then, from the two black hands which are held to you full of cubical-edged phials with gilded stoppers, you are requested with the same bland courtesy to select such as in size or shape suit your taste and convenience---the smallest of them, when filled with attar, worth near a gold piastre.

This is not very ruinous, and your next temptation comes in the shape of a curiously-wrought censer, upon the filagree grating of which is laid strips of odorous wood which, with the heat of the coals beneath, give out a perfume like gums from Araby. This, Mustapha swears to you by his beard, has a spell in its spicy breath provocative as a philtre, and is to be burnt in your lady's chamber. It is worth its weight in

gold, and for a handful of black chips you are persuaded to pay a price which would freight a caique with cinnamon. Then come bracelets, and amulets, and purses, all fragrant and precious, and, while you hesitate, the Nubian brings you coffee that would open the heart of Shylock, and you drink and purchase. And when you have spent all your money, you go away delighted with Mustapha, and quite persuaded that you are vastly obliged to him. And, all things considered, so you are !

When Mustapha had finished his prayers, (did I say that it was noon ?) he called in the Nubian to roll up the sacred carpet, and then closing the curtain between us and the shop, listened patiently to my story of the Gipsy, which I told him faithfully from the beginning. When I arrived at the incident on board the slaver, a sudden light seemed to strike upon his mind.

"Pekhe, filio mio ! pekhe !" he exclaimed, running his forefinger down the middle of his beard, and pouring out a volume of smoke from his mouth and nostrils which obscured him for a moment from my sight.

(I dislike the introduction of foreign words into a story, but the Turkish dissyllable in the foregoing sentence is as constantly on an Eastern lip as the amber of the pipe.)

He clapped his hands as I finished my narration, and the Nubian appeared. Some conversation passed between them in Turkish, and the slave tightened his girdle, made a salaam, and, taking his slippers at the outer door, left the shop.

"We shall find her at the slave market," said Mustapha.

I started. The thought had once or twice passed through my mind, but I had as often rejected it as impossible. A freeborn Zingara, and on a confidential errand from her own mother !---I did not see how her



freedom, if there were danger, should have been so carelessly put in peril.

"And if she is there!" said I; remembering, first, that it was against the Mahommedan law for a Christian to purchase a slave, and next, that the price, if it did not ruin me at once, would certainly leave me in a situation rather to lessen than increase my expenses.

"I will buy her for you," said Mustapha.

The Nubian returned at this moment, and laid at my feet a bundle of wearing apparel. He then took from a shelf a shaving apparatus, with which he proceeded to lather my forehead and temples, and after a short argument with Mustapha, in which I pleaded in vain for two very seducing clusters of curls, those caressed minions dropped into the black hand of the slave, and nothing was left for the *petits soins* of my thumb and forefinger in their leisure hours save a well-coaxed and rather respectable moustache. A skull-cap and turban completed the transformation of my head, and then, with some awkwardness, I got into a silk shirt, big trowsers, jacket, and slippers, and stood up to look at myself in the mirror. I was as like one of the common Turks of the street as possible, save that the European cravat and stockings had preserved an unoriental whiteness in my neck and ankles. This was soon remedied with a little brown "juice," and after a few cautions from Mustapha as to my behavior, I settled my turban and followed him into the street.

It is a singular sensation to be walking about in a strange costume, and find that nobody looks surprised. I could not avoid a slight feeling of mortification at the rude manner with which every dirty Mussulman took the wall of me. After long travel in foreign lands, the habit of everywhere exciting notice as a stranger, and the species of consequence attached to the person and movements of a traveler, become rather pleasures than otherwise, and it is not without

pain that one finds oneself once more like common people. I have not yet returned to my own land, (Slingsby is an American, gentle reader,) and cannot judge, therefore, how far this feeling is modified by the pleasures of a recovered home ; but I was vexed not to be stared at when playing the Turk at Constantinople, and, amusing as it was to be taken for an Englishman on first arriving in England, (different as it is from every land I have seen, and still more different from my own,) I must confess to have experienced again a feeling of lessened consequence, when, on my first entrance into an hotel in London, I was taken for an Oxonian "come up for a lark" in term time. Perhaps I have stumbled in this remark upon one of those unconfessed reasons why a returned traveler is proverbially discontented with his home.

Whether Mustapha wished to exhibit his new pipe-bearer to his acquaintances, or whether there was fun enough in his obese composition to enjoy my difficulties in adapting myself to my new circumstances, I cannot precisely say ; but I soon found that we were not going straight to the slave-market. I had several times forgotten my disguise so far as to keep the narrow walk till I stood face to face with the bearded Mussulmen, who were only so much astonished at my audacity that they forgot to kick me over the gutter ; and passing, in the bazaar of saddle-cloths, an English officer of my acquaintance, who belonged to the corvette lying in the Bosphorus, I could not resist the temptation of whispering in his ear the name of his sweetheart, (which he had confided to me over a bottle at Smyrna,) though I rather expected to be seized by the turban the next moment, with the pleasant consequences of a mob and an exposure. My friend was so thoroughly amazed, however, that I was deep in the crowd before he had drawn breath, and I look daily now for his arrival in England, (I have not seen

him since,) with a curiosity to know how he supposed a "blackguard Turk" knew anything of the lock of hair he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

The essence-seller had stopped in the book-bazaar, and was condescendingly smoking a pipe, with his legs crossed on the counter of a venerable Armenian, who sat buried to the chin in his own wares, when who should come *pottering along* (as Mrs. Butler would say) but Job with his Jew behind him. Mustapha (probably unwilling to be seen smoking with an Armenian) had ensconced himself behind a towering heap of folios, and his vexed and impatient pipe-bearer had taken his more humble position on the narrow base of one of the chequered columns which are peculiar to the bazaar devoted to the bibliopolists. As my friend came floundering along "all abroad" with his legs and arms, as usual, I contrived, by an adroit insertion of one of my feet between his, to spread him over the musty tomes of the Armenian in a way calculated to derange materially the well-ordered sequence of the volumes.

"Allah ! Mashallah !" exclaimed Mustapha, whose spreading lap was filled with black-letter copies of the Khoran, while the bowl of his pipe was buried in the fallen pyramid.

"Bestia Inglese !" muttered the Armenian, as Job put one hand in the inkstand in endeavoring to rise, and with the next effort laid his blackened fingers on a heap of choice volumes bound in snowy vellum.

The officious Jew took up the topmost copy, marked like a *cing-foil* with his spreading thumb and fingers, and quietly asked the Armenian what Il Signore would be expected to pay. As I knew he had no money in his pocket, I calculated safely on this new embarrassment to divert his anger from the original cause of his overthrow.

"Tre colonati," said the bookseller.

Job opened the book, and his well-known guttural of surprise and delight assured me that I might come out from behind the column and look over his shoulder. It was an illuminated copy of Hafiz, with a Latin translation,—a treasure which his heart had been set upon from our first arrival in the East, and for which I well knew he would sell his coat off his back without hesitation. The desire to give it him passed through my mind, but I could see no means, under my present circumstances, either of buying the book or relieving him from his embarrassment; and as he buried his nose deeper between the leaves, and sat down on the low counter, forgetful alike of his dilemma and his lost friend, I nodded to Mustapha to get off as quietly as possible, and, fortunately slipping past both him and the Jew unrecognized, left him to finish the loves of Gulistan and settle his account with the incensed Armenian.

## II.

As we entered the gates of the slave-market, Mustapha renewed his cautions to me with regard to my conduct, reminded me that, as a Christian, I should see the white female slaves at the peril of my life, and immediately assumed, himself, a sauntering and *poco-curante* manner, equally favorable to concealment and to his interests as a purchaser. I followed close at his heels with his pipe, and, as he stopped to chat with his acquaintances, I now and then gave a shove with the bowl between his jacket and girdle, rendered impatient to the last degree by the sight of the close lattices on every side of us, and the sounds of the chattering voices within.

I should have been interested, had I been a mere spectator, in the scene about me, but Mustapha's unnecessary and provoking delay, while, (as I thought pos-

sible, if she really were in the market,) Maimuna might be bartered for at that moment within, wound my rage to a pitch at last scarcely endurable.

We had come up from a cellar to which one of Mustapha's acquaintances had taken him to see a young white lad he was about to purchase, and I was hoping that my suspense was nearly over, when a man came forward into the middle of the court, ringing a hand-bell, and followed by a black girl, covered with a scant blanket. Like most of her race (she was an Abyssinian,) her head was that of a brute, but never were body and limbs more exquisitely moulded. She gazed about without either surprise or shame, stepping after the crier with an elastic, leopard-like tread, her feet turned in like those of the North American Indian, her neck bent gracefully forward, and her shoulders and hips working with that easy play so lost in the constrained dress and motion of civilized women. The Mercury of Giovanni-di Bologna springs not lighter from the jet of the fountain that did this ebon Venus from the ground on which she stood.

I ventured to whisper to Mustapha, that, under cover of the sale of the Abyssinian, we might see the white slaves more unobserved.

A bid was made for her.

"Fifteen piastres!" said the attar-seller, wholly absorbed in the sale, and not hearing a syllable I said to him, "She would be worth twice as much to gild my pastilles!" And handing me his pipe, he waddled into the centre of the court, lifted the blanket from the slave's shoulders, turned her round and round, like a Venus on a pivot, looked at her teeth and hands, and after a conversation aside with the crier, he resumed his pipe, and the black disappeared from the ground.

"I have bought her!" he said, with a salacious grin,

as I handed him his tobacco-bag, and muttered a round Italian execration in his ear.

The idea that Maimuna might have become the property of that gross and sensual monster just as easily as the pretty negress he had bought, sent my blood boiling for an instant to my cheek. Yet I had seen this poor savage of seventeen sold without a thought, save mental congratulation that she would be better fed and clad. What a difference one's private feelings make in one's sympathies!

I was speculating, in a kind of tranquil despair, on the luxurious evils of slavery, when Mustapha called to him an Egyptian, in a hooded blue cloak, whom I remembered to have seen on board the Trebisondian. He was a small-featured, black-lipped, willowy Asiatic, with heavy-lidded eyes, and hands as dry and rusty as the claws of a harpy. After a little conversation, he rose from the platform on which he had crossed his legs, and taking my *pro-tempore* master by the sleeve, traversed the quadrangle to a closed door in the best-looking of the miserable houses that surrounded the court. I followed close upon his heels with a beating heart. It seemed to me as if every eye in the crowded market-place must penetrate my disguise. He knocked, and answering to some one who spoke from within, the door was opened, and the next moment I found myself in the presence of a dozen veiled women, seated in various attitudes on the floor. At the command of our conductor, carpets were brought for Mustapha and himself; and, as they dropped upon their hams, every veil was removed, and a battery of staring and unwinking eyes was levelled full upon us.

"Is she here?" said Mustapha to me in Italian, as I stooped over to hand him his eternal pipe.

"*Dio mio!* no!"

I felt insulted, that with half a glance at the Circas-

sian and Georgian dolls sitting before us, he could ask me the question. Yet they were handsome ! Red cheeks, white teeth, black eyes, and youth could scarce compose a plain woman ; and thus much of beauty seemed equally bestowed on all.

“ Has he no more ? ” I asked, stooping to Mustapha’s ear.

I looked around while he was getting the information I wanted in his own deliberate way ; and, scarce knowing what I did, applied my eye to a crack in the wall, through which had been coming for some time a strong aroma of coffee. I saw at first only a small dim room, in the midst of which stood a Turkish manghal, or brazier of coals, sustaining the coffee-pot from which came the agreeable perfume I had inhaled. As my eye became accustomed to the light, I could distinguish a heap of what I took to be shawls lying in the centre of the floor ; and presuming it was the dormitory of one of the slave-owners, I was about turning my head away, when the coffee on the manghal suddenly boiled over, and at the same instant started, from the heap at which I had been gazing, the living form of Maimuna !

“ Mustapha ! ” I cried, starting back, and clasping my hands before him.

Before I could utter another word, a grasp upon my ankle, that drew blood with every nail, restored me to my self-possession. The Circassians began to giggle, and the wary old Turk, taking no apparent notice of my agitation, ordered me, in a stern tone, to fill his pipe, and went on conversing with the Egyptian.

I leaned with an effort at carelessness against the wall, and looked once more through the crevice. She stood by the manghal, filling a cup with a small flagree-holder from the coffee-pot, and by the light of the fire I could see every feature of her face as distinctly as daylight. She was alone, and had been sitting

th her head on her knees, and the shawl, which had w fallen to her shoulders, drawn over her till it concealed her feet. A narrow carpet was beneath her, and as she moved from the fire, a slight noise drew my attention downward, and I saw that she was chained by the ankle to the floor. I stooped to the ear of Mustapha, told him in a whisper of my discovery, and implored him, for the love of heaven, to get admission into her apartment.

"*Pekke ! pekke ! filio mio !*" was the unsatisfactory answer to my impatience, while the Egyptian rose and proceeded to turn round, in the light of the window, the fattest of the fair Circassians, from whom he had removed every article of dress save her slippers and trousers.

I returned to the crevice. Maimuna had drunk her coffee, and stood, with her arms folded, thoughtfully gazing on the fire. The expression in her beautiful and youthful face was one I could scarcely read to my satisfaction. The slight lips were firmly but calmly compressed, the forehead untroubled, the eye alone strained, and unnaturally fixed and lowering. I looked at her with the heart beating like a hammer in my bosom, and an impatience in my trembling limbs which it required every consideration of prudence to suppress. She moved slowly away at last, and sinking again to her carpet, drew out the chain from beneath her, and drawing the shawl once more over her head, lay down, and sunk apparently to sleep.

Mustapha left the Circassian, whose beauties he had risen to examine more nearly, and came to my side.

"Are you sure that it is she?" he asked, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"*Si !*"

He took the pipe from my hand, and requested me, in the same suppressed voice, to return to his shop.



“And Maimuna”——

His only answer was to point to the door, and thinking it best to obey his orders implicitly, I made the best of my way out of the slave-market, and was still drinking a sherbet in his inner apartment, and listening to the shuffle of every passing slipper for the coming of the light step of the Gipsy.

### III.

The rules of good-breeding discountenance in society what is usually called “a scene.” I detest it well on paper. There is no sufficient reason, apparent to me, why my sensibilities should be drawn out at sight, as I read, any more than when I please myself by following my own devices in company. Violent sensations are, abstractly as well as conventionally ill-bred. They derange the serenity, fluster the manner, and irritate the complexion. It is for this reason that I forbear to describe the meeting between Maimuna and myself after she had been bought for fifty pounds by the wily and worthy seller of essences and pastilles—how she fell on my neck when she discovered that I, and not Mustapha, was her purchaser and purchaser—how she explained, between her hysterical sobs, that the Turk who had sold her to the slave-dealer was a renegade gipsy, and her mother’s brother (to whom she had been on an errand of affection)—and how she sobbed herself to sleep with her face in the palm of my hands, and her masses of raven hair covering her knees and feet like the spreading fountains of San Pietro—and how I pressed my lips to the starry part of those raven tresses on the top of her fairest forehead and blessed the relying child as she slept—are circumstances, you will allow, my dear Madam! that cannot be told passably well without moving your amiability to tears. You will consider this paragraph

therefore, less as an ingenious manner of disposing of the awkward angles of my story, than as a polite and praise-worthy consideration of your feelings and complexion. Flushed eyelids are so *very* unbecoming!

## IV.

My confidential interviews with Job began to take rather an unpleasant coloring. The forty pounds I had paid for Miamuna's liberty, with the premium to Mustapha, the suit of European clothes necessary to disguise my new companion, and the addition of a third person in our European lodgings at Pera, rather drove my finances to the wall. Job cared very little for the loss of his allowance of pocket-money, and made no resistance to eating kibauts at a meat-shop, instead of his usual silver fork and French dinner at Madame Josepino's. He submitted with the same resignation to a one-oared caique on the Bosphorus, and several minor reductions in his expenses, thinking nothing a hardship, in short, which I shared cheerfully with him. He would have donned the sugar-loaf hat of a dervish, and begged his way home by Jerusalem or Mecca, so only I was content. But the *morality* of the thing!

"What will you do with this beautiful girl when you get to Rome? how will you dispose of her in Paris? how will your friends receive a female, already arrived at the age of womanhood, who shall have traveled with you two or three years on the continent? how will you provide for her? how educate her? how rid yourself of her, with any Christian feeling of compassion, when she has become irrevocably attached to you?"

We were pulling up to the Symplegades while my plain-spoken Mentor thrust me these home questions, and Maimuna sat coiled between my feet in the bottom

of the caique, gazing into my face with eyes that seemed as if they would search my very soul for cause of my emotion. We seldom spoke English in her presence, for the pain it gave her when she was excluded from the conversation amounted in her expressive features to a look of anguish that made seem to me a cruelty. She dared not ask me words, why I was vexed ; but she gathered from John's tone that there was reproof in what he said, and flashing a glance of inquiring anger at his serious face, she gently stole her hand under the cloak to mine, and laid the back of it softly in my palm. There was delicacy and a confidingness in the motion that stole a tear into my eye ; and as I smiled through it, she drew her to me and impressed a kiss on her forehead. I inwardly resolved, that, as long as that lovely creature should choose to eat of my bread, it should be free to her in all honor and kindness, and, if necessary, I would supply to her, with the devotion of my life, the wrong and misconstruction of the world. As I turned over that leaf in my heart, there came through it a breath of peace, and I felt that a good angel had taken me into favor. Job began to fumble for the lunch, and the dancing caique sailed forth merrily into the Black Sea.

"My dearest chum !" said I, as we sat round a brown paper of kibbaubs on the highest point of the Symplegades, "you see yourself here at the outermost limit of your travels."

His mouth was full, but as soon as he could conveniently swallow, he responded with the appropriate

"Six thousand miles, more or less, lie between me and your spectacled and respectable mother ; nineteen thousand, the small remainder of the earth's circumference, extending due east from this point of cold meat, remain to you untraveled !"

Job fixed his eye on a white sea-bird apparently asleep on the wing, but diving away eastward into the sky, as if it were the heart within us sped onward with our boundless wishes.

"Do you not envy him?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Yes; for nature pays his traveling expenses, and I would our common mother were as considerate to me! How soon, think you, he will see Trebisond, posting at that courier speed?"

"And Shiraz, and Isaphan, and the valley of Cashmere! To think how that stupid bird will fly over them, and, spite of all that Hafiz, and Saadi, and Tom Moore have written on the lands that his shadow may glide through, will return, as wise as he went, to Marmora! To compound natures with him were a nice arrangement, now!"

"You would be better looking, my dear Job!"

"How very unpleasant you are, Mr. Slingsby! But really, Philip, to cast the slough of this expensive and il-locomotive humanity, and find yourself afloat with all the necessary apparatus of life stowed snugly into breast and tail, your legs tucked quietly away under you, and, instead of coat and unmentionables to be put off and on and renewed at such inconvenient expense, a self-renewing tegument of cleanly feathers, brushed and washed in the common course of nature by wind and rain—no valet to be paid and drilled—no dressing-case to be supplied and left behind—no tooth-brushes to be mislaid—no tight boots—no corns—no passports nor posthorses! Do you know, Phil, on reflection, I find this 'mortal coil' a very inferior and inconvenient apparatus!"

"If you mean your own, I quite agree with you."

"I am surprised, Mr. Slingsby, that you, who value yourself on knowing what is due from one highly-civilized individual to another, should indulge in these very disagreeable reflections!"

Maimuna did not quite comprehend the argument, but she saw that the tables were turned, and, without ill-will to Job, she paid me the compliment of always taking my side. I felt her slender arm around my neck, and as she got upon her knees behind me and put forward her little head to get a peep at my lips, her clear bird-like laugh of enjoyment and triumph added visibly to my friend's mortification. A compunctious visiting stole over me, and I began to feel that I should scarce have revenged myself for what was, after all, but a kind severity;

"Do you know, Job," said I, (anxious to restore his self-complacency without a direct apology for my rudeness,) "do you know there is a very deep human truth hidden in the familiar story of 'Beauty and the Beast'? I really am of opinion, that, between the extremes of hideousness and the highest perfection of loveliness, there is no face which, after a month's intercourse, does not depend exclusively on its expression (or, in other words, on the amiable qualities of the individual) for the admiration it excites. The plainest features become handsome unaware when associated only with kind feelings, and the loveliest face disagreeable when linked with ill-humor or caprice. People should remember this when selecting a face which they are to see every morning across the breakfast-table for the remainder of their natural lives."

Job was appeased by the indirect compliment contained in this speech; and, gathering up our kibauts, we descended to the caique, and pulling around the easternmost point of the Symplegades, bade adieu to the Orient, and took the first step westward with the smile of conciliation on our lips.

We were soon in the strong current of the Bosphorus, and shot swiftly down between Europe and Asia, by the light of a sunset that seemed to brighten the West for our return. It was a golden path homeward.

The East looked cold behind ; and the welcome of our far-away kinsmen seemed sent to us on those purpling clouds, winning us back. Beneath that kindling horizon---below that departed sun---lay the fresh and free land of our inheritance. The light of the world seemed gone over to it. These, from which the day had declined, were countries of memory---ours, of hope. The sun, that was setting on these, was dawning gloriously on ours.

On ordinary occasions, Job would have given me a stave of "Hail, Columbia!" after such a burst of patriotism. The cloud was on his soul, however.

"We have turned to *go back*," he said, in a kind of musing bitterness, "and see what we are leaving behind ! In this fairly-shaped boat you are gliding like a dream down the Bosphorus. The curving shore of Therapia yonder is fringed for miles with the pleasure-loving inhabitants of this delicious land, who think a life ~~too short~~, of which the highest pleasure is to ramble ~~on the edge~~ of these calm waters with their kinsmen and children. Is there a picture in the world more beautiful than that palace-lined shore ? Is there a city so magnificent under the sun as that in which it terminates ? Are there softer skies, greener hills, simpler or better people, to live among, than these ? Oh, Philip ! ours, with all its freedom, is a 'working-day' land. There is no idleness there ! The sweat is ever on the brow, the 'serpent of care' never loosened about the heart ! I confess myself a worshipper of leisure : I would let no moment of my golden youth go by unrecorded with a pleasure. Toil is ungodlike, and unworthy of the immortal spirit, that should walk unchained through the world. I love these idle Orientals. Their sliding and haste-forbidding slippers, their flowing and ungirded habiliments, are signs most expressive of their joy in life. Look around, and see how on every hill-top stands a *maison de plaisance* ; how every .

hill-side is shelved into those green platforms,\* so expressive of their habits of enjoyment! Rich or poor, their pleasures are the same. The open air, freedom to roam, a caique at the water-side, and a *sairgah* on the hill---these are their means of happiness, and they are within the reach of all; they are nearer Utopia than we, my dear Philip! We shall be more like Turks than Christians in Paradise!"

"Inglorious Job!"

"Why? Because I love idleness? Are there braver people in the world than the Turks? Are there people more capable of the romance of heroism? Energy, though it sound a paradox, is the child of idleness. All extremes are natural and easy; and the most indolent in peace is likely to be the most fiery in war. Here we are, opposite the summer *serai* of Sultan Mahmoud; and who more luxurious and idle? Yet the massacre of the Janissaries was one of the boldest measures in history. There is the most perfect Orientalism in the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz:---

'Her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep.'

Perhaps nothing would be so contradictory as the true analysis of the character of what is called an indolent man. With all the tastes I have just professed, my strongest feeling on leaving the Symplegades, for example, was, and is still, an unwillingness to retrace my steps. 'Onward! onward!' is the perpetual cry of

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\* All around Constantinople are seen what are called *sairgahs*—small greensward platforms levelled in the side of a hill, and usually commanding some lovely view, intended as spots on which those who are abroad for pleasure may spread their carpets. I know nothing so expressive as this of the simple and natural lives led by these gentle Orientals.

my heart. I could pass my life in going from land to land, so only that every successive one was new. Italy will be old to us ; France, Germany, can scarce lure the imagination to adventure, with the knowledge we have ; and England, though we have not seen it, is so familiar to us from its universality that it will not seem, even on a first visit, a strange country. We have satiety before us, and the thought saddens me. I hate to go back. I could start now, with Maimuna for a guide, and turn gipsy in the wilds of Asia."

"Will you go with him, Maimuna?"

"*Signor, no !*"

I am the worst of story-tellers, gentle reader ; for I never get to the end. The truth is, that in these rambling papers, I go over the incidents I describe, not as they should be written in a romance, but as they occurred in my travels : I write what I remember. There are, of course, long intervals in adventure, filled up sometimes by feasting or philosophy, sometimes with idleness or love ; and, to please myself, I must unweave the thread as it was woven. It is strange how, in the memory of a traveler, the most wayside and unimportant things are the best remembered. You may have stood in the Parthenon, and, looking back upon it through the distance of years, a chance word of the companion who happened to be with you, or the attitude of a Greek seen in the plain below, may come up more vividly to the recollection than the immortal sculptures on the frieze. There is a natural antipathy in the human mind to fulfil expectations. We wander from the thing we are told to admire, to dwell on something we have discovered ourselves. The child in church occupies itself with the fly on its prayer-book, and "the child is father of the man." If I indulge in the same perversity in story-telling, dear reader,---if, in the most important crisis of my tale, I



digress to some trifling vein of speculation,---if, at close even, the climax seem incomplete, and the result vain,---I plead, upon all these counts, an adherence to truth and nature. Life---real life---is made up of unfinished romance. The most interesting procession of events is delayed, and travestied, and mixed with the ridiculous and the trifling, and at the end, oftenest imperfect. Who ever saw, off the stage, a five act tragedy, with its proprieties and its climax ?

# THE GIPSY OF SARDIS.

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## PART III.

TEN o'clock A.M., and the weather like the Prophet's Paradise,

“Warmth without heat, and coolness without cold.”

Madame Josepino stood at the door of her Turco-Italian boarding-house in the nasty and fashionable main street of Pera, dividing her attention between a handsome Armenian, with a red button in the top of his black lamb's-wool cap,\* and her three boarders, Job, Maimuna, and myself, at that critical moment about mounting our horses for a gallop to Belgrade.

We kissed our hands to the fat and fair Italian, and with a promise to be at home for supper, kicked our shovel-shaped stirrups into the sides of our horses, and pranced away up the street, getting many a glance of

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\* The Armenians at Constantinople are despised by the Turks, and tacitly submit, like the Jews, to occupy a degraded position as a people. A few, however, are employed as interpreters by the embassies, and these are allowed to wear the mark of a red worsted button in the high black cap of the race,—a distinction which just serves to make them the greatest possible coxcombs.

curiosity, and one or two that might be more freely translated, from the dark eyes that are seen day and night at the windows of the leaden-colored houses of the Armenians.

We should have been an odd-looking cavalcade for the Boulevard or Bond-street, but, blessed privilege of the East! we were sufficiently *comme il faut* for Pera. To avoid the embarrassment of Maimuna's sex, I had dressed her, from an English "slop-shop" at Galata, in the checked shirt, jacket, and trowsers of a sailor-boy, but as she was obstinately determined that her long black hair should not be shorn, a turban was her only resource for concealment, and the dark and glossy mass was hidden in the folds of an Albanian shawl, forming altogether as inharmonious a costume as could well be imagined. With the white duck trowsers tight over her hips, and the jacket, which was a little too large for her, loose over her shoulders and breast, the checked collar tied with a black silk cravat close round her throat, and the silken and gold fringe of the shawl flowing coquetishly over her left cheek and ear, she was certainly an odd figure on horseback, and, but for her admirable riding and excessive grace of attitude, she might have been as much a subject for a caricature as her companion. Job rode soberly along at her side, in the green turban of a Hajji, (which he had persisted in wearing ever since his pilgrimage to Jerusalem,) and, as he usually put it on askew, the *gaillard* and rakish character of his head-dress, and the grave respectability of his black coat and salt-and-pepper trowsers, produced a contrast which elicited a smile even from the admiring damsels at the windows.

Maimuna went caracoling along till the road entered the black shadow of the Cemetery of Pera, and then, pulling up her well-managed horse, she rode close to my side, with the air of subdued respect which was

more fitting to the spirit of the scene. It was a lovely morning, as I said, and the Turks, who are early risers, were sitting on the graves of their kindred with their veiled wives and children, the marble turbans in that thickly-sown *nekropolis* less numerous than those of the living, who had come, not to mourn the dead who lay beneath, but to pass a day of idleness and pleasure on the spot endeared by their memories.

"I declare to you," said Job, following Maimuna's example in waiting till I came up, "that I think the Turks the most misrepresented and abused people on earth. Look at this scene! Here are whole families seated upon graves over which the grass grows green and fresh, the children playing at their feet, and their own faces the pictures of calm cheerfulness and enjoyment. They are the by-word for brutes, and there is not a gentler or more poetical race of beings between the Indus and the Arkansaw!"

It was really a scene of great beauty. The Turkish tombs are as splendid as white marble can make them, with letters and devices in red and gold, and often the most delicious sculptures, and, with the crowded closeness of the monuments, the vast extent of the burial-ground over hill and dale, and the cypresses (nowhere so magnificent) veiling all in a deep religious shadow, dim, and yet broken by spots of the clearest sunshine, a more impressive and peculiar scene could scarce be imagined. It might exist in other countries, but it would be a desert. To the Mussulman death is not repulsive, and he makes it a resort when he would be happiest. At all hours of the day you find the tombs of Constantinople surrounded by the living. They spread their carpets, and arrange their simple repast around the stone which records the name and virtues of their own dead, and talk of them as they do of the living and absent,—parted from them to meet again, if not in life, in paradise.

“For my own part,” continued Job, “I see nothing in scripture which contradicts the supposition that we shall haunt, in the intermediate state between death and heaven, the familiar places to which we have been accustomed. In that case, how delightful are the habits of these people, and how cheerily vanish the horrors of the grave ! Death, with us, is appalling ! The smile has scarce faded from our lips, the light scarce dead in our eye, when we are thrust into a noisome vault, and thought of but with a shudder and a fear. We are connected thenceforth, in the memories of our friends, with the pestilent-air in which we lie, with the vermin that infest the gloom, with chillness, with darkness, with disease ; and, memento as it is of their own coming destiny, what wonder if they chase us, and the forecast shadows of the grave, with the same hurried disgust from their remembrance. Suppose, for an instant, (what is by no means improbable,) that the spirits of the dead are about us, conscious and watchful ! Suppose that they have still a feeling of sympathy in the decaying form they have so long inhabited, in its organs, its senses, its once-admired and long-cherished grace and proportion ; that they feel the contumely and disgust with which the features we professed to love are cast like garbage into the earth, and the indecent haste with which we turn away from the solitary spot, and think of it but as the abode of festering and revolting corruption !”

At this moment we turned to the left, descending to the Bosphorus, and Maimuna, who had ridden a little in advance during Job’s unintelligible monologue, came galloping back to tell us that there was a corpse in the road. We quickened our pace, and the next moment our horses started aside from the bier, left in a bend of the highway with a single individual, the grave-digger, sitting cross-legged beside it. Without looking up at our approach, the man mumbled something between

his teeth, and held up his hand as if to arrest us in our path.

"What does he say?" I asked of Maimuna.

"He repeats a verse of the Koran," she replied, "which promises a reward in paradise to him who bears the dead forty steps on its way to the grave."

Job sprang instantly from his horse, threw the bridle over the nearest tombstone, and made a sign to the grave-digger that he would officiate as bearer. The man nodded assent, but looked down the road without arising from his seat.

'You are but three,' said Maimuna, "and he waits for a fourth."

I had dismounted by this time, not to be behind my friend in the humanities of life, and the grave-digger, seeing that we were Europeans, smiled with a kind of pleased surprise, and uttering the all-expressive "*Pekkhe!*" resumed his look-out for the fourth bearer.

The corpse was that of a poor old man. The coffin was without a cover, and he lay in it, in his turban and slippers, his hands crossed over his breast, and the folds of his girdle stuck full of flowers. He might have been asleep, for any look of death about him. His lips were slightly unclosed, and his long beard was combed smoothly over his breast. The odor of the pipe and the pastille struggled with the perfume of the flowers, and there was in his whole aspect a life-likeness and peace, that the shroud and the close coffin, and the additional horrors of approaching death, perhaps, combine, in other countries, utterly to do away.

"Hitherto," said Job, as he gazed attentively on the calm old man, "I have envied the Scaligers their uplifted and airy tombs in the midst of the cheerful street of Verona, and, next to theirs, the sunny sarcophagus of Petrarch, looking away over the peaceful Campagna of Lombardy; but here is a Turkish beggar who will

be buried still more enviably. Is it not a paradise of tombs,—a kind of Utopia of the dead?"

A young man with a load of vegetables for the market of Pera, came toiling up the hill behind his mule. Sure of his assistance, the grave-digger arose, and as we took our places at the poles, the marketer quietly turned his beast out of the road, and assisted us in lifting the dead on our shoulders: The grave was not far off, and having deposited the corpse on its border, we returned to our horses, and, soon getting clear of the cemetery, galloped away with light hearts toward the Valley of Sweet Waters.

## II.

We were taking breath on the silken banks of the Barbyzes,—Maimuna prancing along the pebbly bed, up to her barb's girths in sparkling water, and Job and myself laughing at her frolics from either side, when an old woman, bent double with age, came hobbling toward us from a hovel in the hill-side.

"Maimuna," said Job, fishing out some trumpery *paras* from the corner of his waistcoat pocket, "give this to that good woman, and tell her that he who gives it is happy, and would share his joy with her."

The gipsy spurred up the bank, dismounted at a short distance from the decrepit creature, and after a little conversation returned, leading her horse.

"She is not a beggar, and wishes to know why you give her money?"

"Tell her, to buy bread for her children," said my patriarchal friend.

Maimuna went back, conversed with her again, and returned with the money.

"She says she has no need of it. *There is no human creature between her and Allah!*"

The old woman hobbled on, Job pocketed his rejected *paras*, and Maimuna rode between us in silence.

It was a gem of natural poetry that was worthy of the lips of an angel.

### III.

We kept up the Valley of Sweet Waters, tracing the Barbyzes through its bosom, to the hills ; and then mounting a steep ascent, struck across to the east, over a country, which, though so near the capital of the Turkish empire, is as wild as the plains of the Hermus. Shrubs, forest-trees, and wild grass, cover the apparently illimitable waste, and save a half-visible horse-path which guides the traveler across, there is scarce an evidence that you are not the first adventurer in the wilderness.

What a natural delight is freedom ! What a bound gives the heart at the sight of the unfenced earth, the separated hill-sides, the unhedged and unharvested alleys ! How thrilling it is—unlike any other joy—to spur a fiery horse to the hill-top, and gaze away over dell and precipice to the horizon, and never a wall between, nor a human limit to say “Thus far halt thou go, and no farther !” Oh, I think we have an instinct, dulled by civilization, which is like the aged eaglet’s, or the antelope’s that is reared in the Arab’s tent ; an instinct of nature that scorns boundary and chain ; that yearns to the free desert ; that would save the earth, like the sea or the sky, unappropriated and open ; that rejoices in immeasurable liberty of foot and dwelling-place, and springs passionately back to its freedom even after years of subduing method and spirit-breaking confinement ! I have felt it on the sea, in the forests of America, on the desolated plains of Asia and Roumelia ; I should feel it till my heart burst, had I the wings of a bird !

The house once occupied by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu stands on the descent of a hill in the little village of Belgrade, some twelve or fourteen miles from



Constantinople. It is a common-place two-story affair, but the best house of the dozen that form the village, and overlooks a dell below that reminds one of the "Emerald valleys of Cashmeer." We wandered through its deserted rooms, discussed the clever woman who has described her travels so graphically, and then followed Maimuna to the narrow street, in search of *kibauks*. The butcher's shop in Turkey is as open as the *trottoir* to the street, and with only an entire sheep hanging between us and a dozen hungry beggars, attracted by the presence of strangers, we crossed our legs on the straw carpet, and setting the wooden tripod in the centre, waited patiently the movements of our feeder, who combined in his single person the three vocations of butcher, cook, and waiter. One must have traveled east of Cape Colonna to relish a dinner so slightly disguised, but, once rid of European prejudices, there is nothing more simple than the fact that it is rather an attractive mode of feeding—a traveler's appetite *subauditur*.

Our friend was a wholesome-looking Turk, with a snow-white turban, a black, well-conditioned beard, a mouth incapable of a smile, yet honest, and a most trenchant and *janissaresque* style of handling his cleaver. Having laid open his bed of coals with a kind of conjurer's flourish of the poker, he slapped the pendent mutton on the thigh in a fashion of encouragement, and waiting an instant for our admiration to subside, he whipped his knife from its sheath, and had out a dozen strips from the chine (as Job expressed it in Vermontese) "in no time." With the same alacrity these were cut into bits "of the size of a piece of chalk," (another favorite expression of Job's,) run upon a skewer, and laid on the coals, and in three minutes, more or less, they appeared smoking on the trencher, half lost in a fine green salad, well peppered, and of a most seducing and provocative savor. If you

have performed your four ablutions A.M., like a devout Mussulman, it is not conceived in Turkey that you have occasion for the medium of a fork, and I frankly own, that I might have been seen at Belgrade, cross-legged in a *kibaub*-shop, between my friend and the gipsy, and making a most diligent use of my thumb and fore-finger. I have dined since at the *Rocher de Cancale* and the *Traveler's* with less satisfaction.

Having paid something like sixpence sterling for our three dinners, (rather an overcharge, Maimuna thought,) we unpicketed our horses from the long grass, and bade adieu to Belgrade, on our way to the *Aqueducts*. We were to follow down a verdant valley, and, exhilarated by a flask of Greek wine, (which I forgot to mention,) and the ever-thrilling circumstances of unlimited greensward and horses that wait not for the spur, we followed the daring little Asiatic up hill and down, over bush and precipice, till Job cried us mercy. We pulled up on the edge of a sheet of calm water, and the vast marble wall, built by the Sultans in the days of their magnificence and crossing the valley from side to side, burst upon us like a scene of enchantment in the wilderness.

Those same sultans must have lived a great deal at Belgrade. Save these vast aqueducts, which are splendid monuments of architecture, there is little in the first aspect to remind you that you are not in the wilds of Missouri; but a further search discloses, in the recesses of the hidden windings of the valley, circular staircases of marble leading to secluded baths, now filled with leaves and neglected, but evidently on a scale of the most imperial sumptuousness. From the perishable construction of Turkish dwelling-houses, all traces even of the most costly serai may easily have disappeared in a few years, when once abandoned to ruin; and I pleased myself with imagining, as we slackened bridle, and rode slowly beneath the gigan-

tic trees of the forest, the gilded pavilions, and scenes of Oriental pleasure that must have been here in the days of the warlike yet effeminate S. It is a place for the enchantments of the "Arabian Nights" to have been realized.

I have followed the common error in giving structures in the forest of Belgrade the name of aqueducts. They are rather walls built across the valleys, of different altitudes, to create reservoirs for the supply of aqueducts, but are built with a magnificence and ornament of a façade to a temple.

We rode on from one to the other, arriving at the lowest, which divides the valley at its wildest forming a giddy wall across an apparently bottomless ravine, as dark and impracticable as the glen of Cauterskill in America. Our road lay on the left side, but though with a steady eye one might venture to cross the parapet on foot, there were no means of getting our horses over, short of a return of half a mile to the path we had neglected higher up the valley. We might swim it, above the embankment, but the opposite shore was a precipice.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

Job made no answer, but pulled round his horse and started off in a sober canter to return.

I stood a moment, gazing on the placid surface of the water above, and the abyss of rock and darkness below, and then calling to Maimuna, who had disappeared farther down the bank, I turned my horse's head back to him.

"Signore!" cried the gipsy from below.

"What is it, Carissima?"

"Maimuna never goes back!"

"Silly child!" I answered, "you are not going to cross the ravine?"

"Yes!" was the reply, and the voice became

distinguishable as she galloped away. "I will be  
ver before you!"

I was vexed, but I knew the self-will and temerity  
f the wild Asiatic, and, very certain that, if there  
ere danger, it would be run before I could reach  
er, I drove the stirrups into my horse's sides, and  
vertook Job at the descent into the valley. We as-  
ended again, and rode down the opposite shore to the  
mbankment, at a sharp gallop. Maimuna was not  
ere.

"She will have perished in the abyss," said Job.

I sprang from my horse to cross the parapet on foot,  
i search of her, when I heard her horse's footsteps,  
nd the next moment she dashed up the steep, having  
iled in her attempt, and stood once more where we  
ad parted. The sun was setting, and we had ten  
iles to ride, and impatient of her obstinacy, I sharply  
rdered her to go up the ravine at speed, and cross as  
re had done.

I think I never shall forget, angry as I was at the  
moment, the appearance of that lovely creature, as  
he resolutely refused to obey me. Her horse, the  
ame fiery Arabian she had ridden from Sardis, (an  
nimal that, except when she was on his back, would  
carce have sold for a gold sequin,) stood with head  
rect, and panting nostrils, glancing down with his  
ild eyes upon the abyss into which he had been  
rged,—the whole group, horse and rider, completely  
elieved against the sky from the isolated mound they  
occupied, and, at this instant, the gold flood of the set-  
ing sun pouring full on them through a break in the  
masses of the forest. Her own fierce attitude, and  
eautiful and frowning face, the thin lip curled reso-  
itely, and the brown and polished cheek deepened  
rith a rosy glow, her full and breathing bosom swell-  
ig beneath its jacket, and her hair, which had escaped  
rom the turban, flowing over her neck and shoulders,

and mingling with the loosened fringes of red and in rich disorder—it was a picture which the pen Martin (and it would have suited his genius) scarce have exaggerated. The stately, half-A-half-Grecian architecture of the aqueducts, and cold and frowning tints of the abyss and the around, would have left him nothing to add to it composition.

I was crossing the giddy edge of the parapet, ing well to my feet, with the intention of reas with the obstinate being, who, vexed at my repre and her own failure, was now in as pretty a r myself, when I heard the trampling of horses forest. I stopped mid-way to listen, and pre there sprang a horseman up the bank in an O costume, with pistols and ataghan flashing in th and a cast of features that at once betrayed h gin.

“A Zingara!” I shouted back to Job.

The gipsy, who was about nineteen, and as made and gallant a figure for a man as Maimun woman, seemed as much astonished as ourself sat in his saddle gazing on the extraordinary fig have described, evidently recognizing one of hi race, but probably puzzled with the mixture o tumes, and struck at the same time with Mair excessive beauty. Lovely as she always was, never seen her to such advantage as now. She have come from fairy-land, for the radiant visio seemed in the gold of that burning sunset.

I gazed on them both a moment, and was finishing my traverse of the parapet, when a tro mounted gipsies and baggage-horses came up th at a quick pace, and in another minute Maimu surrounded. I sprang to her bridle, and appreh of, I scarce knew what danger, gave her one two pistols I carried always in my bosom.

The gipsy chief (for such he evidently was) measured me from head to foot with a look of dislike, and speaking for the first time, addressed Maimuna in his own language with a remark which sent the blood to her temples with a suddenness I had never before seen.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"It is no matter, Signore, but it is false!" Her black eyes were like coals of fire, as she spoke.

"Leave your horse," I said to her, in a low tone, "and cross the parapet. I will prevent his following you, and will join you on your own before you can reach Constantinople. Turn the horses' heads homeward!" I continued in English to Job, who was crying out to me from the other side to come back.

Maimuna laid her hand on the pommel to dismount, but the gipsy, anticipating her motion, touched his horse with the stirrup, and sprang with a single leap between her and the parapet. The troop had gathered into a circle behind us, and seeing our retreat thus cut off, I presented my pistol to the young chief, and demanded, in Italian, that he should clear the way.

A blow from behind, the instant that I was pulling the trigger, sent the discharged pistol into the ravine, and, in the same instant, Maimuna dashed her horse against the unguarded gipsy, nearly overturning him into the abyss, and spurred desperately upon the parapet. One cry from the whole gipsy troop, and then all was silent as the grave, except the click of her horse's hoofs on the marble verge, as, trembling palpably in every limb, the terrified animal crossed the giddy chasm at a half trot, and, in the next minute, bounded up the opposite bank, and disappeared with a snort of fear and delight amid the branches of the forest.

What with horror and wonder, and the shock of the

blow which had nearly broken my arm, I stood motionless where Maimuna had left me, till the gipsy, recovering from his amazement, dismounted and put his pistol to my breast.

"Call her back!" he said to me, in very good Italian, and with a tone in which rage and determination were strangely mingled, "or you die where you stand."

Without regarding his threat, I looked at him with a new thought stealing into my mind. He probably read the pacific change in my feelings, for he dropped his arm, and the frown on his own features moderated to a steadfast and inquisitive regard.

"Zingara!" I said, "Maimuna is my slave."

A clutch of his pistol-stock, and a fiery and impatient look from his fine eyes, interrupted me for an instant. I proceeded to tell him briefly how I had obtained possession of her, while the troop gradually closed around, attracted by his excessive look of interest in the tale, though they probably did not understand the language in which I spoke, and all fixing their wild eyes earnestly on my face.

"And now, Zingara," I said, "I will bring her back on one condition—that, when the offer is fairly made her, if she chooses still to go with me, she shall be free to do so. I have protected her, and sworn still to protect her as long as she should choose to eat of my bread. Though my slave, she is pure and guiltless as when she left the tent of her mother, and is worthy of the bosom of an emperor."

The Zingara took my hand, and put it to his lips.

"You agree to our compact, then?" I asked.

He put his hand to his forehead, and then laid it with a slight inclination, on his breast.

"She cannot have gone far," I said, and stepping on the mound above the parapet, I shouted her name till the woods rang again with the echo.

A moment, and Job and Maimuna came riding -t

the verge of the opposite hill, and with a few words of explanation, fastened their horses to a tree, and crossed to us by the parapet.

The chief returned his pistols to his girdle, and stood aside while I spoke to Maimuna. It was a difficult task, but I felt that it was a moment decisive of her destiny, and the responsibility weighed heavily on my breast. Though excessively attached to her—though she had been endeared to me by sacrifices, and by the ties of protection---though, in short, I loved her, not with a passion, but with an affection—as a father more than as a lover—I still felt it to be my duty to leave no means untried to induce her to abandon me, to return to her own people and remain in her own land of the sun. What her fate would be in the state of society to which I must else introduce her, had been eloquently depicted by Job, and will readily be imagined by the reader.

After the first burst of incredulity and astonishment at my proposal, she folded her arms on her bosom, and, with the tears streaming like rain over her jacket, listened in silence and with averted eyes. I concluded with representing to her, in rather strong colors, the feelings with which she might be received by my friends, and the difficulty she would find in accommodating herself to the customs of people, to whom not only she must be inferior in the accomplishments of a woman, but who might find, even in the color of that loveliest cheek, a reason to despise her.

Her lip curled for an instant, but the grief in her heart was stronger than the scorn for an imaginary wrong, and she bowed her head again, and her tears flowed on.

I was silent at last, and she looked up into my face.

“I am a burthen to you,” she said.

“No, dearest Maimuna ! no ! but if I were to see you wretched hereafter, you would become so. Tell



me ! the chief will make you his wife ; will you join your people ?”

She flung herself upon the ground, and wept as her heart would break. I thought it best to let feelings have way, and walking apart with the young gipsy, I gave him more of the particulars of her story, and exacted a promise that, if she should finally be left with the troop, he would return with her to the tribe of her mother, at Sardis.

Maimuna stood gazing fixedly into the ravine as we turned back, and there was an erectness in her attitude, and a *fierte* in the air of her head, that, I acknowledge, promised more for my fears than wishes. Her pride was roused, it was easy with a glance to see.

With the suddenness of Oriental passion, the young chief had become already enamored of her, and, a feeling of jealousy which, even though I wished success, I could not control, I saw him kneel at her feet and plead with her in an inaudible tone. She had been less than woman if she had been insensible to that passionate cadence, and the imploring earnestness of the noble countenance on which she looked. It was evident that she was interested, though she began with scarce deigning to lift her eyes from the ground.

I felt a sinking of the heart which I cannot describe when he rose to his feet and left her standing alone. The troop had withdrawn at his command, and to whom the scene was too painful, had re-crossed the parapet, and stood by his horse's head waiting the result. The twilight had deepened, the forest looked black around us, and a single star sprang into the sky while the west was still glowing in a fast purpling and crimson.

“ Signore !” said Maimuna, walking calmly to

hand, which I stretched instinctively to receive her, "I am breaking my heart ; I know not what to do."

At this instant a faint meteor shot over the sky, and drew its reflection across the calm mirror whose verge we were approaching.

"Stay !" she cried ; "the next shall decide the fate of Maimuna ! If it cross to the East, the will of Allah be done ! I will leave you !"

I called to the gipsy, and we stood on the verge of the parapet in breathless expectation. The darkness deepened around us, the abyss grew black and indistinguishable, and the night-birds flitted past like audible shadows. I drew Maimuna to my bosom, and with my hands buried in her long hair, pressed her to my heart, that beat as painfully and as heavily as her own.

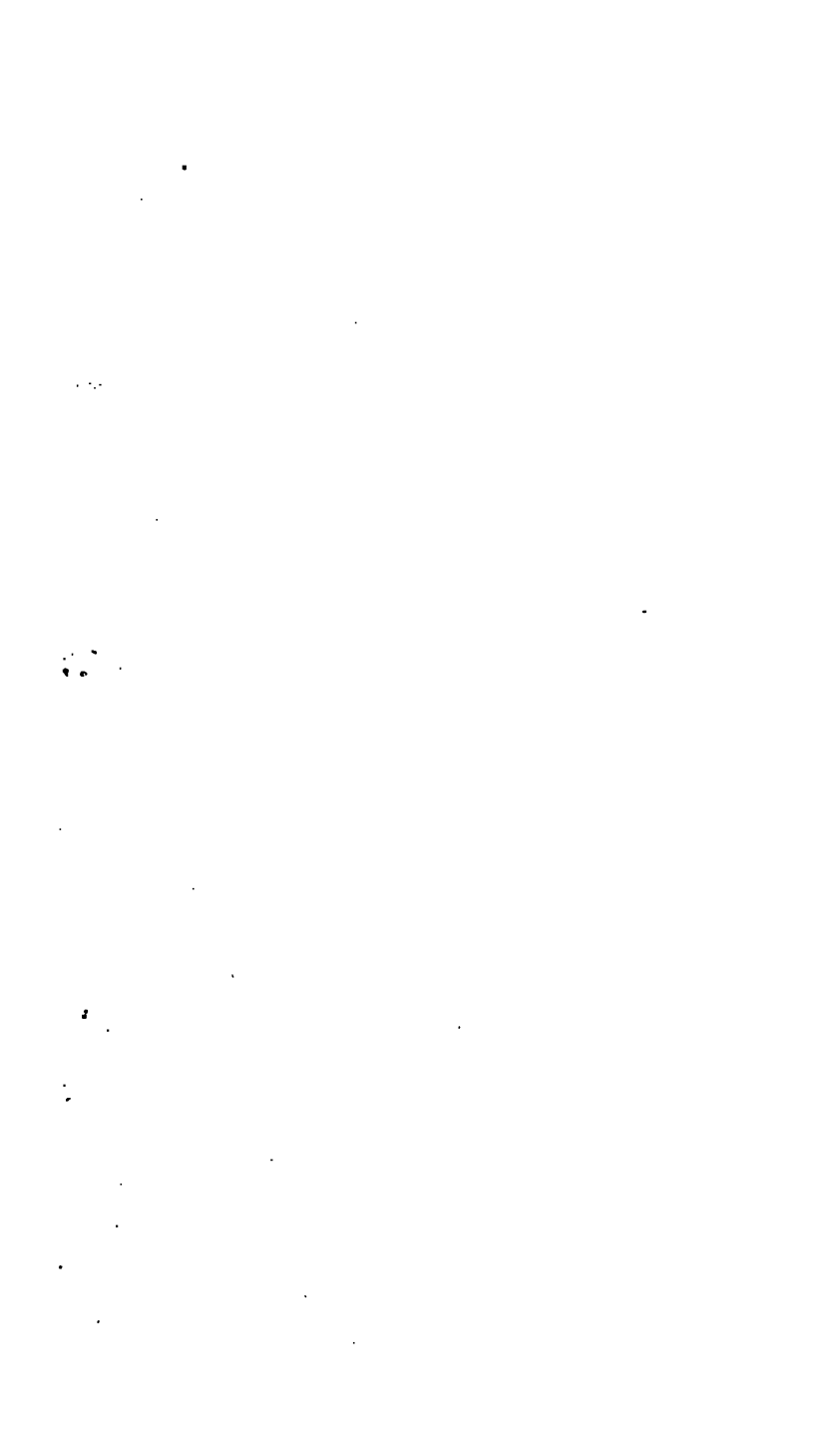
A sudden shriek ! She started from my bosom, and as she fell upon the earth, my eye caught, on the face of the mirror from which I had forgetfully withdrawn my gaze, the vanishing pencil of a meteor, drawn like a beam of the sunset, from west to east !

I lifted the insensible child, impressed one long kiss on her lips, and flinging her into the arms of the gipsy, crossed the parapet, and rode, with a speed that tried in vain to outrun my anguish, to Constantinople.



OM FANE AND I.

\*8



# TOM FANE AND I.

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"Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."

SHELLEY.

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TOM FANE's four Canadian ponies were whizzing his light phaeton through the sand at a rate that would have put spirits into any thing but a lover absent from his mistress. The "heaven-kissing" pines towered on every side like the thousand and one columns of the Palæologi at Constantinople; their flat and spreading tops shutting out the light of heaven almost as effectually as the world of Mussulmen, mosques, kiosks, bazaars, and Giaours sustained on those innumerable capitals, darkens the subterranean wonder of Stamboul. An American pine forest is as like a temple, and a sublime one, as any dream that ever entered into the architectural brain of the slumbering Martin. The Yankee methodists, in their camp-meetings, have but followed an irresistible instinct to worship God in the religious dimness of these interminable aisles of the wilderness.

Tom Fane and I had stoned the storks together in the palace of Croesus at Sardis. We had read Anas-

tasius on a mufti's tomb in the *Nekropolis* of Scutari. We had burned with fig fevers in the same caravanse-  
rai at Smyrna. We had cooled our hot foreheads  
and cursed the Greeks in emulous Romaic in the dim  
tomb of Agamemnon at Argos. We had been grave  
at Paris, and merry at Rome ; and we had pic-nic'd  
with the beauties of the Fanar in the valley of Sweet  
Waters in pleasant Roumelia ; and when, after parting  
in France, he had returned to England and his regi-  
ment, and I to New England and law, whom should I  
meet in a summer's trip to the St. Lawrence but Cap-  
tain Tom Fane of the ———th, quartered at the cliff-  
perched and doughty garrison of Quebec, and ready  
for any "lark" that would vary the monotony of duty!

Having eaten seven mess dinners, driven to the  
Falls of Montmorenci, and paid my respects to Lord  
Dalhousie, the hospitable and able Governor of the  
Canadas, Quebec had no longer a temptation, and  
obeying a magnet, of which more anon, I announced  
to Fane that my traps were packed, and my heart sent  
on *à l'avant courier*, to Saratoga.

"Is she pretty?" said Tom.

"As the starry-eyed Circassian we gazed at through  
the grill in the slave-market at Constantinople!"  
(Heaven and my mistress forgive me for the compari-  
son!—but it conveyed more to Tom Fane than a folio  
of more respectful similitudes.)

"Have you any objection to be drawn to your lady-  
love by four cattle that would buy the soul of Osbal-  
diston?"

"'Objection!' quotha?"

The next morning four double-jointed and well-  
groomed ponies were munching their corn in the bow  
of a steamer, upon the St. Lawrence, wondering pos-  
sibly what, in the name of Bucephalus, had set the  
hills and churches flying at such a rate down the river.  
The hills and churches came to a stand-still with the

steamer opposite Montreal, and the ponies were landed and put to their mettle for some twenty miles, where they were destined to be astonished by a similar flying phenomenon in the mountains girding the lengthening waters of Lake Champlain. Landed at Ticonderoga, a few miles trot brought them to Lake George and a third steamer, and, with a winding passage among green islands and overhanging precipices loaded like a harvest wagon with vegetation, we made our last landing on the edge of the pine-forest, where our story opens.

"Well, I must object," says Tom, setting his whip in the socket and edging round upon his driving box, "I must object to this republican gravity of yours. I should take it for melancholy, did I not know it was the 'complexion' of your never-smiling countrymen."

"Spare me, Tom! 'I see a hand you cannot see.' Talk to your ponies, and let me be miserable if you love me."

"For what, in the name of common sense? Are you not within five hours of your mistress? Is not this cursed sand your natal soil? Do not

'The pine-boughs sing  
Old songs with new gladness?'

and in the years that we have dangled about, 'here-and-there-ians' together, were you ever before grave, sad, or sulky? and will you without a precedent, and you a lawyer, inflict your stupidity upon me for the first time in this waste and being-less solitude? Half an hour more of the dread silence of this forest, and it will not need the horn of Astolpho, to set me irremediably mad!"

"If employment will save your wits, you may invent a scheme for marrying the son of a poor gentleman to the ward of a rich trader in rice and molasses."



"The programme of our approaching campaign presume?"

"Simply."

"Is the lady willing?"

"I would fain believe so?"

"Is Mr. Popkins unwilling?"

"As the most romantic lover could desire."

"And the state of the campaign?"

"Why thus. Mr. George Washington Jefferson Frump, whom you have irreverently called Mr. Popkins, is sole guardian to the daughter of a dead W. Indian planter, of whom he was once the agent. I am in love with Kate Lorimer from description, when I was at school with my sister, saw her by favor of a garden-wall, and after the usual vows—"

"Too romantic for a Yankee, by half!"

"—Proposed by letter to Mr. Frump."

"Oh, bathos!"

"He refused me."

"Because——"

"*Imprimis*, I was not myself in the 'Sugar line,' and *in secundis*, my father wore gloves and 'did nothing for a living,'—two blots in the eyes of Mr. Frump, which all the waters of Niagara would never wash from my escutcheon."

"And what the devil hindered you from running with her?"

"Fifty shares in the Manhattan Insurance Company, a gold mine in Florida, heaven knows how many heads of treacle, and a million of acres on the banks of the Missouri."

"'Pluto's flame-colored daughter' defend us! with a living El Dorado!"

"All of which she forfeits if she marries without Frump's consent."

"I see—I see! And this Io and her Argus are now drinking the waters at Saratoga?"

"Even so."

"I'll bet you my four-in-hand to a sonnet, that I get her for you before the season is over."

"Money and all?"

"Mines, molasses, and Missouri acres!"

"And if you do, Tom, I'll give you a team of Virginian bloods that would astonish Ascot, and throw you into the bargain a forgiveness for riding over me with your camel on the banks of the Hermus."

"Santa Maria! do you remember that spongy foot stepping over your frontispiece? I had already cast my eyes up to Mont Sypilus to choose a clean niche for you out of the rock-hewn tombs of the kings of Lydia. I thought you would sleep with Alyattis, Phil!"

We dashed on through dark forest and open clearing, through glens of tangled cedar and wild vine, over bog bridges, corduroy marshes and sand-hills, till, towards evening, a scattering shanty or two, and an occasional sound of a woodman's axe, betokened our vicinity to Saratoga. A turn around a clump of tall pines brought us immediately into the broad street of the village, and the flaunting shops, the overgrown, unsightly hotels, riddled with windows like honeycombs, the fashionable idlers out for their evening lounge to the waters, the indolent smokers on the colonnades, and the dusty and loaded coaches driving from door to door in search of lodgings, formed the usual evening picture of the Bath of America.

As it was necessary to Tom's plan that my arrival at Saratoga should not be known, he pulled up at a small tavern at the entrance of the street, and dropping me and my baggage, drove on to Congress Hall, with my best prayers, and a letter of introduction to my sister, whom I had left on her way to the Springs with a party at my departure for Montreal. Unwilling to remain in such a tantalizing vicinity, I hired a

chaise the next morning, and despatching a note to Tom, drove to seek a retreat at Barhydt's---a spot that cannot well be described in the tail of a paragraph.

Herr Barhydt is an old Dutch settler, who, till the mineral springs of Saratoga were discovered some five miles from his door, was buried in the depth of a forest solitude, unknown to all but the prowling Indian. The sky is supported above him (or looks to be) by a wilderness of straight, columnar pine-shafts, gigantic in girth, and with no foliage except at the top, where they branch out like round tables spread for a banquet in the clouds. A small ear-shaped lake, sunk as deep into the earth as the firs shoot above it, black as Erebus in the dim shadow of its hilly shore and the obstructed light of the trees that nearly meet over it, and clear and unbroken as a mirror, save the pearl-spots of the thousand lotuses holding up their cups to the blue eye of heaven that peers through the leafy vault, sleeps beneath his window; and, around him in the forest lies, still unbroken, the elastic and brown carpet of the faded pine tassels, deposited in yearly layers since the continent rose from the flood, and rooted a foot beneath the surface to a rich mould that would fatten the Symplegades to a flower-garden. With his black tarn well stocked with trout, his bit of a farm in the clearing near by, and an old Dutch Bible, Herr Barhydt lived a life of Dutch musing, talked Dutch to his geese and chickens, sung Dutch psalms to the echoes of the mighty forest, and, except on his far-between visits to Albany, which grew rarer and rarer as the old Dutch inhabitants dropped faster away, saw never a white human face from one maple-blossoming to another.

A roving mineralogist tasted the waters of Saratoga, and, like the work of a lath-and-plaster Aladdin, up sprung a thriving village around the fountain's lip, and hotels, tin tumblers and apothecaries, multiplied in the

usual proportion to each other, but out of all precedent, with every thing else for rapidity. Libraries, newspapers, churches, livery stables, and lawyers, followed in their train, and it was soon established, from the plains of Abraham to the Savannahs of Alabama, that no person of fashionable taste or broken constitution could exist through the months of July and August without a visit to the chalybeate springs and populous village of Saratoga. It contained seven thousand inhabitants before Herr Barhydt, living in his wooded seclusion only five miles off, became aware of its existence. A pair of lovers, philandering about the forest on horseback, popped in upon him one June morning, and thenceforth there was no rest for the soul of the Dutchman. Every body rode down to eat his trout and make love in the dark shades of his mirrored lagoon, and at last, in self-defence, he added a room or two to his shanty, enclosed his cabbage-garden, and put a price upon his trout-dinners. The traveler now-a-days who has not dined at Barhydt's with his own champagne cold from the tarn, and the white-headed old settler "gargling" Dutch about the house, in his manifold vocation of cook, ostler, and waiter, may as well not have seen Niagara.

Installed in the back-chamber of the old man's last addition to his house, with Barry Cornwall and Elia, (old fellow-travelers of mine,) a rude chair, a ruder, but clean bed, and a troop of thoughts so perpetually from home, that it mattered very little what was the complexion of anything about me, I waited Tom's operations with a lover's usual patience. Barhydt's visitors seldom arrived before two or three o'clock, and the long, soft mornings, quiet as a shadowy Elysium on the rim of that ebon lake, were as solitary as a melancholy man could desire. Didst thou but know, oh ! gentle Barry Cornwall, how gratefully thou hast been read and mused upon in those dim and whispering aisles of

the forest, three thousand and more miles from thy smoky whereabouts, methinks it would warm up the flush of pleasure around thine eyelids, though the "golden-tressed Adelaide" were waiting her good-night kisses at thy knee!

I could stand it no longer. On the second evening of my seclusion, I made bold to borrow old Barhydt's superannuated roadster, and getting up the steam with infinite difficulty in his rickety engine, higgled away with a pace to which I could not venture to affix a name, to the gay scenes of Saratoga.

It was ten o'clock when I dismounted at the stable in Congress Hall, and, giving *der Teufel*, as the old man ambitiously styled his steed, to the hands of the ostler, stole round through the garden to the eastern colonnade.

I feel called upon to describe "Congress Hall." Some fourteen or fifteen millions of white gentlemen and ladies consider that wooden and windowed Babylon as the proper Palace of Delight—a sojourn to be sighed for, and sacrificed for, and economised for—the birth-place of Love, the haunt of Hymen, the arena of fashion—a place without which a new lease of life were valueless—for which, if the conjuring cap of King Erricus itself could not furnish a season ticket, it might lie on a lady's toilet as unnoticed as a bride's night-cap a twelvemonth after marriage. I say to myself, sometimes, as I pass the window at White's, and see a worldsick worldling with the curl of satiety and disgust on his lip, wondering how the next hour will come to its death, "If you but knew, my friend, what a campaign of pleasure you are losing in America—what belles than the bluebell sligher and fairer—what hearts than the dew-drops fresher and clearer—are living their pretty hour, like gems undived for in the ocean—what loads of foliage, what Titans of trees, what glorious wildernesses of rocks and waters, are

lavishing their splendors on the clouds that sail over them, and all within the magic circle of which Congress Hall is the centre, and which a circling dove would measure to get an appetite for his breakfast—if you but knew this, my Lord, as I know it, you would not be gazing so vacantly on the steps of Crockford's, nor consider 'the greybeard' such a laggard in his hours!"

Congress Hall is a wooden building, of which the size and capacity could never be definitely ascertained. It is built on a slight elevation, just above the strongly impregnated spring whose name it bears, with little attempt at architecture, save a spacious and vine-covered colonnade, serving as a promenade on either side, and two wings, the extremities of which are lost in the distance. A relic or two of the still-astonished forest towers above the chimneys, in the shape of a melancholy group of firs; and, five minutes' walk from the door, the dim old wilderness stands looking down on the village in its primeval grandeur, like the spirits of the wronged Indians, whose tracks are scarce vanished from the sand. In the strength of the summer solstice, from five hundred to a thousand people dine together at Congress Hall, and after absorbing as many bottles of the best wines of the world, a sunset promenade plays the valve to the sentiment thus generated, and, with a cup of tea, the crowd separates to dress for the nightly ball. There are several other hotels in the village, equally crowded and equally spacious, and the ball is given alternately at each. Congress Hall is the "crack" place, however, and I expect that Mr. Westcott, the obliging proprietor, will give me the preference of rooms, on my next annual visit, for this just and honorable mention.

The dinner-tables were piled into an orchestra, and draped with green baize and green wreaths, the floor of the immense hall was chalked with American flags

and the initials of all the heroes of the Revolution, and the band were playing a waltz in a style that made the candles quiver, and the pines tremble audibly in their tassels. The ball-room was on the ground floor, and the colonnade upon the garden side was crowded with spectators, a row of grinning black fellows edging the cluster of heads at every window, and keeping time with their hands and feet in the irresistible sympathy of their music-loving natures. Drawing my hat over my eyes, I stood at the least-thronged window, and concealing my face in the curtain, waited impatiently for the appearance of the dancers.

The bevy in the drawing-room was sufficiently strong at last, and the lady patronesses, handed in by a state Governor or two, and here and there a Member of Congress, achieved the entree with their usual intrepidity. Followed beaux, and followed belles. *Such* belles! Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures, elegant as Retzsch's angels, warm-eyed as Mahomedan houris, yet timid as the antelope whose hazel orbs they eclipse, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman—I would rather not go on! When I speak of the beauty of my countrywomen my heart swells. I do believe the new world has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. I *think* I am not prejudiced. I have been years away. I have sighed in France; I have loved in Italy; I have bargained for Circassians in an Eastern bezes-tein, and I have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day in the season; and my eye is trained and my perceptions quickened—but I *do* think (honor bright! and Heath's Book of Beauty forgiving me) that there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of the sky as an American girl in her belle-hood.

Enter Tom Fane in a Stultz coat and Sparding tights, looking as a man who had been the mirror of

Bond-street might be supposed to look, a thousand leagues from his club-house. *She* leaned on his arm. I had never seen her half so lovely. Fresh and calm from the seclusion of her chamber, her transparent cheek was just tinged with the first mounting blood, from the excitement of lights and music. Her lips were slightly parted, her fine-lined eyebrows were arched with a girlish surprise, and her ungloved arm lay carelessly and confidently within his, as white, round, and slender as if Canova had wrought it in *Parian* for his *Psyche*. If you have never seen a beauty of northern blood nurtured in a southern clime, the cold fairness of her race warmed up as if it had been steeped in some golden sunset, and her deep blue eye darkened and filled with a fire as unnaturally resplendent as the fusion of *crysoprase* into a diamond, and if you have never known the corresponding contrast in the character, the intelligence and constancy of the north kindling with the enthusiasm and impulse, the passionateness and the *abandon* of a more burning latitude, you have seen nothing, let me insinuate, though you "have been i' the Indies twice," that could give you an idea of Kate Lorimer.

She waltzed, and then Tom danced with my sister, and then, resigning her to another partner, he offered his arm again to Miss Lorimer, and left the ball-room with several other couples for a turn in the fresh air of the colonnade. I was not jealous, but I felt unpleasantly at his returning to her so immediately. He was the handsomest man, out of all comparison, in the room, and he had dimmed my star too often in our rambles in Europe and Asia, not to suggest a thought, at least, that the same pleasant eclipse might occur in our American astronomy. I stepped off the colonnade, and took a turn in the garden.

Those "children of eternity," as Walter Savage Landor poetically calls "the breezes," performed their



soothing ministry upon my temples, and I replaced Tom in my confidence with an heroic effort, and turned back. A swing hung between two gigantic pines, just under the balustrade, and flinging myself into the cushioned seat, I abandoned myself to the musings natural to a person "in my situation." The sentimentalizing promenaders lounged backwards and forwards above me, and not hearing Tom's drawl among them, I presumed he had returned to the ball-room. A lady and gentleman, walking in silence, stopped presently, and leaned upon the railing opposite the swing. They stood a moment, looking into the dim shadow of the pine-grove, and then a voice, that I knew better than my own, remarked in a low and silvery tone upon the beauty of the night.

She was not answered, and after a moment's pause, as if resuming a conversation that had been interrupted, she turned very earnestly to her companion, and asked, "Are you sure, quite *sure*, that you could venture to marry without a fortune?"

"Quite, dear Miss Lorimer!"

I started from the swing, but before the words of execration that rushed choking from my heart could struggle to my lips, they had mingled with the crowd and vanished.

I strode down the garden-walk in a frenzy of passion. Should I call him immediately to account? Should I rush into the ball-room and accuse him of his treachery to her face? Should I drown myself in old Barhydt's tarn, or join an Indian tribe and make war upon the whites?—or should I—*could* I—be magnanimous—and write him a note immediately, offering to be his groomsmen at the wedding?

I stepped into the punch-room, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and indited the following note:—

"DEAR TOM,

"If your approaching nuptials are to be sufficiently public to admit of a groomsman, you will make me the happiest of friends by selecting me for that office.

"Yours ever truly,  
"PHIL."

Having despatched it to his room, I flew to the stable, roused *der Teufel*, who had gathered up his legs in the straw for the night, flogged him furiously out of the village, and giving him the rein as he entered the forest, enjoyed the scenery in the humor of mad old Hieronymo in the Spanish tragedy:—"the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve!"

Early the next day Tom's "tiger" dismounted at Barhydt's door with an answer to my note as follows:

"DEAR PHIL,

"The devil must have informed you of a secret I supposed safe from all the world. Be assured I should have chosen no one but yourself to support me on the occasion, and however you have discovered my design upon your treasure, a thousand thanks for your generous consent. I expected no less from your noble nature.

"Yours devotedly,  
"TOM.

"P. S.—I shall endeavor to be at Barhydt's, with materials for the fifth act of our comedy, to-morrow morning."

"Comedy!" call you this, Mr. Fane! I felt my heart turn black as I threw down the letter. After a thousand plans of revenge formed and abandoned, bor-

rowing old Barhydt's rifles, loading them deliberately, and discharging them again into the air, I flung myself exhausted on the bed, and reasoned myself back to my magnanimity. I *would* be his groomsman !

It was a morning like the burst of a millenium on the world. I felt as if I should never forgive the birds for their mocking enjoyment of it. The wild heron swung up from the reeds, the lotuses shook out their dew into the lake as the breeze stirred them, and the senseless old Dutchman sat fishing in his canoe, singing one of his unintelligible psalms to a quick measure that half maddened me. I threw myself upon the yielding floor of pine-tassels on the edge of the lake, and with the wretched school philosophy, "*Si gravis est, brevis est,*" endeavored to put down the tempest of my feelings.

A carriage rattled over the little bridge, mounted the ascent rapidly, and brought up at Barhydt's door.

"Phil !" shouted Tom, "Phil !"

I gulped down a choking sensation in my throat, and rushed up the bank to him. A stranger was dismounting from his horse.

"Quick !" said Tom, shaking my hand hurriedly, "there is no time to lose. Out with your inkhorn, Mr. Poppletree, and have your papers signed while I tie up my ponies."

"What is this, Sir ?" said I, starting back as the stranger deliberately presented me with a paper, in which my own name was written in conspicuous letters.

The magistrate gazed at me with a look of astonishment. "A contract of marriage, I think, between Mr. Philip Slingsby and Miss Katherine Lorimer, spinster. Are you the gentleman named in that instrument, Sir ?"

At this moment my sister, leading the blushing girl by the hand, came and threw her arms about my neck,

wing her within my reach, ran off and left us

There are some pure moments in this life that desecrated would only profane.

They were married by the village magistrate in that silent sanctuary of the forest, old Barhydt and his two sons the only indifferent witnesses of vows as solemn as ever trembled upon human lips.

Tom scarce pressed her to my heart and dashed the tears from my eyes, when Fane, who had looked more calmly than at the bride during the ceremony, left the altar, and thrusting a roll of parchment into his pocket, ran off to bring up his ponies. I was on my feet to Saratoga, a married man, and my bride on my arm beside me, before I had recovered from my astonishment.

"Well," said Tom, "if it be not an impertinent question, and you can find breath in your ecstasies, you find out that your sister had done me the honor to accept the offer of my hand?"

The resounding woods rung with his unmerciful laughter at the explanation.

"I pray," said I, in my turn, "if it is not an impertinent question, and you can find a spare breath in your ecstasies, by what magic did you persuade old Jacob to trust his ward and her title-deeds in your hands?"

"A long story, my dear Phil, and I will give you particulars when you pay me the 'Virginia bloods' due. Suffice it for the present, that Mr. Frump, or Mr. Tom Fane (alias Jacob Phipps, Esq., partner of a banking-house at Liverpool) to whom I accepted suitor of his fair ward. In his extreme anxiety for seeing her in so fair a way to marry into a good family, he generously made her a present of her own person, and signed over his right to control it by a document of your possession, and will undergo as agreeable

a surprise in about five minutes as the greatest lover of excitement could desire."

The ponies dashed on. The sandy ascent by the Pavilion Spring was surmounted, and in another minute we were at the door of Congress Hall. The last stragglers from the breakfast-table were lounging down the colonnade, and old Frump sat reading the newspaper under the portico.

"Aha! Mr. Phipps," said he, as Tom drove up, "back so soon, eh? Why, I thought you and Kitty would be billing it till dinner-time!"

"Sir!" said Tom, very gravely, "you have the honor of addressing Captain Thomas Fane, of his Majesty's—th Fusileers, and whenever you have a moment's leisure I shall be happy to submit to your perusal a certificate of the marriage of Miss Katherine Lorimer to the gentleman I have the pleasure to present to you. Mr. Frump, Mr. Slingsby!"

At the mention of my name, the blood in Mr. Frump's ruddy complexion turned suddenly to the color of the Tiber. Poetry alone can express the feeling pictured in his countenance:—

"If every atom of a dead man's flesh  
Should creep, each one with a particular life,  
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so:  
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost,  
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

George Washington Jefferson Frump, Esq., left Congress Hall the same evening, and has since ungraciously refused an invitation to Captain Fane's wedding—possibly from his having neglected to invite him on a similar occasion at Saratoga. This last, however, I am free to say, is a gratuitous supposition of my own.

# LARKS IN VACATION.



# LARKS IN VACATION.

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## CHAPTER I.

### DRIVING STANHOPE PRO. TEM.

IN the edge of a June evening in the summer vacation of 1827, I was set down by the coach at the gate of my friend Horace Van Pelt's paternal mansion; a large, old-fashioned, comfortable Dutch house, clinging to the side of one of the most romantic dells on the North River. In the absence of his whole family on the summer excursion to the Falls and Lakes, (taken by almost every "well-to-do" citizen of the United States,) Horace was emperor of the long-descended, and as progressively enriched domain of one of the earliest Dutch settlers, a brief authority which he exercised more particularly over an extensive stud, and bins No. 1 and 2.

The West was piled with gold castles, breaking up the horizon with their burnished pinnacles and turrets, the fragrant dampness of the thunder-shower that had followed the heat of noon was in the air, and in a low room, whose floor opened out so exactly upon the haven sward, that a blind man would not have known when he passed from the heavily piled carpet to the grass, I found Horace sitting over his olives and claret,



having waited dinner for me till five, (long beyond the latest American hour,) and in despair of my arrival, having dined without me. The old black cook was too happy to vary her vacation by getting a second dinner, and when I had appeased my appetite, and overtaken my friend in his claret, we sat with the moonlight breaking across a vine at our feet, and coffee worthy of a filagree cup in the Bezestein, and debated, amid a true *embarras des richesses*, our plans for the next week's amusement.

The seven days wore on, merrily at first, but each succeeding one growing less merry than the last. By the fifth eve of my sojourn, we had exhausted variety. All sorts of headaches and megrims in the morning, all sorts of birds, beasts, and fishes for dinner, all sorts of accidents in all sorts of vehicles, left us on the seventh day out of sorts altogether. We were too discontented *Rasselases* in the Happy Valley. Rejoicing as we were in vacation, it would have been a relief to have had a recitation to read up, or a prayer-bell to mark the time. Two idle Sophomores in a rambling, lonely old mansion, were, we discovered, a very insufficient *dramatis personæ* for the scene.

It was Saturday night. A violent clap of thunder had interrupted some daring theory of Van Pelt's on the rising of champagne bubbles, and there we sat, mum and melancholy, two sated Sybarites, silent an hour by the clock. The mahogany was bare between us. Any number of glasses and bottles stood in their lees about the table; the thrice-fished juice of an olive-dish and a solitary cigar in a silver case had been thrust aside in a warm argument, and, in his father's sacred gout-chair, buried to the eyes in his loosened cravat, one leg on the table, and one somewhere in the neighborhood of my own, sat Van Pelt, the *eidolon* of exhausted amusement.

"Phil!" said he, starting suddenly to an erect position, "a thought strikes me!"

I dropped the claret-cork, from which I was at the moment trying to efface the "Margaux" brand, and sat in silent expectation. I had thought his brains as well evaporated as the last bottle of champagne.

He rested his elbows on the table, and set his chin between his two palms.

"I'll resign the keys of this mournful old den to the butler, and we'll go to Saratoga for a week. What say?"

"It would be a reprieve from death by inanition," I answered, "but, as the rhetorical professor would phrase it, amplify your meaning, young gentleman."

"Thus: To-morrow is Sunday. We will sleep till Monday morning to purge our brains of these cloudy vapors and restore the freshness of our complexions. If a fair day, you shall start alone in the stanhope, and, on Monday night, sleep in classic quarters at Titus's in Troy."

"And you?" I interrupted, rather astonished at his arrangement for one.

Horace laid his hand on his pocket with a look of embarrassed care.

"I will overtake you with the bay colts in the drosky, but I must first go to Albany. The circulating medium—"

"I understand."

## II.

We met on Monday morning in the breakfast-room in mutual spirits. The sun was two hours high, the birds in the trees were wild with the beauty and elasticity of the day, the dew glistened on every bough, and the whole scene, over river and hill, was a heaven of natural delight. As we finished our breakfast, the light spattering of a horse's feet up the avenue, and

the airy whirl of quick-following wheels, announced the stanhope. It was in beautiful order, and what would have been termed on any *pave* in the world a tasteful turn-out. Light cream-colored body, black wheels and shafts, drab lining edged with green, dead-black harness, light as that on the panthers of Bacchus—it was the last style of thing you would have looked for at the “stoup” of a Dutch homestead. And Tempest! I think I see him now! his small inquisitive ears, arched neck, eager eye, and fine, thin nostril—his dainty feet flung out with the grace of a flaunted ribbon—his true and majestic action and his spirited champ of the bit, nibbling at the tight rein with the exciting pull of a hooked trout—how evenly he drew! how insensibly the compact stanhope, just touching his iron-grey tail, bowled along on the road after him!

Horace was behind with the drosky and black boy, and with a parting nod at the gate, I turned northward, and Tempest took the road in beautiful style. I do not remember to have been ever so elated. I was always of the Cyrenaic philosophy that “happiness is motion,” and the bland vitality of the air had refined my senses. The delightful *feel* of the reins thrilled me to the shoulder. Driving is like any other appetite, dependent for the delicacy of its enjoyment on the system, and a day’s temperate abstinence, long sleep, and the glorious perfection of the morning, had put my nerves “in condition.” I felt the air as I rushed through. The power of the horse was added to my consciousness of enjoyment, and if you can imagine a centaur with a harness and stanhope added to his living body, I felt the triple enjoyment of animal exercise which would then be his.

It is delightful driving on the Hudson. The road is very fair beneath your wheels, the river courses away under the bold shore with the majesty inseparable

from its mighty flood, and the constant change of outline in its banks gives you, as you proceed, a constant variety of pictures, from the loveliest to the most sublime. The eagle's nest above you at one moment, a sunny and fertile farm below you at the next,—rocks, trees, and waterfalls, wedded and clustered as, it seems to me, they are nowhere else done so picturesquely—it is a noble river, the Hudson! And every few minutes, while you gaze down upon the broad waters spreading from hill to hill like a round lake, a gaily-painted steamer with her fringed and white awnings and streaming flag, shoots out as if from a sudden cleft in the rock, and draws across it her track of foam.

Well—I bowled along. Ten o'clock brought me to a snug Dutch tavern, where I sponged Tempest's mouth and nostrils, lunched and was stared at by the natives, and continuing my journey, at one I loosed rein and dashed into the pretty village of —, Tempest in a foam, and himself and his extempore master creating a great sensation in a crowd of people, who stood in the shade of the verandah of the hotel, as if that asylum for the weary traveler had been a shop for the sale of gentlemen in shirt sleeves.

Tempest was taken round to the "barn," and I ordered rather an elaborate dinner, designing still to go on some ten miles in the cool of the evening, and having, of course, some mortal hours upon my hands. The cook had probably never heard of more than three dishes in her life, but those three were garnished with all manner of herbs, and sent up in the best china as a warranty for an unusual bill, and what with coffee, a small glass of new rum as an apology for a *chasse cafe*, and a nap in a straight back'd chair, I killed the enemy to my satisfaction till the shadows of the poplars lengthened across the barn-yard.

I was awake by Tempest, prancing round to the

door in undiminished spirits, and as I had begun the day *en grand seigneur*, I did not object to the bill, which considerably exceeded the outside of my calculation, but giving the landlord a twenty-dollar note, received the change unquestioned, doubled the usual fee to the ostler, and let Tempest off with a bend forward which served at the same time for a gracious bow to the spectators. So remarkable a coxcomb had probably not been seen in the village since the passing of Cornwallis's army.

The day was still hot, and as I got into the open country, I drew rein and paced quietly up hill and down, picking the road delicately, and, in a humor of thoughtful contentment, trying my skill in keeping the edges of the green sod as it leaned in and out from the walls and ditches. With the long whip I now and then touched the wing of a sulphur butterfly hovering over a pool, and now and then I stopped and gathered a violet from the unsunn'd edge of the wood.

I had proceeded three or four miles in this way, when I was overtaken by three stout fellows, galloping at speed, who rode past and faced round with a peremptory order to me to stop. A formidable pitchfork in the hand of each horseman left me no alternative. I made up my mind immediately to be robbed quietly of my own personals, but to show fight, if necessary, for Tempest and the stanhope.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, coaxing my impatient horse, who had been rather excited by the clatter of hoofs beside him, "what is the meaning of this?"

Before I could get an answer, one of the fellows had dismounted and given his bridle to another, and coming round to the left side, he sprang suddenly into the stanhope. I received him as he rose with a well-placed thrust of my heel which sent him back into the road, and with a chirrup to Tempest, I dashed through the phalanx and took the road at a top speed. The

short lash once waved round the small ears before me, there was no stopping in a hurry, and away sped the gallant grey, and fast behind followed my friends in their short sleeves, all in a lathering gallop. A couple of miles was the work of no time, Tempest laying his legs to it as if the stanhope had been a cobweb at his heels ; but at the end of that distance there came a sharp descent to a mill-stream, and I just remember an unavoidable mile-stone and a jerk over a wall, and the next minute, it seemed to me, I was in the room where I had dined, with my hands tied and a hundred people about me. My cool white waistcoat was matted with mud, and my left temple was, by the glass opposite me, both bloody and begrimed.

The opening of my eyes was a signal for a closer gathering around me, and between exhaustion and the close air I was half suffocated. I was soon made to understand that I was a prisoner, and that the three white-frock'd highwaymen, as I took them to be, were among the spectators. On a polite application to the landlord, who, I found out, was a justice of the peace as well, I was informed that he had made out my *mitimus* as a counterfeiter, and that the *spurious note* I had passed upon him for my dinner was safe in his possession ! He pointed at the same time to a placard newly stuck against the wall, offering a reward for the apprehension of a notorious practiser of my supposed craft, to the description of whose person I answered, to the satisfaction of all present.

Quite too indignant to remonstrate, I seated myself in the chair considerably offered me by the waiter, and listening to the whispers of the persons who were still permitted to throng the room, I discovered, what might have struck me before, that the initials on the pannel of the stanhope and the handle of the whip had been compared with the card pasted in the bottom of my hat, and the want of correspondence was taken as

decided corroboration. It was remarked also by a bystander that I was quite too much of a dash for an honest man, and that he had suspected me from first seeing me drive into the village! I was sufficiently humbled by this time to make an inward vow never again to take airs upon myself if I escaped the county jail.

The justice meanwhile had made out my orders, and a horse and cart had been provided to take me to the next town. I endeavored to get speech of his worship as I was marched out of the inn parlor, but the crowd pressed close upon my heels, and the dignitary-landlord seemed anxious to rid his house of me. I had no papers, and no proofs of my character, and assertion went for nothing. Besides, I was muddy, and my hat was broken in on one side, proofs of villany which appeal to the commonest understanding.

I begged for a little straw in the bottom of the cart, and had made myself as comfortable as my two rustic constables thought fitting for a culprit, when the vehicle was quickly ordered from the door to make way for a carriage coming at a dashing pace up the road. It was Van Pelt in his drosky.

Horace was well known on the road, and the stanhope had already been recognized as his. By this time it was deep in the twilight, and though he was instantly known by the landlord, he might be excused for not so readily identifying the person of his friend in the damaged gentleman in the straw.

"Ay, ay! I see you don't know him," said the landlord, while Van Pelt surveyed me rather coldly; "on with him, constables! he would have us believe you knew him, Sir! walk in, Mr. Van Pelt! Ostler, look to Mr. Van Pelt's horses! Walk in, Sir!"

"Stop!" I cried out in a voice of thunder, seeing that Horace really had not looked at me, "Van Pelt! stop, I say!"

The driver of the cart seemed more impressed by the energy of my cries than my friends the constables, and pulled up his horse. Some one in the crowd cried out that I should have a hearing or he would "wallup the comitatus," and the justice, called back by this expression of an opinion from the sovereign people, requested his new guest to look at the prisoner.

I was preparing to have my hands untied, yet feeling so indignant at Van Pelt for not having recognised me that I would not look at him, when, to my surprise, the horse started off once more, and looking back, I saw my friend patting the neck of his near horse, evidently not having thought it worth his while to take any notice of the justice's observation. Choking with rage, I flung myself down upon the straw, and jolted on without further remonstrance to the county town.

I had been incarcerated an hour when Van Pelt's voice, half angry with the turnkey and half ready to burst into a laugh, resounded outside. He had not heard a word spoken by the officious landlord, till after the cart had been some time gone. Even then, believing it to be a cock-and-bull story, he had quietly dined, and it was only on going into the yard to see after his horses that he recognized the *debris* of his stanhope.

The landlord's apologies, when we returned to the inn, were more amusing to Van Pelt than consolatory to Philip Slingsby.



## CHAPTER II.

## SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about seven o'clock of a hot evening when Van Pelt's exhausted horses toiled out from the Pine Forest, and stood, fetlock deep in sand, on the brow of the small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to new-comers in a watering-place; here and there a genuine invalid, who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour and crept down the foot-path to the Spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot to bring up gallantly at the door of "Congress Hall," the great bell of that vast caravanserai resounded through the dusty air, and by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we knew that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down, *en masse*, "to tea."

Having driven through a sand-cloud for the preceding three hours, and, to say nothing of myself, Van Pelt being a man, who, in his character as the most considerable beau of the University, calculated his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleansed, the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the Hall. We drove round to the side-door, and gained our pigeon-hole quarters under cover of the back-staircase.

The bachelors' wing of Congress Hall is a long, un-

ightly, wooden barrack, divided into chambers six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbor three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger across the desks of a counting-house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur, and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the progress of a long toilet with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the *one* chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil!"

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed! I am as pinguid as a *pate foie gras*—greased to the eyelids in cold cream!"

I took up the sixpenny glass and looked at my own newly washed physiognomy. From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop to get out the dust, and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could, much worse than Van Pelt, afford these startling additions to my disadvantages. Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however, and, remembering there were five hundred people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just-named number of guests, it will easily be understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress Hall, out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat, my hair plastered over my eyes *a la Mawworm*, and a face like

the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatory observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered, "I'll not starve! So here goes for some bread and butter!" and leaving him to his "appliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga, for dining, dancing, and breakfasting, and in wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall, filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily, I thought, for me, there are distinctions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs and stand over them. The end of the tables nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they trouble their heads about it at all, and I may glide in, in my white roundabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite, I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abysm of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries, bottles of chalybeate water, tea appurtenances, jams, jellies, and radishes, and, but for the absence of the roast, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper. Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a hungry man for all.

The pigeon-pie stood, at last, well quarried before me, the *debris* of the excavation heaped upon my plate; and, appetite appeased, and made bold by my half hour's obscurity, I leaned forward and perused with curious attention the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless I was to

be indebted for the pleasures of the coming fortnight.

My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabille of complexion and dress, when two persons entered who made considerable stir among the servants, and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barhydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table and looked around her with a glance of disapproval.

In following her eyes to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature even in the loss of a place at table, I met the fixed and astonished gaze of my most intimate friend at the University.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!"

Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shaken his arm nearly off his shoulders, and asked him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features. Van Pelt's unflattering exclamation upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunderstroke, and, coloring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister!

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprized that a correspondence arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on for a year between me and his sister, and that, being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well knew, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress, and manners, that she could not in any case fail to be disappointed in seeing me.

Believing her to be at that moment two thousand miles off in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good-natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, Heaven knows, little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me ! As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecomingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitively and furtively on the mountain of pigeon bones lifting their well-picked pyramid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky, in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what the devil was the matter.

I told him.

"Lie down here !" said Van Pelt, who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities ; "lie down on the bed, and anoint your phiz with this unguent. I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instructions. Phil Slingsby, surnburnt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby, pale and well drest, are as different as this potted cream and a dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I'll work out for you !"

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly anointed me from the trachea to the forelock, and from ear to ear.

"Egad," said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot as he slid his fore-fingers over the bridge of my nose, "every circumstance tells for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short-bodied as a monkey, (no offence, Phil !) and when you sit at table, you are rather an under-sized gentleman. I have been astonished

every day these three years, at seeing you rise after dinner in Commons' Hall. A thousand to one, Fanny Ellerton thinks you a stumpy man."

"And then, Phil," he continued, with a patronising tone, "you have studied minute philosophy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to sink below it gradually, or to remain stationary, is not to thrive in your wooing."

Leaving me this precocious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath, and overcome with fatigue, and the recumbent posture, I soon fell asleep and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

## II.

The soaring of the octave flute in "Hail Columbia," with which the band was patriotically opening the ball, woke me from the midst of a long apologetic letter to my friend's sister, and I found Van Pelt's black boy Juba waiting patiently at the bed-side with curling-tongs and Cologne water, ordered to superintend my toilet by his master, who had gone early to the drawing-room to pay his respects to Miss Ellerton. With the cold cream disappeared entirely from my face the uncomfortable redness to which I had been a martyr, and, thanks to my ebony *coiffeur*, my straight and plastered locks soon grew as different to their "umquhile guise" as Hyperion's to a satyr's. Having appeared to the eyes of the lady, in whose favor I hoped to prosper, in red and white, (red phiz and white jacket,) I trusted that in white and black, (black suit and pale viznomy,) I should look quite another person. Juba was pleased to show his ivory in a complimentary smile at my transformation, and I descended to the

drawing-room, on the best terms with the coxcomb in my bosom.

Horace met me at the door.

"*Proteus redivivus* !" was his exclamation. "Your new name is Wrongham. You are a gentle Senior, instead of a bedeviled Sophomore, and your cue is to be poetical. She will never think again of the monster in the white jacket, and I have prepared her for the acquaintance of a new friend, whom I have just described to you.

I took his arm, and with the courage of a man in a mask, went through another presentation to Miss Ellerton. Her brother had been let into the secret by Van Pelt, and received me with great ceremony as his college superior ; and, as there was no other person at the Springs who knew Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Wrongham was likely to have an undisturbed reign of it. Miss Ellerton looked hard at me for a moment, but the gravity with which I was presented and received, dissipated a doubt if one had arisen in her mind, and she took my arm to go to the ball-room, with an undisturbed belief in my assumed name and character.

I commenced the acquaintance of the fair Alabamian with great advantages. Received as a perfect stranger, I possessed, from long correspondence with her, the most minute knowledge of the springs of her character, and of her favorite reading and pursuits, and, with the little knowledge of the world which she had gained on a plantation, she was not likely to penetrate my game from my playing it too freely. Her confidence was immediately won by the readiness with which I entered into her enthusiasm and anticipated her thoughts ; and before the first quadrille was well over, she had evidently made up her mind that she had never in her life met one who so well "understood her." Oh ! how much women include in that apparently indefinite expression, "*he understands me* !"

The colonnade of Congress Hall is a long promenade laced in with vines and columns, on the same level with the vast ball-room and drawing-room, and, (the light of heaven not being taxed at Saratoga,) opening at every three steps by a long window into the carpeted floors. When the rooms within are lit in a summer's night, that cool and airy colonnade is thronged by truants from the dance, and collectively by all who have any thing to express that is meant for one ear only. The mineral waters of Saratoga are no less celebrated as a soporific for chaperons than as a tonic for the dyspeptic, and while the female Argus dozes in the drawing-room, the fair Io and her Jupiter (represented in this case, we will say, by Miss Ellerton and myself) range at liberty the fertile fields of flirtation.

I had easily put Miss Ellerton in surprised good-humor with herself and me during the first quadrille, and with a freedom based partly upon my certainty of pleasing her, partly on the peculiar manners of the place, I coolly requested that she would continue to dance with me for the rest of the evening.

"One unhappy quadrille excepted," she replied, with a look meant to be mournful.

"May I ask with whom?"

"Oh, he has not asked me yet; but my brother has bound me over to be civil to him—a spectre, Mr. Wrongham! a positive spectre."

"How denominated?" I inquired, with a forced indifference, for I had a presentiment I should hear my own name.

"Slingsby—Mr. Philip Slingsby—Tom's fidus Achates, and a proposed lover of my own. But you don't seem surprised!"

"Surprised! E-hem! I know the gentleman!"

"Then did you ever see such a monster! Tom told me he was another Hyperion. He half admitted



it himself, indeed ; for to tell you a secret, I have corresponded with him a year !”

“Giddy Miss Fanny Ellerton !—and never saw him !”

“Never till to-night ! He sat at supper in a white jacket and red face, with a pile of bones upon his plate like an Indian tumulus.”

“And your brother introduced you ?”

“Ah you were at table ! Well, did you ever see in your travels a man so unpleasantly hideous ?”

“Fanny !” said her brother, coming up at the moment, “Slingsby presents his apologies to you for not joining your *cordon* to night—but he’s gone to bed with a head-ache.”

“Indigestion, I dare say,” said the young lady. “Never mind, Tom, I’ll break my heart when I have leisure. And now, Mr. Wrongham, since the spectre walks not forth to-night, I am yours for a cool hour on the colonnade.”

Vegetation is rapid in Alabama, and love is a weed that thrives in the soil of the tropics. We discoursed of the lost Pleiad and the Berlin bracelets, of the five hundred people about us, and the feasibility of boiling a pot on five hundred a year—the unmatrimonial sum total of my paternal allowance. She had as many negroes as I had dollars, I well knew, but it was my cue to seem disinterested.

“And where do you mean to live, when you marry, Mr. Wrongham ?” asked Miss Ellerton, at the two hundredth turn on the colonnade.

“Would you like to live in Italy ?” I asked again, as if I had not heard her.

“Do you mean that as a *sequitur* to my question, Mr. Wrongham ?” said she, half stopping in her walk ; and though the sentence was commenced playfully, dropping her voice at the last word, with something, I thought, very like emotion.

I drew her off the colonnade to the small garden between the house and the spring, and in a giddy dream of fear and surprise at my own rashness and success, made, and won from her, a frank avowal of preference.

Matches have been made more suddenly.

### III.

Miss Ellerton sat in the music-room the next morning after breakfast, preventing pauses in a rather interesting conversation, by a running accompaniment upon the guitar. A single gold thread formed a fillet about her temples, and from beneath it, in clouds of silken ringlets, floated the softest raven hair that ever grew enamored of an ivory shoulder. Her's was a skin that seemed woven of the lilly-white, but opaque fibre of the magnolia, yet of that side of its cup turned toward the fading sunset. There is no term in painting, because there is no touch of pencil or color, that could express the vanishing and impalpable breath that assured the healthiness of so pale a cheek. She was slight as all southern women are in America, and of a flexile and luxurious gracefulness equalled by nothing but the movings of a smoke curl. Without the elastic nerve remarkable in the motions of Taglioni, she appeared, like her, to be born with a lighter specific gravity than her fellow-creatures. If she had floated away upon some chance breeze you would only have been surprised upon reflection.

"I am afraid you are too fond of society," said Miss Ellerton, as Juba came in hesitatingly and delivered her a note in the hand-writing of an old correspondent. She turned pale on seeing the superscription, and crushed the note up in her hand, unread. I was not sorry to defer the *denouement* of my little drama, and taking up the remark which she seemed disposed to forget, I referred her to a scrap-book of Van Pelt's,

which she had brought home with her, containing some verses of my own, copied (by good luck) in that sentimental Sophomore's own hand.

"Are these yours, really and really?" she asked, looking pryingly into my face, and showing me my own verses, against which she had already run a pencil line of approbation.

"*Peccavi* !" I answered. "But will you make me in love with my offspring by reading them in your own voice."

They were some lines written in a balcony at day-break, while a ball was still going on within, and contained an allusion (which I had quite overlooked) to some one of my ever-changing admirations. As well as I remember they ran thus :—

Morn in the East! How coldly fair  
It breaks upon my fever'd eye!  
How chides the calm and dewy air!  
How chides the pure and pearly sky!  
The stars melt in a brighter fire,  
The dew in sunshine leaves the flowers;  
They from their watch, *in light* retire,  
While we *in sadness* pass from ours!

I turn from the rebuking morn,  
The cold, grey sky and fading star,  
And listen to the harp and horn,  
And see the waltzers near and far;  
The lamps and flowers are bright as yet,  
And lips beneath more bright than they,—  
How can a scene so fair beget  
The mournful thoughts we bear away!

'Tis something that thou art not here,  
Sweet lover of my lightest word!  
'Tis something that my mother's tear  
By these forgetful hours is stirr'd!  
But I have long a loiterer been  
In haunts where Joy is said to be;  
*And though with Peace I enter in,*  
*The nymph comes never forth with me!*

“And who was this ‘sweet lover,’ Mr. Wrongham? I should know, I think, before I go farther with so expeditious a gentleman.”

“As Shelley says of his ideal mistress,

‘I loved—oh, no! I mean not one of ye,  
Or any earthly one—though ye are fair!’

It was but an apostrophe to the presentiment of that which I have found, dear Miss Ellerton! But will you read that ill-treated billet-doux, and remember that Juba stands with the patience of an ebon statue waiting for an answer.”

I knew the contents of the letter, and I watched the expression of her face, as she read it, with no little interest. Her temples flushed, and her delicate lips gradually curled into an expression of anger and scorn, and having finished the perusal of it, she put it into my hand, and asked me if so impertinent a production deserved an answer.

I began to fear that the *eclaircissement* would not leave me on the sunny side of the lady’s favor, and felt the need of the moment’s reflection given me while running my eye over the letter.

“Mr. Slingsby,” said I, with the deliberation of an attorney, “has been some time in correspondence with you.”

“Yes.”

“And, from his letters and your brother’s commendations, you had formed a high opinion of his character, and had expressed as much in your letters.”

“Yes—perhaps I did.”

“And from this paper intimacy he conceives himself sufficiently acquainted with you to request leave to pay his addresses.”

A dignified bow put a stop to my catechism.

“Dear Miss Ellerton,” I said, “this is scarcely a

question upon which I ought to speak, but by putting this letter into my hand, you seemed to ask my opinion."

"I did—I do," said the lovely girl, taking my hand and looking appealingly into my face; "answer it for me! I have done wrong in encouraging that foolish correspondence, and I owe perhaps to this forward man a kinder reply than my first feeling would have dictated. Decide for me—write for me—relieve me from the first burden that has lain on my heart since"—

She burst into tears and my dread of an explanation increased.

"Will you follow my advice implicitly," I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"You promise?"

"Indeed, indeed!"

"Well, then, listen to me! However painful the task, I must tell you that the encouragement you have given Mr. Slingsby, the admiration you have expressed in your letters of his talents and acquirements, and the confidences you have reposed in him respecting yourself, warrant him in claiming as a right, a fair trial of his attractions. You have known, and approved Mr. Slingsby's mind for years—you know me but for a few hours. You saw him under the most unfavorable circumstances, (for I know him intimately,) and I feel bound in justice to assure you that you will like him much better upon acquaintance."

Miss Ellerton had gradually drawn herself up during this splendid speech, and sat at last as erect and as cold as Agrippina upon her marble chair.

"Will you allow me to send Mr. Slingsby to you?" I continued, rising; "and suffer him to plead his own cause?"

"If you will call my brother, Mr. Wrongham, shall feel obliged to you," said Miss Ellerton.

I left the room, and hurrying to my chamber, dipped

my head into a bason of water, and plastered my long locks over my eyes, slipped on a white roundabout, and tied around my neck the identical checked cravat in which I had made such an unfavorable impression on the first day of my arrival. Tom Ellerton was soon found, and easily agreed to go before and announce me by my proper name to his sister, and treading closely on his heels, I followed to the door of the music-room.

"Ah, Ellen!" said he, without giving her time for a scene, "I was looking for you. Slingsby is better, and will pay his respects to you presently. And, I say—you will treat him well, Ellen, and—and, don't flirt with Wrongham the way you did last night! Slingsby's a devilish sight better fellow. Oh here he is!"

As I stepped over the threshold, Miss Ellerton gave me just enough of a look to assure herself that it was the identical monster she had seen at the tea-table, and not deigning me another glance, immediately commenced talking violently to her brother on the state of the weather. Tom bore it for a moment or two with remarakable gravity, but at my first attempt to join in the conversation, my voice was lost in an explosion of laughter which would have been the death of a gentleman with a full habit.

Indignant and astonished, Miss Ellerton rose to her full height, and slowly turned to me.

"*Peccavi!*" said I, crossing my hands on my bosom, and looking up penitently to her face.

She ran to me, and seized my hand, but recovered herself instantly, and the next moment was gone from the room.

Whether from wounded pride at having been the subject of a mystification, or whether from that female caprice by which most men suffer at one period or other of their bachelor lives, I know not—but I

never could bring Miss Ellerton again to the same interesting crisis with which she ended her intimacy with Mr. Wrongham. She proffered to forgive me, and talked laughingly enough of our old correspondence but whenever I grew tender she referred me to the "sweet lover," mentioned in my verses in the balcony and looked around for Van Pelt. That accomplished beau, on observing my discomfiture, began to find out Miss Ellerton's graces without the aid of his quizzing-glass, and I soon found it necessary to yield the *part* altogether. She has since become Mrs. Van Pelt and when I last heard from her was "as well as could be expected."

## CHAPTER III.

MRS. CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

THE last of August came sweltering in, hot, dusty, and faint, and the most indefatigable belles of Saratoga began to show symptoms of weariness. The stars disappeared gradually from the ball-room; the bar-keeper grew thin under the thickening accounts for lemonades; the fat fellow in the black band, who "vexed" the bassoon, had blown himself from the girth of Falstaff to an "eagle's talon in the waist;" papas began to be waylaid in their morning walks by young gentlemen with propositions; and stage-coaches that came *in* with their baggageless tails in the air, and the driver's weight pressing the foot-board upon the astonished backs of his wheelers, went *out* with the trim of a Venetian gondola, the driver's up-hoisted figure answering to the curved proboscis of that stern-laden craft.

The vocation of tin-tumblers and water-dippers was gone. The fashionable world (*brazen* in its general habit) had drank its fill of the ferruginous waters. Mammas thanked Heaven for the conclusion of the chaperon's summer solstice; and those who came to bet, and those who came to marry, "made up their books," and walked off (if they had won) with their winnings.

Having taken a less cordial farewell of Van Pelt than I might have done had not Miss Ellerton been hanging confidently on his arm, I followed my baggage to the door, where that small epitome of the inherit-



ance of the Prince of Darkness, an American stage-coach, awaited me as its ninth inside passenger. As the last person picked up, I knew very well the seat to which I was destined, and drawing a final cool breath in the breezy colonnade, I summoned resolution and abandoned myself to the tender mercies of the driver.

The "ray of contempt" that "will pierce through the shell of the tortoise," is a shaft from the horn of a new moon in comparison with the beating of an American sun through the top of a stage-coach. This "accommodation," as it is sometimes bitterly called, not being intended to carry outside passengers, has a top as thin as your grandmother's umbrella, black, porous, and cracked; and while intended for a protection from the heat, it just suffices to collect the sun's rays with an incredible power and sultriness, and exclude the air that makes it sufferable to the beasts of the field. Of the nine places inside this "dilly," the four seats in the corners are so far preferable that the occupant has the outer side of his body exempt from a perspirative application of human flesh, (the thermometer at 100° of Fahrenheit,) while, of the three middle places on the three seats, the man in the centre of the coach, with no support for his back, yet buried to the chin in men, women, and children, is at the ninth and lowest degree of human suffering. I left Saratoga in such a state of happiness as you might suppose for a gentleman, who, besides fulfilling this latter category, had been previously unhappy in his love.

I was dressed in a white roundabout and trowsers of the same, a straw hat, thread stockings, and pumps, and was so far a blessing to my neighbors that I *looked* cool. Directly behind me, occupying the middle of the back seat, sat a young woman with a *gratis* passenger in her lap, (who, of course, did not count

among the nine,) in the shape of a fat, and a very hot child of three years of age, whom she called John, Jacky, Johnny, Jocket, Jacket, and the other endearing diminutives of the namesakes of the great apostle. Like the saint who had been selected for his patron, he was a "voice crying in the wilderness." This little gentleman was exceedingly unpopular with his two neighbors at the windows, and his incursions upon their legs and shoulders in his occasional forays for fresh air, ended in his being forbidden to look out at either window, and plied largely with gingerbread to content him with the warm lap of his mother. Though I had no eyes in the back of my straw hat, I conceived very well the state in which a compost of soft gingerbread, tears, and perspiration, would soon leave the two unscrupulous hands behind me, and as the jolts of the coach frequently threw me back upon the knees of his mother, I could not consistently complain of the familiar use made of my roundabout and shoulders in Master John's constant changes of position. I vowed my jacket to the first river, the moment I could make sure that the soft gingerbread was exhausted—but I kept my temper.

How an American Jehu gets his team over ten miles in the hour, through all the variety of sand, ruts, clay-pits, and stump-thickets, is a problem that can only be resolved by riding beside him on the box. In the usual time we arrived at the pretty village of Troy, some thirty miles from Saratoga, and here, having exchanged my bedaubed jacket for a clean one, I freely forgave little Pickle his freedoms, for I hoped never to set eyes on him again during his natural life. I was going eastward by another coach.

Having eaten a salad for my dinner, and drank a bottle of iced claret, I stepped forth in my "blanched and lavendered" jacket to take my place in the other coach, trusting Providence not to afflict me twice in

the same day with the evil I had just escaped, and feeling, on the whole, reconciled to my troubled dividend of eternity. I got up the steps of the coach with as much alacrity as the state of the thermometer would permit, and was about drawing my legs after me upon the forward seat, when a clammy hand caught me unceremoniously by the shirt-collar, and the voice I was just beginning to forget cried out with a chuckle, "*dada !*"

"Madam !" I said, picking off the gingerbread from my shirt as the coach rolled down the street, "I had hoped that your infernal child ——"

I stopped in the middle of the sentence, for a pair of large blue eyes were looking wonderingly into mine, and for the first time I observed that the mother of this familiar nuisance was one of the prettiest women I had seen since I had become susceptible to the charms of the sex.

"Are you going to Boston, sir ?" she inquired, with a half-timid smile, as if, in that case, she appealed to me for protection on the road.

"Yes, madam !" I answered, taking little Jocket's pasty hand into mine, affectionately, as I returned her hesitating look ; "may I hope for your society so far ?"

My fresh white waistcoat was soon embossed with a dingy yellow, where my enterprising fellow-passenger had thrust his sticky fist into the pockets, and my sham shirt-bosom was reduced incontinently to the complexion of a painter's rag after doing a sunset in gamboge. I saw everything, however, through the blue eyes of his mother, and was soon on such pleasant terms with Master John, that, at one of the stopping places, I inveigled him out of the coach and dropped him accidentally into the horse-trough, contriving to scrub him passably clean before he could recover breath enough for an outcry. I had already thrown the residuum of his gingerbread out of the window, so that his famil-

vanities for the rest of the day were, at least, less adhesive.

We dropped one or two way-passengers at Lebanon, and I was left in the coach with Mrs. Captain and Master John Thompson, in both whose favors I made a progress that, (I may as well depone,) considerably restored my spirits—laid flat by my unthrift wooing at Saratoga. If a fly hath but alit on my nose when my self-esteem hath been thus at a discount, I have soothed myself with the fancy that it preferred me—a drowning vanity will so catch at a straw!

As we bowled along through some of the loveliest scenery of Massachusetts, my companion, (now become my charge,) let me a little into her history, and at the same time, by those shades of insinuation of which women so instinctively know the uses, gave me perfectly to comprehend that I might as well economize my tenderness. The father of the riotous young gentleman who had made so free with my valencia waistcoat and linen roundabouts, had the exclusive copyhold of her affections. He had been three years at sea, (I think I said before,) and she was hastening to show him the pledge of their affections,—come into the world since the good brig Dolly made her last clearance from Boston Bay.

I was equally attentive to Mrs. Thompson after this illumination, though I was, perhaps, a shade less enamoured of the interesting freedoms of Master John. One's taste for children depends so much upon one's love for their mothers!

It was twelve o'clock at night when the coach rattled in upon the pavements of Boston. Mrs. Thompson had expressed so much impatience during the last few miles, and seemed to shrink so sensitively from being left to herself in a strange city, that I offered my services till she should find herself in better hands, and, as briefer way of disposing of her, had bribed the coach-

man, who was in a hurry with the mail, to turn a little out of his way, and leave her at her husband's hotel.

We drew up with a prodigious clatter, accordingly, at the Marlborough Hotel, where, no coach being expected, the boots and bar-keeper were not immediately forthcoming. After a rap "to wake the dead," I set about assisting the impatient driver in getting off the lady's trunks and boxes, and they stood in a large pyramid on the sidewalk when the door was opened. A man in his shirt, three parts asleep, held a flaring candle over his head, and looked through the half-opened door.

"Is Captain Thompson up?" I asked rather brusquely, irritated at the sour visage of the bar-keeper.

"Captain Thompson, sir?"

"Captain Thompson, sir!!" I repeated my words with a voice that sent him three paces back into the hall.

"No, Sir," he said at last, slipping one leg into his trowsers, which had hitherto been under his arm.

"Then wake him immediately, and tell him Mrs. Thompson is arrived." Here's a husband, thought I, as I heard something between a sob and a complaint issue from the coach window at the bar-keeper's intelligence. To go to bed when he expected his wife and child, and after three years' separation! She might as well have made a parenthesis in her constancy!

"Have you called the captain?" I asked, as I set master John upon the steps, and observed the man still standing with the candle in his hand, grinning from ear to ear.

"No sir," said the man.

"No!" I thundered, "and what in the devil's name is the reason?"

"Boots!" he cried out in reply, "show this gentleman 'forty-one.' Them may wake Captain Thompson as likes! I never hearn of no Mrs. Thompson!"

Rejecting an ungenerous suspicion that flashed across my mind, and informing the bar-keeper *en passant*, that he was a brute and a donkey, I sprang up the staircase after the boy, and quite out of breath, arrived at a long gallery of bachelors' rooms on the fifth floor. The boy pointed to a door at the end of the gallery, and retreated to the bannisters as if to escape the blowing-p of a petard.

Rat-a-tat-tat!

"Come in!" thundered a voice like a hailing trumpet.

I took the lamp from the boy, and opened the door. In a narrow bed well tucked up, lay a most formidable looking individual, with a face glowing with carbuncles, a pair of deep-set eyes inflamed and fiery, and hair and eyebrows of glaring red, mixed slightly with grey; while outside the bed lay a hairy arm, with a fist like the end of the club of Hercules. His head tied loosely in a black silk handkerchief, and on the light stand stood a tumbler of brandy-and-water.

"What do you want?" he thundered again, as I stepped over a threshold and lifted my hat, struck speechless for a moment with this unexpected apparition.

"Have I the pleasure," I asked, in a hesitating voice, to address Captain Thompson?"

"That's my name!"

"Ah! then, captain, I have the pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Thompson and little John are arrived. They are at the door at this moment."

A change in the expression of Captain Thompson's face checked my information in the middle, and as I took a step backward, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at me in a way that did not diminish my embarrassment.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-water," said he, with an emphasis on every word like the descent of a sledge hammer; "if you're not out of this room in two

seconds with your 'Mrs. Thompson and little John,' I'll slam you through that window, or the devil take me!"

I reflected as I took another step backward, that if I were thrown down to Mrs. Thompson from a fifth story window I should not be in a state to render her the assistance she required; and remarking with an ill-feigned gaiety to Captain Thompson that so decided a measure would not be necessary, I backed expeditiously over the threshold. As I was closing his door, I heard the gulp of his brandy-and-water, and the next instant the empty glass whizzed past my retreating head, and was shattered to pieces on the wall behind me.

I gave the "boots" a cuff for an untimely roar of laughter as I reached the staircase, and descended, very much discomfited and embarrassed, to Mrs. Thompson. My delay had thrown that lady into a very moving state of unhappiness. Her tears were glistening in the light of the street lamp, and Master John was pulling away unheeded at her stomacher, and crying as if he would split his diaphragm. What to do? I would have offered to take her to my paternal roof till the mystery could be cleared up—but I had been absent two years, and to arrive at midnight with a woman and a young child, and such an improbable story—I did not think my reputation at home would bear me out. The coachman, too, began to swear and make demonstrations of leaving us in the street, and it was necessary to decide.

"Shove the baggage inside the coach," I said at last, "and drive on. Don't be unhappy Mrs. Thompson! Jocket, stop crying, you villain! I'll see that you are comfortably disposed for the night where the coach stops, Madam, and to-morrow I'll try a little reason with Captain Thompson.—How the devil she can love such a volcanic specimen!" I muttered to myself, dodging instinctively at the bare remembrance of the glass of brandy-and-water.

The coachman made up for lost time, and we rattled

over the pavements at a rate that made Jacket's hully-baloo quite inaudible. As we passed the door of my own home, I wondered what would be the impression of my respectable parent, could he see me whisking by, after midnight, with a rejected woman and her progeny upon my hands; but smothering the unworthy doubt that re-rose in my mind, touching the legitimacy of Master John, I inwardly vowed that I would see Mrs. Thompson at all risks fairly out of her *imbroglio*.

We pulled up with a noise like the discharge of a load of paving stones, and I was about saying something both affectionate and consolatory to my weeping charge, when a tall, handsome fellow, with a face as brown as a berry, sprang to the coach-door, and seized her in his arms! A shower of kisses and tender epithets left me not a moment in doubt. There was *another Captain Thompson!*

He had not been able to get rooms at the Marlborough, as he had anticipated when he wrote, and presuming that the mail would come first to the Post Office, he had waited for her there.

As I was passing the Marlborough a week or two afterwards, I stopped to inquire about Captain Thompson. I found that he was an old West India captain, who had lived there between his cruises for twenty years more or less, and had generally been supposed a bachelor. He had suddenly gone to sea, the landlord told me, smiling at the same time, as if thereby hung a tale if he chose to tell it.

"The fact is," said Boniface, when I pushed him a little on the subject, "he was *skeared* off."

"What scared him?" I asked very innocently.

"A wife and child from some foreign port!" he answered laughing as if he would burst his waistband, and taking me into the back parlor to tell me the particulars.





**A**  
**OG IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.**



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# LOG IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

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THE American frigate, in which I had cruised as the ward-room guest for more than six months, had sailed for winter quarters at Mahon, and my name was up at the pier of Smyrna as a passenger in the first ship that should leave the port, whatever her destination.

The flags of all nations flew at the crowded peaks of the merchantmen lying off the Marina, and among them lay two small twin brigs, loading with figs and opium for my native town in America. They were owned by an old schoolfellow of my own, one of the most distinguished and hospitable of the Smyrniote merchants, and, if nothing more adventurous turned up, he had offered to land me from one of his craft at Malta or Gibraltar.

Time wore on, and I had loitered up and down the narrow street "in melancholy idleness" by day, and smoked the *narghile* with those "merchant princes" by night, till I knew every paving stone between the beach and the bazaar, and had learnt the thrilling events of the Greek persecution with the particularity of a historian. My heart too, unsusceptible enough when "packed for travel," began to uncoil with absence of adventure, and expose its sluggish pulses to the "Greek fire," still burning in those Asiatic eyes, and I felt sensibly, that if, Telemachus-like, I did not soon throw myself into the sea, I should yield, past praying for, to the cup of some Smyrniote Circe. Darker eyes than

are seen on that Marina swim not in delight out of paradise !

I was sitting on an opium-box in the counting-house of my friend L——n, (the princely and hospitable merchant spoken of above,) when enter a Yankee “skipper,” whom I would have clapped on the shoulder for a townsman if I had seen him on the top of the minaret of the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet. His go-ashore black coat and trowsers, worn only one month in twelve, were of costly cloth, but of the fashion prevailing in the days of his promotion to be second mate of a cod-fisher; his hat was of the richest beaver, but getting brown with the same paucity of wear, and exposure to the corroding air of the ocean; and on his hands were stretched (and they had well need to be elastic) a pair of Woodstock gloves that might have descended to him from Paul Jones “the pilot.” A bulge just over his lowest rib gave token of the ship’s chronometer, and, in obedience to the new fashion of a guard, a fine chain of the softest auburn hair—(doubtless his wife’s, and, I would have wagered my passage money, as pretty a woman as he would see in his v’yage,) a chain, I say, braided of silken blond ringlets passed around his neck, and drew its glossy line over his broad-breasted white waistcoat—the dew drop on the lion’s mane not more entitled to be astonished.

A face of hard-weather, but with an expression of care equal to the amount of his invoice, yet honest and fearless as the truck of his mainmast; a round sailor’s back, that looked as if he would hoist up his deck if you battered him beneath hatches against his will; and teeth as white as his new foresail, completed the picture of the master of the brig *Metamora*. Jolly old H——t, I shall never feel the grip of an honester hand, nor return one (as far as I can with the first you crippled at parting) with a more kindly pressure! A fair wind on your quarter, my old boy, wherever you may be trading!

"What sort of accommodations have you, Captain?" I asked, as my friend introduced me.

"Why, none to speak of, sir! There's a starboard berth that a'n't got much in it—a few boxes of figs, and the new sprit-sail, and some of the mate's traps---but I could stow away a little, perhaps, sir."

"You sail to-morrow morning?"

"Off with the land-breeze, sir."

I took leave of the kindest of friends, laid in a few hasty stores, and was on board at midnight. The next morning I awoke with the water rippling beside me, and creeping on deck, I saw a line of foam stretching behind us far up the gulf, and the ruins of the primitive church of Smyrna, mingled with the turrets of a Turkish castle, far away in the horizon.

The morning was cool and fresh, the sky of an oriental purity, and the small low brig sped on like a nautilus. The Captain stood by the binnacle looking off to the westward with a glass, a tarpaulin hat over his black locks, a pair of sail cloth pumps on his feet, and trowsers and roundabout of an indefinable tarriness and texture. He handed me the glass, and, obeying his direction, saw, stealing from behind a point of land shaped like a cat's back, the well known topsails of the two frigates that had sailed before us.

We were off Vourla, and the Commodore had gone to pay his respects to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then lying with his fleet in this little bay, and waiting, we supposed, for orders to force the Dardanelles. The frigates soon appeared on the bosom of the gulf, and heading down, neared our larboard bow, and stood for the Archipelago. The *Metamora* kept her way, but the "*United States*," the fleetest of our ships, soon left us behind with a strengthening breeze, and, following her with the glass till I could no longer distinguish the cap of the officer of the deck, I breathed a blessing af-

ter her, and went below to breakfast. It is strange how the lessening in the distance of a ship in which one has cruised in these southern seas, pulls on the heartstrings.

I sat on deck most of the day, cracking pecan-nuts with the Captain, and gossiping about school-days in our native town, occasionally looking off over the hills of Asia Minor, and trying to realize (the Ixion labor of the imagination in travel) the history of which these barren lands have been the scene. I know not whether it is easy for a native of old countries to people these desolated lands from the past, but for me, accustomed to look on the face of the surrounding earth as mere vegetation, unstoried and unassociated, it is with a constant mental effort alone that I can be classic on classic ground—find Plato in the desert wastes of the Academy, or Priam among the Turk-stridden and prostrate columns of Troy. In my recollections of Athens, the Parthenon and the Theseion and the solemn and sublime ruins by the Fount of Callirhoe stand forth prominent enough; but when I was on the spot—a biped to whom three meals a day, a washer-woman, and a banker, were urgent necessities—I shame to confess that I sat dangling my legs over the classic Pelasgicum, not “fishing for philosophers with gold and figs,” but musing on the mundane and proximate matters of daily economy. I could see my six shirts hanging to dry, close by the Temple of the Winds, and I knew my dinner was cooking three doors from the crumbling capitals of the Agora.

As the sun set over Ephesus, we neared the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna, and the Captain stood looking over the leeward-bow rather earnestly.

“We shall have a snorter out of the nor’east,” he said, taking hold of the tiller, and sending the helmsman forward,—“I never was up this sea but once

fore, and it's a dirty passage through these islands in any weather, let alone a Levanter."

He followed up his soliloquy by jamming his tiller hard a-port, and in ten minutes the little brig was running her nose, as it seemed to me, right upon an inhospitable rock at the northern headland of the Gulf. At the distance of a biscuit-toss from the shore, however the rock was dropped to leeward, and a small passage appeared, opening with a sharp curve into the miniature but sheltered Bay of Fourgas. We dropped anchor off a small hamlet of forty or fifty houses, and lay beyond the reach of Levanters in a circular basin that seemed shut in by a rim of granite from the sea.

The Captain's judgment of the weather was correct, and, after the sun set, the wind rose gradually to a violence which sent the spray high over the barriers of our protected position. Congratulating ourselves that we were on the right side of the granite wall, we got out our jolly-boat on the following morning, and ran ashore upon the beach half a mile from town, proposing to climb first to the peak of the neighboring hill, and then forage for a dinner in the village below.

We scrambled up the rocky mountain side, with some loss of our private stock of wind, and considerable increase from the nor'-easter, and getting under the lee of a projecting shelf, sat looking over towards Lesbos, and ruminating in silence---I, upon the old question, "*an Sappho publica fuerit*," and the Captain probably on his wife at Cape Cod, and his pecan-nuts, figs, and opium, in the emerald green brig below us. I don't know why she should have been painted *green*, by-the-by, (and I never thought to suggest that to the Captain,) being named after an Indian chief, who was as red as her copper bottom.

The sea toward Mitylene looked as wild as an eagle's wing ruffling against the wind, and there was that smoke in the sky as if the blast was igniting with its



speed—the look of a gale in those seas when unaccompanied with rain. The crazy looking vessels of the Levant were scudding with mere rags of sails for the Gulf; and while we sat on the rock, eight or ten of those black and unsightly craft shot into the little bay below us, and dropped anchor, blessing, no doubt, every saint in the Greek calendar.

Having looked toward Lesbos an hour, and come to the conclusion, that, admitting the worst with regard to the private character of Sappho, it would have been very pleasant to have known her; and the captain having washed his feet in a slender tricklet oozing from a cleft in the rock, we descended the hill on the other side and stole a march on the rear to the town of Fourgas. Four or five Greek women were picking up olives in a grove lying half way down the hill, and on our coming in sight, they made for us with such speed that I feared the reverse of the Sabine rape—not yet having seen a man on this desolate shore. They ran well, but they resembled Atalanta in no other possible particular. We should have taken them for the Furies, but there were five. They wanted snuff and money,—making signs easily for the first, but attempting amiably to put their hands in our pockets when we refused to comprehend the Greek for “give us a para.” The captain pulled from his pocket an American dollar-note, (payable at Nantucket,) and offered it to the youngest of the women, who smelt at it and returned it to him, evidently unacquainted with the Cape Cod currency. On farther search he found a few of the tinsel paras of the country, which he substituted for his “dollar-bill,” a saving of ninety-nine cents to him, if the bank has not broke when he arrives at Massachusetts.

Fourgas is surrounded by a very old wall, very much battered. We passed under a high arch containing marks of having once been closed with a heavy

gate, and, disputing our passage with cows, and men that seemed less cleanly and civilized, penetrated to the heart of the town in search of the barber's shop, cafe, and kibaub shop—three conveniences usually united in a single room and dispensed by a single Figaro in Turkish and Greek towns of this description. The word cafe is universal, and we needed only to pronounce it to be led by a low door into a square apartment of a ruinous old building, around which, upon a kind of shelf, waist-high, sat as many of the inhabitants of the town as could cross their legs conveniently. As soon as we were discerned through the smoke by the omnifarious proprietor of the establishment, two of the worst-dressed customers were turned off the shelf unceremoniously to make room for us, the fire beneath the coffee-pot was raked open, and the agreeable flavor of the spiced beverage of the East ascended refreshingly to our nostrils. With his baggy trowsers tucked up to his thigh, his silk shirt to his armpits, and his smoke-dried but clean feet wandering at large in a pair of red morocco slippers, our Turkish Ganymede presented the small cups in their filagree holders, and never was beverage more delicious or more welcome. Thirsty with our ramble, and unaccustomed to such small quantities as seem to satisfy the natives of the East, the captain and myself soon became objects of no small amusement to the wondering beards about us. A large table-spoon holds rather more than a Turkish coffee-cup, and one, or, at most, two of these, satisfies the dryest clay in the Orient. To us, a dozen of them was a bagatelle, and we soon exhausted the copper pot, and intimated to the astonished cafidji that we should want another. He looked at us a minute to see if we were in earnest, and then laid his hand on his stomach, and rolling up his eyes, made some remark to his other customers which provoked a general laugh. It was our last "lark" ashore for some time, however, and

spite of this apparent prophecy of a colic, we smoked our *narghiles* and kept him running with his fairy cups for some time longer. One never gets enough of that fragrant liquor.

The sun broke through the clouds as we sat on the high bench, and, hastily paying our Turk, we hurried to the sea-side. The wind seemed to have lulled, and was blowing lightly off shore, and, impatient of loitering on his voyage, the captain got up his anchor and ran across the bay, and in half an hour was driving through a sea that left not a dry plank on the deck of the *Metamora*.

The other vessels at Fourgas had not stirred, and the sky in the north-east looked to my eye very threatening. It was the middle of the afternoon, and the captain crowded sail and sped on like a sea-bird, though I could see by his face when he looked in the quarter of the wind, that he had acted more from impulse than judgment in leaving his shelter. The heavy sea kicked us on our course however, and the smart little brig shot buoyantly over the crests of the waves as she outran them, and it was difficult not to feel that the bounding and obedient fabric beneath our feet was instinct with self-confidence, and rode the waters like their master.

I well knew that the passage of the Archipelago was a difficult one in a storm even to an experienced pilot, and with the advantage of daylight; and I could not but remember with some anxiety that we were entering upon it at nightfall, and with a wind strengthening every moment, while the captain confessedly had made the passage but once before, and then in a calm sea of August. The skipper, however, walked his deck confidently, though he began to manage his canvas with a more wary care, and, before dark, we were scudding under a single sail, and pitching onward with the heave of the sea at a rate that, if we were to see Malta at all,

promised a speedy arrival. As the night closed in we passed a large frigate lying-to, which we afterwards found out was the *Superbe*, a French eighty-gun ship, (wrecked a few hours after on the island of Andros.) The two American frigates had run up by Mitylene and were still behind us, and the fear of being run down in the night, in our small craft, induced the captain to scud on, though he would else have lain-to with the Frenchman, and perhaps have shared his fate.

I staid on deck an hour or two after dark, and before going below satisfied myself that we should owe it to the merest chance if we escaped striking in the night. The storm had become so furious that we ran with bare poles before it, and though it set us pretty fairly on our way, the course lay through a narrow and most intricate channel, among small and rocky islands, and we had nothing for it but to trust to a providential drift.

The captain prepared himself for a night on deck, lashed everything that was loose, and filled the two jugs suspended in the cabin, which, as the sea had been too violent for any hope from the cook, were to sustain us through the storm. We took a biscuit and a glass of Hollands and water, holding on hard by the berths lest we should be pitched through the skylight, and as the captain tied up the dim lantern, I got a look at his face, which would have told me, if I had not known it before, that though resolute and unmoved, he knew himself to be entering on the most imminent hazard of his life.

The waves now broke over the brig at every heave, and occasionally the descent of the solid mass of water on the quarter-deck, seemed to drive her under like a cork. My own situation was the worst on board, for I was inactive. It required a seaman to keep the deck, and as there was no standing in the cabin without great effort, I disembarassed myself of all that would impede

a swimmer, and got into my berth to await a wreck which I considered almost inevitable. Braced with both hands and feet, I lay and watched the *imbroglio* in the bottom of the cabin, my own dressing-case among other things emptied of its contents and swimming with some of my own clothes and the captain's, and the water rushing down the companion-way with every wave that broke over us. The last voice I heard on deck was from the deep throat of the captain calling his men aft to assist in lashing the helm, and then, in the pauses of the gale, came the awful crash upon deck, more like the descent of a falling house than a body of water, and a swash through the scuppers immediately after, seconded by the smaller sea below, in which my coat and waistcoat were undergoing a rehearsal of the tragedy outside.

At midnight the gale increased, and the seas that descended on the brig shook her to the very keel. We could feel her struck under by the shock, and reel and quiver as she recovered and rose again; and, as if to distract my attention, the little epitome of the tempest going on in the bottom of the cabin grew more and more serious. The unoccupied berths were packed with boxes of figs and bags of nuts, which "brought away" one after another, and rolled from side to side with a violence which threatened to drive them through the side of the vessel; my portmanteau broke its lashings and shot heavily backward and forward with the roll of the sea; and if I was not to be drowned like a dog in a locked cabin, I feared, at least, I should have my legs broken by the leap of a fig-box into my berth. My situation was wholly uncomfortable, yet half ludicrous.

An hour after midnight the captain came down, pale and exhausted, and with no small difficulty managed to get a tumbler of grog.

"How does she head?" I asked.

"Side to wind, drifting five knots an hour."

"Where are you?"

"God only knows. I expect her to strike every minute."

He quietly picked up the wick of the lamp as it tossed to and fro, and watching the roll of the vessel, gained the companion-way, and mounted to the deck. The door was locked, and I was once more a prisoner and alone.

An hour elapsed—the sea, it appeared to me, strengthening in its heaves beneath us, and the wind howling and hissing in the rigging like a hundred devils. An awful surge then burst down upon the deck, racking the brig in every seam: the hurried tread of feet over head told me that they were cutting the lashings of the helm; the seas succeeded each other quicker and quicker, and, conjecturing from the shortness of the pitch, that we were nearing a reef, I was half out of my berth when the cabin door was wrenched open, and a deluging sea washed down the companion way.

"On deck for your life!" screamed the hoarse voice of the captain.

I sprang up through streaming water, barefoot and bareheaded, but the pitch of the brig was so violent that I dared not leave the ropes of the companion ladder, and, almost blinded with the spray and wind, I stood waiting for the stroke.

"Hard down!" cried the captain in a voice I shall never forget, and as the rudder creaked with the strain, the brig fell slightly off, and rising with a tremendous surge, I saw the sky dimly relieved against the edge of a ragged precipice, and in the next moment, as if with the repulse of a catapult, we were flung back into the trough of the sea by the retreating wave, and surged heavily beyond the rock. The noise of the breakers, and the rapid commands of the captain now drowned the hiss of the wind, and in a few minutes we were

plunging once more through the uncertain darkness, the long and regular heavings of the sea alone assuring us that we were driving from the shore.

The wind was cold, and I was wet to the skin. Every third sea broke over the brig and added to the deluge in the cabin, and from the straining of the masts I feared they would come down with every succeeding shock. I crept once more below, and regained my berth, where wet and aching in every joint, I awaited fate or the daylight.

Morning broke, but no abatement of the storm. The captain came below and informed me (what I had already presumed) that we had run upon the southernmost point of Negropont, and had been saved by a miracle from shipwreck. The back wave had taken us off, and with the next sea we had shot beyond it. We were now running in the same narrow channel for Cape Colonna, and were surrounded with dangers. The skipper looked beaten out; his eyes were protruding and strained, and his face seemed to me to have emaciated in the night. He swallowed his grog, and flung himself for half an hour into his berth, and then went on deck again to relieve his mate, where tired of my wretched berth, I soon followed him.

The deck was a scene of desolation. The bulwarks were carried clean away, the jolly-boat swept off, and the long-boat the only moveable thing remaining. The men were holding on to the shrouds, haggard and sleepy, clinging mechanically to their support as the sea broke down upon them, and, silent at the helm, stood the captain and the second mate keeping the brig stern-on to the sea, and straining their eyes for land through the thick spray before them.

The day crept on, and another night, and we passed it like the last. The storm never slacked, and all through the long hours the same succession went on, the brig plunging and rising, struggling beneath the

overwhelming and overtaking waves, and recovering herself again, till it seemed to me as if I had never known any other motion. The captain came below for his biscuit and grog and went up again without speaking a word, the mates did the same with the same silence, and at last the bracing and holding on to prevent being flung from my berth became mechanical, and I did it while I slept. Cold, wet, hungry and exhausted, what a blessing from heaven were five minutes of forgetfulness !

How the third night wore on I scarce remember. The storm continued with unabated fury, and when the dawn of the third morning broke upon us the captain conjectured that we had drifted four hundred miles before the wind. The crew were exhausted with watching, the brig labored more and more heavily, and the storm seemed eternal.

At noon of the third day the clouds broke up a little, and the wind, though still violent, slacked somewhat in its fury. The sun struggled down upon the lashed and raging sea, and, taking our bearings, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from Malta. With great exertions, the cook contrived to get up a fire in the binnacle and boil a little rice, and never *gourmet* sucked the brain of a woodcock with the relish which welcomed that dark mess of pottage.

It was still impossible to carry more than a hand's breadth of sail; but we were now in open waters and flew merrily before the driving sea. The pitching and racking motion, and the occasional shipping of a heavy wave, still forbade all thoughts or hopes of comfort, but the dread of shipwreck troubled us no more, and I passed the day in contriving how to stand long enough on my legs to get my wet traps from my floating port-nanteau, and go into quarantine like a christian.

The following day, at noon, Malta became visible from the top of an occasional mountain wave ; and still



driving under a reefed topsail before the hurricane, we rapidly neared it, and I began to hope for the repose of *terra firma*. The watch towers of the castellated rock soon became distinct through the atmosphere of spray, and at a distance of a mile, we took in sail and waited for a pilot.

While tossing in the trough of the sea the following half hour, the captain communicated to me some embarrassment with respect to my landing which had not occurred to me. It appeared that the agreement to land me at Malta was not mentioned in his policy of insurance, and the underwriters of course were not responsible for any accident that might happen to the brig after a variation from his original plan of passage. This he would not have minded if he could have set me ashore in a half hour, as he had anticipated, but his small boat was lost in the storm, and it was now a question whether the pilot-boat would take ashore a passenger liable to quarantine. To run his brig into harbor would be a great expense and positive loss of insurance, and to get out the long-boat with his broken tackle and exhausted crew was not to be thought of. I knew very well that no passenger from a plague port (such as Smyrna and Constantinople) was permitted to land on any terms at Gibraltar, and if the pilot here should refuse to take me off, the alternative was clear. I must make a voyage against my will to America!

I was not in a very pleasant state of mind during the delay which followed; for, though I had been three years absent from my country and loved it well, I had laid my plans for still two years of travel on this side the Atlantic, and certain moneys for my "charges" lay waiting my arrival at Malta. Among lesser reasons, I had not a rag of clothes dry or clean, and was heartily out of love with salt water and the smell of fogs.

As if to aggravate my unhappiness, the sun broke through a rift in the clouds and lit up the white and

unretted battlements of Malta like an isle of the blessed —the only bright spot within the limits of the stormy horizon. The mountain waves on which we were tossing were tempestuous and black, the comfortless and battered brig with her weary crew looked more like a wreck than a sea-worthy merchantman, and no pilot appearing, the captain looked anxiously sea-ward, as if he grudged every minute of the strong wind rushing by on his course.

A small speck at last appeared making towards us from the shore, and, riding slowly over the tremendous waves, a boat manned by four men came within hailing distance. One moment as high as our topmast, and another in the depths of the gulf a hundred feet below us, it was like conversing from two buckets in a well.

"Do you want a pilot?" screamed the Maltese in English, as the American flag blew out to the wind.

"No!" roared the captain, like a thunder-peal, through his tin-trumpet.

The Maltese, without deigning another look, put up his helm with a gesture of disappointment, and bore away.

"Boat ahoy!" bellowed the captain.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" answered the pilot.

"Will you take a passenger ashore?"

"Where from?"

"Smyrna!"

"No—o—o—o!"

There was a sound of doom in the angry prolongation of that detested monosyllable that sunk to the bottom of my heart like lead.

"Clear away the mainsail," cried the captain getting round once more to the wind. "I knew how it would be, sir," he continued, to me, as I bit my lips in the effort to be reconciled to an involuntary voyage of our thousand miles; "it wasn't likely he'd put him-

self and his boat's crew into twenty days' quarantine to oblige you and me."

I could not but own that it was an unreasonable expectation.

"Never mind, sir," said the skipper, consolingly, "plenty of salt fish in the locker, and I'll set you on Long Wharf in no time!"

"Brig ahoy!" came a voice faintly across the waves.

The captain looked over his shoulder without losing a cap-full of wind from his sail, and sent back the hail impatiently.

The pilot was running rapidly down upon us, and had come back to offer to tow me ashore in the brig's jolly-boat for a large sum of money.

"We've lost our boat, and you're a bloody shark," answered the skipper, enraged at the attempt at extortion. "Head your course!" he muttered gruffly to the man at the helm, who had let the brig fall off that the pilot might come up.

Irritated by this new and gratuitous disappointment, I stamped on the deck in an ungovernable fit of rage, and wished the brig at the devil.

The skipper looked at me a moment, and instead of the angry answer I expected, an expression of kind commiseration stole over his rough face. The next moment he seized the helm and put the brig away from the wind, and then making a trumpet of his two immense hands, he once more hailed the returning pilot.

"I can't bear to see you take it so much to heart, sir," said the kind sailor, "and I'll do for you what I wouldn't do for another man on the face o' the 'arth. All hands there!"

The men came aft, and the captain in brief words stated the case to them, and appealed to their sense of kindness for a fellow-countryman, to undertake a task, which, in the sea then running, and with their exhausted strength, was not a service he could well de-

and in other terms. It was to get out the long-boat and wait off while the pilot towed me ashore and returned with her.

"Ay, ay! sir," was the immediate response from every lip, and from the chief-mate to the black cabin-boy, every man sprang cheerily to the lashings. It was no momentary task, for the boat was as firmly set in her place as the mainmast, and stowed compactly with arrels of pork, extra rigging, and spars—in short, all the furniture and provision of the voyage. In the course of an hour, however, the tackle was rigged on the fore and main yards, and with a desperate effort its immense bulk was heaved over the side, and lay tossing on the tempestuous waters. I shook hands with the men, who refused every remuneration beyond my thanks, and, following the captain over the side, was soon toiling heavily on the surging waters, thanking heaven for the generous sympathies of home and country implanted in the human bosom. Those who know the reluctance with which a merchant captain hesitates to even to pick up a man overboard in a fair wind, and those who understand the meaning of a forfeited insurance, will appreciate this instance of difficult generosity. I shook the hard fist of the kind-hearted skipper on the quarantine stairs, and watched his heavy boat as she crept out of the little harbor with the tears in my eyes. I shall travel far before I find again a man I honor more heartily.



**MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.**



THE  
REVENGE OF THE SIGNOR BASIL.

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PART I.

“Un homme capable de faire des dominos avec les os de son pere.”  
*Pere Goriot.*

It was in the golden month of August, not very long ago, that the steamer which plies between St. Mark's Stairs, at Venice, and the river into which Phaeton turned a somerset with the horses of the Sun, started on its course over the lagoon with an unusual Godsend of passengers. The moon was rising from the unchaste bed of the Adriatic, (wedded every year to Venice, yet every day and night sending the sun and moon from her lovely bosom to the sky,) and while the gold of the west was still glowing on the landward side of the Campanile, a silver gleam was brightening momentarily on the other, and the Arabic domes of St. Marc and the flying Mercury on the Dogana paled to the setting orb and kindled to the rising with the same Talleyrand-esque facility.

For the first hour the Mangia-foco sputtered on her way with a silent company; the poetry of the scene, or the regrets at leaving the delicious city lessening in the distance, affecting all alike with a thoughtful incom-



municativeness. Gradually, however, the dolphin ~~bucca~~ over the Brenta faded away—the marble city sank into the sea, with its turrets and bright spires—the still lagoon became a sheet of polished glass—and the silent groups leaning over the rails found tongues and feet, and began to stir and murmur.

With the usual unconscious crystallization of society, the passengers of the Mangia-foco had yielded one side of the deck to a party of some rank, who had left their carriages at Ferrara in coming from Florence to Venice, and were now upon their return to the city of Tasso, stomaching, with what grace they might, the contact of a vulgar conveyance, which saved them the hundred miles of posting between Ferrara and the Brenta. In the centre of the aristocratic circle stood a lady enveloped in a cashmere, but with her bonnet hung by the string over her arm—one of those women of Italy upon whom the divinest gifts of loveliness are showered with a profusion which apparently impoverishes the sex of the whole nation. A beautiful woman in that land is rarely met; but when she does appear, she is what Venus would have been after the contest for beauty on Ida, had the weapons of her antagonists, as in the tournaments of chivalry, been added to the palm of victory. The Marchesa del Marmore was apparently twenty-three, and she might have been an incarnation of the morning-star for pride and brightness.

On the other side of the deck stood a group of young men, who, by their careless and rather shabby dress, but pale and intellectual faces, were of that class met in every public conveyance of Italy.—The portfolios under their arms, ready for a sketch, would have removed a doubt of their profession, had one existed; and with that proud independence for which the class is remarkable, they had separated themselves equally from the noble and ignoble—disqualified by inward superiority from association with the one, and by acci-

idental poverty from the claims cultivation might give them upon the other. Their glances at the divine face turned toward them from the party I have alluded to, were less constant than those of the vulgar, who could not offend ; but they were evidently occupied more with it than with the fishing-boats lying asleep on the lagoon ; and one of them, half-buried in the coil of rope, and looking under the arm of another, had already made a sketch of her that might some day make the world wonder from what Seventh Heaven of fancy such an angelic vision of a head had descended upon the painter's dream.

In the rear of this group, with the air of one who would conceal himself from view, stood a young man who belonged to the party, but who, with less of the pallor of intellectual habits in his face, was much better dressed than his companions, and had, in spite of the portfolio under his arm, and a hat of the Salvator breadth of rim, the undisguisable air of a person accustomed to the best society. While maintaining a straggling conversation with his friends, with whom he seemed a favorite, Signor Basil employed himself in looking over the sketch of the lovely Marchesa going on at his elbow, occasionally as if to compare it with the original, stealing a long look from between his hand and his slouched hat at the radiant creature sitting so unconsciously for her picture, and in a low voice correcting, as by the result of his gaze, the rapid touches of the artist.

"Take a finer pencil for the nostril, caro mio !" said he ; "it is as thin as the edge of a violet, and its transparent curve-----"

"Cospetto !" said the youth ; "but you see by this faint light better than I ; if she would but turn to the moon-----"

The Signor Basil suddenly flung his handkerchief into the lagoon, bringing its shadow between the Queen

of Night and the Marchesa del Marmore ; and, attracted from her reverie by the passing object, the lady moved her head quickly to the light, and in that moment the spirited lip and nostril were transferred to the painter's sketch.

"Thanks, mio bravo !" enthusiastically exclaimed the looker on ; "Giorgione would not have beaten thee with the crayon !" and with a rudeness which surprised the artist, he seized the paper from beneath his hand, walked away with it to the stern, and leaning far over the rails, perused it fixedly by the mellow lustre of the moon. The youth presently followed him, and after a few words exchanged in an undertone, Signor Basil slipped a piece of gold into his hand, and carefully placed the sketch in his own portfolio.

## II.

It was toward midnight when the Mangia-foca entered the Adige, and keeping its steady way between the low banks of the river, made for the grass-grown and flowery canal which connects its waters with the Po. Most of the passengers had yielded to the drowsy influence of the night air, and, of the aristocratic party on the larboard side, the young Marchesa, alone was waking ; her friends had made couches of their cloaks and baggage, and were reclining at her feet, while the artists, all except the Signor Basil, were stretched fairly on the deck, their portfolios beneath their heads, and their large hats covering their faces from the powerful rays of the moon.

"Miladi does justice to the beauty of the night," said the waking artist, in a low and respectful tone, as he rose from her feet with a cluster of tuberose she had let fall from her hand.

"It is indeed lovely, Signor pittore," responded the Marchesa, glancing at his portfolio, and receiving the

flowers with a gracious inclination ; “ have you touched Venice from the lagoon to-night ? ”

The Signor Basil opened his portfolio, and replied to the indirect request of the lady by showing her a very indifferent sketch of Venice from the island of St. Lazzaro. As if to escape from the necessity of praising what had evidently disappointed her, she turned the cartoon hastily, and exposed, on the sheet beneath, the spirited and admirable outline of her own matchless features.

A slight start alone betrayed the surmise of the high-born lady, and raising the cartoon to examine it more closely, she said with a smile, “ You may easier tread on Titian’s heels than Canaletti’s. Bezzuoli has painted me, and not so well. I will awake the Marquis, and he shall purchase it of you.”

“ Not for the wealth of the Medici, Madam ! ” said the young man, clasping his portfolio hastily, “ pray do not disturb Monsignore ! The picture is dear to me ! ”

The Marchesa looking into his face, and with a glance around, which the accomplished courtier before her read better than she dreamed, she drew her shawl over her blanched shoulders, and settled herself to listen to the conversation of her new acquaintance.

“ You would be less gracious if you were observed, proud beauty,” thought Basil : “ but while you think the poor painter may while away the tediousness of a vigil, he may feed his eye on your beauty as well.”

The Mangia-foco turned into the canal, threaded its lily-paved waters for a mile or two, and then, putting forth upon the broad bosom of the Po, went on her course against the stream, and, with retarded pace, penetrated toward the sun-beloved heart of Italy. And while the later hours performed their procession with the stars, the Marchesa del Marmore leaned sleepless and unfatigued against the railing, listening with mingled curiosity and scorn to the passionate love-murmur

of the enamored painter. His hat was thrown aside, his fair and curling locks were flowing in the night air, his form was bent earnestly but respectfully towards her, and on its lip, with all its submissive tenderness, there sat a shadow of something she could not define, but which rebuked ever and anon, as with the fierce regard of a noble, the condescension she felt towards him as an artist.

### III.

Upon the lofty dome of the altar in the cathedral of Bologna stands poised an angel in marble, not spoken of in the books of travelers, but perhaps the loveliest incarnation of a blessed cherub that ever lay in the veined bosom of Pentelicus. Lost and unobserved on the vast floor of the nave, the group of artists, who had made a day's journey from Ferrara, sat in the wicker chairs hired for a baioch the vesper, and drew silently from this angel, while the devout people of Bologna murmured their Ave Marias around. Signor Basil alone was content to look over the work of his companions, and the twilight had already begun to brighten the undying lamps at the shrine, when he started from the pillar against which he leaned, and crossed hastily toward a group issuing from a private chapel in the western aisle. A lady walked between two gentlemen of noble mien, and behind her, attended by an equally distinguished company, followed that lady's husband, the Marchese del Marmore. They were strangers passing through Bologna, and had been attended to vespers by some noble friends.

The companions of the Signor Basil looked on with some surprise as their enamored friend stepped confidently before the two nobles in attendance upon the lady, and arrested her steps with a salutation which, though respectful as became a gentleman, was marked

with the easy politeness of one accustomed to a favorable reception.

"May I congratulate Miladi," he said, rising slowly from his bow, and fixing his eyes with unembarrassed admiration on her own liquid but now frowning orbs, upon her safe journey over the Marches. "Bologna," he continued, glancing at the nobles with a courteous smile, "welcomes her fittingly."

The lady listened with a look of surprise, and the Bolognese glanced from the dusty boots of the artist to his portfolio.

"Has the painter the honor to know La Signora?" asked the cavalier on her right.

"Signor, si!" said the painter, fiercely, as a curl arched the lady's lip, and she prepared to answer.

The color mounted to the temples of the Marchesa, and her husband, who had loitered beneath the Madonna of Domenichino, coming up at the instant, she bowed coldly to the Signor Basil, and continued down the aisle. The artist followed to her carriage, and lifted his hat respectfully as the lumbering equipage took its way by the famous statue of Neptune, and then with a confident smile, which seemed to his companions somewhat mistimed, he muttered between his teeth, "Ciascuno son bel' giorno!" and strolled loitering on with them to the trattoria.

#### IV.

The court of the Grand Duke of Florence is perhaps the most cosmopolitan and the most easy of access in all Europe. The Austrian-born Monarch himself, adopting in some degree the frank and joyous character of the people over whom he reigns, throws open his parks and palaces, his gardens and galleries, to the strangers passing through; and, in the season of gaiety, almost any presentable person, resident at Florence, may procure the *entree* to the court balls, and

start fair with noble dames and gentlemen for grace in courtly favor. The *fetes* at the Palazzo Pitti, albeit not always exempt from a leaven of vulgarity, are always brilliant and amusing, and the exclusives of the court, though they draw the line distinctly enough to their own eye, mix with apparent abandonment in the motley waltz and mazurka, and either from good-nature or a haughty conviction of their superiority, never suffer the offensive *cordon* to be felt, scarce to be suspected, by the multitude who divert them. The Grand Duke, to common eyes is a grave and rather timid person, with more of the appearance of the scholar than of the sovereign, courteous in public, and benevolent and earnest in his personal attentions to his guests at the palace. The royal quadrille may be shared without permission of the grand chamberlain, and the royal eye, after the first one or two dances of ceremony, searches for partners by the lamp of beauty, heedless of the diamonds on the brow, or the star of nobility on the shoulder. The grand supper is scarce more exclusive, and on the disappearance of the royal cortege, the delighted crowd take their departure, having seen no class more favored than themselves, and enchanted with the gracious absence of pretension in the *nobilità* of Tuscany.

Built against the side of a steep hill, the Palazzo Pitti encloses its rooms of state within massive and sombre walls in front, while in the rear the higher stories of the palace open forth on a level with the delicious gardens of the Boboli, and contain suites of smaller apartments, fitted up with a cost and luxury which would beggar the dream of a Sybarite. Here lives the monarch, in a seclusion rendered deeper and more sacred by the propinquity of the admitted world in the apartments below; and in this sanctuary of royalty is enclosed a tide of life, as silent and unsuspected by the common inhabitant of Florence, as the flow of the ocean-veiled Arethusa by the mariner of the Ionian

main. Here the invention of the fiery genius of Italy is exhausted in poetical luxury,—here the reserved and silent sovereign throws off his *maintien* of royal condescension, and enters with equal arms into the lists of love and wit,—here burn (as if upon an altar fed with spice-woods and precious gums) the fervent and uncalculating passions of this glowing clime, in senses refined by noble nurture, and hearts prompted by the haughty pulses of noble blood,—and here—to the threshold of this sanctuary of royal pleasure—press all who know its secrets, and who imagine a claim to it in their birth and attractions, while the *lascia-passare* is accorded with a difficulty which alone preserves its splendor.

Some two or three days after the repulse of the Signor Basil in the cathedral of Bologna, the group of traveling artists were on their way from the grand gallery at Florence to their noon-day meal. Loitering with slow feet through the crowded and narrow Via Calzaiole, they emerged into the sunny Piazza, and looking up with understanding eyes at the slender shaft of the Campanile, (than which a fairer finger of religious architecture points not to heaven,) they took their way toward the church of Santa Trinita, proposing to eat their early dinner at a house named, from its excellence in a certain temperate beverage, *La Birra*. The traveler should be advised also, that by paying an extra paul in the bottle, he may have at this renowned eating-house, an old wine sunned on the southern shoulder of Fiesole, that hath in its flavor a certain redolence of Boccaccio, scarce remarkable since it grew in the scene of the Decameron, but of a virtue which, to the Hundred Tales of Love, (read drinking,) is what the Gradus ad Parnassum should be to the building of a dithyrambic. The oil of two crazie upon the palm of the fat waiter Giuseppe will assist in calling the vintage to his memory.



A thundering rap upon the gate of the adjoining Palazzo arrested the attention of the artists as they were about to enter the Birra, and in the occupant of a dark green cabriolet, drawn by a pampered horse of the Duke's breed, they recognised, elegantly dressed and posed on his seat *a la D'Orsay*, the Signor Basil. His coat was of an undecided cut and color, and his gloves were of primrose purity.

The recognition was immediate, and the cordiality of the greeting mutual. They had parted from their companion at the gate of Florence, as travelers part, without question, and they met without reserve to part as questionless again. The artists were surprised at the Signor Basil's transformation, but no follower of their refined art would have been so ill bred as to express it. He wished them the *bon appetito*, as a tall chasseur came out to say that her ladyship was at home; and with a slacked rein the fiery horse sprang through the gateway, and the marble court of the palace rang with his prancing hoofs.

He who has idled and bought flowers at the Cafe of the Colonna at Florence will have remarked, as he sat in his chair upon the street in the sultry evening the richly ornamented terrace and balustrade of the Palazzo Corsi giving upon the Piazza Trinita. The dark old Ghibelline palace of the Strozzi lets the eye down upon it, as it might pass from a helmeted knight with closed vizor to his unbonneted and laughing page. The crimson curtains of the window opening upon the terrace, at the time of our story, reminded every passing Florentine of the lady who dwelt within—a descendant of one of the haughtiest lines of English chivalry—resident in Italy since many years for health, but bearing in her delicate frame and exquisitely transparent features, the loftiest type of patrician beauty that had ever filled the eye that looked upon her. In the inner heaven of royal exclusiveness at the Pitti—in its constella-

tion of rank and wit—the Lady Geraldine had long been the worshipped and ascendant cynosure. Happy in a husband without rank and but of moderate fortune, she maintained the spotless character of an English wife in this sphere of conventional corruption ; and though the idol of the Duke and his nobles, it would have been like a whisper against the purity of the brightest Pleiad, to have linked her name with love.

With her feet upon a sofa covered with a gossamer cashmere, her lovely head pillowed on a cushion of silk, and a slight stand within arm's length holding a vase of flowers and the volume from which she had been reading, the Lady Geraldine received the Count Basil Spirifort, some time attache to the Russian embassy at Paris, (where he had first sunned his eyes in her beauty,) and at present the newly appointed secretary to the minister of the same monarch near the court of Tuscany.

Without a bow, but with the hasty step and gesture of a long absent and favored friend, the Count Basil ran to the proffered hand, and pressed its alabaster fingers to his lips. Had the more common acquaintances of the diplomate seen him at this moment, they would have marvelled how the mask of manhood may drop, and disclose the ingenuous features of the boy. The secretary knew his species, and the Lady Geraldine was one of those women for whom the soul is unwilling to possess a secret.

After the first inquiries were over, the lady questioned her recovered favorite of his history since they had parted. "I left you," she said, "swimming the dangerous tide of life at Paris. How have you come to shore ?"

"Thanks, perhaps, to your friendship, which made life worth the struggle ! For the two extremes, however, you know what I was at Paris—and yesterday I was a wandering artist in velveteen and a sombrero !"

Lady Geraldine laughed.

"Ah! you look at my curls—but Macassar is at discount! It is the only grace I cherished in my incognito. *A resumer*—I got terribly out of love by the end of the year after we parted, and as terribly in debt. My promotion in diplomacy did *not* arrive, and the extreme hour for my credit *did*. Pozzo di Borgo kindly procured me *conge* for a couple of years, and I dived presently under a broad-rimmed hat, got into a vetturino with portfolio and pencils, joined a troop of wandering artists, and with my patrimony at nurse, have been two years looking at life without spectacles at Venice."

"And painting?"

"Painting!"

"Might one see a specimen?" asked the Lady Geraldine, with an incredulous smile.

"I regret that my immortal efforts in oils are in the possession of a certain Venetian, who lets the fifth floor of a tenement washed by the narrowest canal in that fair city. But if your ladyship cares to see a drawing or two—"

He rang the bell, and his *jocki Anglais* presently brought from the pocket of his cabriolet a way-worn and thinly furnished portfolio. The Lady Geraldine turned over a half-dozen indifferent views of Venice, but the last cartoon in the portfolio made her start.

"La Marchesa del Marmore!" she exclaimed, looking at Count Basil with an inquiring and half uneasy eye.

"Is it well drawn?" he asked quietly.

"Well drawn? It is a sketch worthy of Raphael. Do you really draw so well as this, or"—she added, after a slight hesitation—"is it a miracle of love?"

"It is a divine head," soliloquized the Russian, half closing his eyes, and looking at the drawing from a

distance, as if to fill up the imperfect outline from his memory.

The Lady Geraldine laid her hand on his arm. "My dear Basil," she said seriously, "I should be wretched if I thought your happiness was in the power of this woman. Do you love her?"

"The portrait was not drawn by me," he answered, "though I have a reason for wishing her to think so. It was done by a fellow traveler of mine, whom I wish to make a sketch of yourself, and I have brought it here to interest you in him as an artist. *Mais revenons a nos moutons*—La Marchesa was also a fellow traveler of mine, and without loving her too violently, I owe her a certain debt of courtesy contracted on the way. Will you assist me to pay it?"

Relieved of her fears, and not at all suspecting the good faith of the diplomatist in his acknowledgments of gratitude, the Lady Geraldine inquired simply how she could serve him.

"In the twenty-four hours since my arrival at Florence," he said, "I have put myself, as you will see, *au courant* of the minor politics of the Pitti. Thanks to my Parisian renown, the Duke has enrolled me already under the back-stairs oligarchy, and to-morrow night I shall sup with you in the Saloon of Hercules after the ball is over. La Marchesa, as you well know, has, with all her rank and beauty, never been able to set foot within those guarded penetralia—*soit* her malicious tongue, *soit* the interest against her of the men she has played upon her hook too freely. The road to her heart, if there be one, lies over that threshold, and I would take the toll. Do you understand me, most beautiful Lady Geraldine?"

The Count Basil imprinted another kiss upon the fingers of the fair Englishwoman, as she promised to put into his hand the following night the illuminated ticket which was to repay, as she thought, too gener-

ously, a debt of gratitude ; and plucking a flower from her vase for his bosom, he took his leave to return at twilight to dinner. Dismissing his cabriolet at the gate, he turned on foot toward the church of San Gaetano, and with an expression of unusual elation in his step and countenance, entered the *trattoria*, where dined at that moment his companions of the pencil.

## V.

The green lamps glittering by thousands amid the foliage of the Boboli had attained their full brightness, and the long-lived Italian day had died over the distant mountains of Carrara, leaving its inheritance of light apparently to the stars, who, on their fields of deepening blue, sparkled, each one like the leader of an unseen host in the depths of heaven, himself the foremost and the most radant. The night was balmy and voluptuous. The music of the Ducal band swelled forth from the perfumed apartments on the air. A single nightingale, far back in the wilderness of the garden, poured from his melodious heart a chant of the most passionate melancholy. The sentinel of the body-guard stationed at the limit of the spray of the fountain leaned on his halberd and felt his rude senses melt in the united spells of luxury and nature. The ministers of a monarch's pleasure had done their utmost to prepare a scene of royal delight, and night and summer had flung in their enchantments when ingenuity was exhausted.

The dark architectural mass of the Pitti, pouring a blaze of light scarce endurable from its deeply sunk windows, looked like the side of an enchanted mountain laid open for the revels of sorcery. The aigrette and plume passed by ; the tiara and the jewel upon the breast ; the gaily dressed courtiers and glittering dames ; and to that soldier at his dewy post, it seemed like the realized raving of the improvisatore when he

is lost in some fable of Araby. Yet within walked Malice and Hate, and the light and perfume that might have fed an angel's heart with love, but deepened in many a beating bosom the consuming fires of Envy.

With the gold key of office on his cape, the Grand Chamberlain stood at the feet of the Dowager Grand Duchess, and by a sign to the musicians, hidden in a latticed gallery behind the Corinthian capital of the hall, retarded or accelerated the soft measure of the waltz. On a raised seat in the rear of the chairs of state, sat the ladies of honor and the noble dames nearest allied to royal blood ; one solitary and privileged intruder alone sharing the elevated place—the Lady Geraldine. Dressed in white, her hair wound about her head in the simplest form, yet developing its divine shape with the clear outline of statuary, her eyes lambent with purity and sweetness, heavily fringed with lashes a shade darker than the light auburn braided on her temples, and the tint of the summer's most glowing rose turned out from the thread-like parting of her lips ; she was a vision of loveliness to take into the memory, as the poet enshrines in his soul the impossible shape of his ideal, and consumes youth and age searching in vain for its like. Fair Lady Geraldine ! thou wilt read these passionate words from one whose worship of thy intoxicating loveliness has never before found utterance, but if this truly told tale should betray the hand that has dared to describe thy beauty, in thy next orisons to St. Mary of Pity, breathe from those bright lips a prayer that he may forget thee !

By the side of the Lady Geraldine, but behind the chair of the Grand Duchess, who listened to his conversation with singular delight, stood a slight young man of uncommon personal beauty, a stranger apparently to every other person present. His brilliant uniform alone betrayed him to be in the Russian diploma-

cy, and the marked distinction shown him both by the reigning Queen of the court, and the more powerful and inaccessible queen of beauty, marked him as an object of keen and universal curiosity. By the time the fifth mazurka had concluded its pendulous refrain, the Grand Chamberlain had tolerably well circulated the name and rank of Count Basil Spirifort, the renowned wit and *elegant* of Paris, newly appointed to the Court of His Royal Highness of Tuscany. Fair eyes wandered amid his sunny curls, and beating bosoms hushed their pulses as he passed.

Count Basil knew the weight of a first impression. Count Basil knew also the uses of contempt. Upon the first principle he kept his place between the Grand Duchess and Lady Geraldine, exerting his deeply studied art of pleasing to draw upon himself their exclusive attention. Upon the second principle, he was perfectly unconscious of the presence of another human being, and neither the gliding step of the small-eared Princess S—— in the waltz, nor the stately advance of the last female of the Medici in the mazurka, distracted his large blue eyes a moment from their idleness. With one hand on the eagle-hilt of his sword, and his side leant against the high cushion of red velvet honored by the pressure of the Lady Geraldine, he gazed up into that beaming face, when not bending respectfully to the Duchess, and drank steadfastly from her beauty, as the lotus cup drinks light from the sun.

The new Secretary had calculated well. In the deep recess of the window looking toward San Miniato, stood a lady nearly hidden from view by the muslin curtains just stirring with the vibration of the music, who gazed on the immediate circle of the Grand Duchess with an interest that was not attempted to be disguised. On her first entrance into the hall, the Marchesa del Marmore had recognised in the new minion of favor her impassioned lover of the lagoon, her slight-

ed acquaintance of the cathedral. When the first shock of surprise was over, she looked on the form which she had found beautiful even in the disguise of poverty, and, forgetting her insulting repulse when he would have claimed in public the smile she had given him when unobserved, she recalled with delight every syllable he had murmured in her ear, and every look she had called forth in the light of a Venetian moon. The man who had burned upon the altar of her vanity the most intoxicating incense—who had broken through the iron rules of convention and ceremony, to throw his homage at her feet—who had portrayed so incomparably (she believed) with his love-inspired pencil the features imprinted on his heart---this chance-won worshipper, this daring but gifted plebeian, as she had thought him, had suddenly shot into her sphere and become a legitimate object of love; and, beautified by the splendor of dress, and distinguished by the preference and favor of those incomparably above her, he seemed tenfold, to her eyes, the perfection of adorable beauty. As she remembered his eloquent devotion to herself, and saw the interest taken in him by a woman whom she hated and had calumniated—a woman who she believed stood between her and all the light of existence—she anticipated the triumph of taking him from her side—of exhibiting him to the world as a falcon seduced from his first quarry—and never doubting that so brilliant a favorite would control the talisman of the paradise she had so long wished to enter, she panted for the moment when she should catch his eye and draw him from his lure, and already heard the Chamberlain's voice in her ear commanding her presence after the ball in the saloon of Hercules.

The Marchesa had been well observed from the first by the wily diplomat. A thorough adept in the art (so necessary to his profession) of seeing without appearing to see, he had scarce lost a shade of the vary-



ing expressions of her countenance ; and while she fancied him perfectly unconscious of her presence, he read her tell-tale features as if they had given utterance to her thoughts. He saw, with secret triumph, the effect of his brilliant position upon her proud and vain heart ; watched her while she made use of her throng of despised admirers to create a sensation near him and attract his notice ; and when the ball wore on, and he was still in unwearied and exclusive attendance upon the Lady Geraldine, he gazed after her with a momentary curl of triumph on his lip, as she took up her concealed position in the embayed window, and abandoned herself to the bitter occupation of watching the happiness of her rival. The Lady Geraldine had never been so animated since her first appearance at the Court of Tuscany.

It was past midnight when the Grand Duke, flushed and tired with dancing, came to the side of the Lady Geraldine. Count Basil gave place, and, remaining a moment in nominal obedience to the Sovereign's polite request which he was too politic to construe literally, he looked down the dance with the air of one who has turned his back on all that could interest him, and, passing close to the concealed position of the Marchessa, stepped out upon the balcony.

The air was cool, and the fountain played refreshingly below. The Count Basil was one of those minds which never have so much leisure for digression as when they are most occupied. A love, as deep and profound as the abysses of his soul, was weaving thread for thread with a revenge worthy of a Mohican ; yet, after trying in vain to count eight in the Pleiades, he raised himself upon the marble balustrade, and perfectly anticipating the interruption to his solitude which presently occurred, began to speculate aloud on the dead and living at that hour beneath the roof of the Pitti.

"A painter's mistress," he said, "immortal in the touch of her paramour's pencil, is worshipped for centuries on these walls by the pilgrims of art; while the warm perfection of all loveliness---the purest and divinest of high-born women---will perish utterly with the eyes that have seen her! The Bella of Titian, the Fornarina of Raffaele---peasant-girls of Italy---have, at this moment, more value in this royal palace than the breathing forms that inhabit it! The Lady Geraldine herself, to whom the Sovereign offers at this moment his most flattering homage, would be less a loss to him than either! Yet they despise the gods of the pencil who may thus make them immortal! The dull blood in their noble veins, that never bred a thought beyond the instincts of their kind, would look down, forsooth, on the inventive and celestial ichor that inflames the brain, and prompts the fiery hand of the painter! How long will this very sovereign live in the memories of men? The murderous Medici, the ambitious cardinals, the abandoned women of an age gone by, hang in imperishable colors on his walls; while of him, the lord of this land of genius, there is not a bust or a picture that would bring a sequin in the market-place! They would buy genius in these days like wine, and throw aside the flask in which it ripened. Raffaele and Buonarotti were companions for a pope and his cardinals;---Titian was an honored guest for the Doge. The stimulus to immortalize these noble friends was in the love they bore them; and the secret of their power to do it lay half in the knowledge of their characters, gained by daily intimacy. Painters were princes then, as they are beggars now; and the princely art is beggared as well!"

The Marchesa del Marmore stepped out upon the balcony, leaning on the arm of the Grand Chamberlain. The soliloquizing Secretary had foretold to himself both her coming and her companion.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the Chamberlain, "La Marchesa del Marmore wishes for the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Count Basil bowed low, and in that low and musical tone of respectful devotion which, real or counterfeit, made him irresistible to a woman who had a soul to be thrilled, he repeated the usual nothings upon the beauty of the night ; and when the Chamberlain returned to his duties, the Marchesa walked forth with her companion to the cool and fragrant alleys of the garden, and, under the silent and listening stars, implored forgiveness for her pride ; and, with the sudden abandonment peculiar to the clime, poured into his ear the passionate and weeping avowal of her sorrow and love.

"Those hours of penitence in the embayed window," thought Count Basil, "were healthy for your soul." And as she walked by his side, leaning heavily on his arm, and half-dissolved in a confiding tenderness, his thoughts reverted to another and a far sweeter voice ; and while the caressing words of the Marchesa fell on an un-listening ear, his footsteps insensibly turned back to the lighted hall.

## VI.

As the daylight stole softly over Vallombrosa, the luxurious chariot of the Marchesa del Marmore stopped at the door of Count Basil. The Lady Geraldine's suit had been successful ; and the hitherto excluded Florentine had received, from the hand of the man she had once so ignorantly scorned, a privilege for which she would have bartered her salvation ;—she had supped at his side in the saloon of Hercules. With many faults of character, she was an Italian in feeling, and had a capacity, like all her country-women, for a consuming and headlong passion. She had better have been born of marble.

"I have lifted you to heaven," said Count Basil, as her chariot wheels rolled from his door; "but it is as the eagle soars into the clouds with the serpent. We will see how you will relish the fall!"

THE  
REVENGE OF THE SIGNOR BASIL.

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PART II.

THE Grand Duke's carriages, with their six horses and outriders, had turned down the Borg'ognisanti, and the "City of the Red Lily," waking from her noon-day slumber, was alive with the sound of wheels. The sun was sinking over the Apennine which kneels at the gate of Florence ; the streets were cool and shadowy ; the old women, with the *bambina* between their knees, braided straw at the doors ; the booted guardsman paced his black charger slowly over the jeweller's bridge ; the picture-dealer brought forward his brightest "master" to the fading light ; and while the famous churches of that fairest city of the earth called to the Ave-Maria with impatient bell, the gallantry and beauty of Tuscany sped through the dampening air with their swift horses, meeting and passing with gay greetings amid the green alleys of the Cascine.

The twilight had become grey, when the carriages and horsemen, scattered in hundreds through the interlaced roads of this loveliest of parks, turned by common consent toward the spacious square in the centre, and drawing up in thickly serried ranks, the *soiree on wheels*, the *reunion en plein air*, which is one of the most de-

Lightful of the peculiar customs of Florence, commenced its healthful gaities. The showy carriages of the Grand Duke and the ex-king of Wurtemberg (whose rank would not permit them to share in the familiarities of the hour) disappeared by the avenue skirting the bank of the Arno, and with much delicate and some desperate specimens of skill, the coachmen of the more exclusive nobility threaded the embarrassed press of vehicles, and laid their wheels together on the southern edge of the piazza. The beaux in the saddle, disembarrassed of ladies and axle-trees, enjoyed their usual butter-fly privilege of roving, and with light rein and ready spur pushed their impatient horses to the coronnetted panels of the loveliest or most powerful; the laugh of the giddy was heard here and there over the pawing of restless hoofs; an occasional scream, half of apprehension, half of admiration, rewarded the daring caracole of some young and bold rider; and while the first star sprang to its place, and the dew of heaven dropped into the false flowers in the hat of the belle, and into the thirsting lips of the violet in the field, (simplicity, like virtue, is *its own* reward!) the low murmur of calumny and compliment, of love and light-heartedness, of politeness, politics, puns, and poetry, arose over that assembly upon wheels: and if it was not a scene and an hour of happiness, it was the fault neither of the fragrant eve nor of the provisions of nature and fortune. The material for happiness was there.

A showy *caleche* with pannels of dusky crimson, the hammer-cloth of the same shade, edged with a broad fringe of white, the wheels slightly picked out with the same colors, and the coachman and footman in corresponding liveries, was drawn up near the southern edge of the piazza. A narrow alley had been left for horsemen between this equipage and the adjoining ones, closed up at the extremity, however, by a dark-green and very plain chariot, placed with a bold violation of eti-

quette directly across the line, and surrounded just now by two or three persons of the highest rank leaning from their saddles in earnest conversation with the occupant. Not far from the *caleche*, mounted upon an English blood-horse of great beauty, a young man had just drawn rein as if interrupted only for a moment on some pressing errand, and with his hat slightly raised, was paying his compliments to the venerable Prince Poniatowski, at that time the Amphytrion of Florence. From moment to moment, as the pauses occurred in the exchange of courteous phrases, the rider, whose spurred heel was close at his saddle-girths, stole an impatient glance up the avenue of carriages to the dark-green chariot, and, excited by the lifted rein and the proximity of the spur, the graceful horse fretted on his minion feet, and the bending figures from a hundred vehicles, and the focus of bright eyes radiating from all sides to the spot, would have betrayed, even to a stranger, that the horseman was of no common mark. Around his uncovered temples floated fair and well-cherished locks of the sunniest auburn; and if there was beauty in the finely-drawn lines of his lips, there was an inexpressibly fierce spirit as well.

## II.

The Count Basil had been a month at Florence. In that time he had contrived to place himself between the Duke's ear and all the avenues of favor, and had approached as near, perhaps nearer, to the hearts of the women of his court. A singular and instinctive knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, perfected and concealed by conversance with the consummate refinement of life at Paris, remarkable personal beauty, and a quality of scornful bitterness for which no one could divine a reason in a character and fate else so happily mingled, but which at the same time added to his fascination, had given Count Basil a command over the va-

ried stops of society, equalled by few players on that difficult and capricious instrument. His worldly ambition went swimmingly on, and the same wind filled the sails of his lighter ventures as well. The love of the Marchesa del Marmore, as he had very well anticipated, grew with his influence and renown. A woman's pride, he perfectly knew, is difficult to wake after she has once believed herself adored; and, satisfied that the portrait taken on the lagoon, and the introduction he had given her to the exclusive penetralia of the Pitti, would hold her till his revenge was complete, he left her love for him to find its own food in his successes, and never approached her, but to lay to her heart more mordently the serpents of jealousy and despair.

For the Lady Geraldine the Count Basil had conceived a love, the deepest of which his nature was capable. Long as he had known her, it was a passion born in Italy, and while it partook of the qualities of the clime, it had for its basis the habitual and well-founded respect of a virtuous and sincere friendship. At their first acquaintance at Paris, the lovely Englishwoman, newly arrived from the purer moral atmosphere of her own country, was moving in the dissolute, but skilfully disguised society of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the simple unconsciousness of the pure in heart, innocent herself, and naturally unsuspicious of others. The perfect frankness with which she established an intimacy with the clever and accomplished *attache*, had soon satisfied that clear-sighted person that there was no passion in her preference, and, giddy with the thousand pleasures of that metropolis of delight, he had readily sunk his first startled admiration of her beauty in an affectionate and confiding friendship. He had thus shown her the better qualities of his character only, and, charmed with his wit and penetration, and something flattered, perhaps, with the devotion of so



acknowledged an autocrat of fashion and talent, she had formed an attachment for him that had all the earnestness of love without its passion. They met at Florence, but the "knowledge of good and evil" had by this time driven the Lady Geraldine from her Eden of unconsciousness. Still as irreproachable in conduct, and perhaps as pure in heart as before, an acquaintance with the forms of vice had introduced into her manners those ostensible cautions which, while they protect, suggest also what is to be feared.

A change had taken place also in Count Basil. He had left the vitreous and mercurial clime of France, with its volatile and superficial occupations, for the voluptuous and indolent air of Italy, and the study of its impassioned dedications of beauty. That which had before been in him an instinct of gay pleasure—a pursuit which palled in the first moment of success, and was second to his ambition or his vanity—had become, in those two years of a painter's life, a thirst both of the senses and the imagination, which had usurped the very throne of his soul. Like the Hindoo youth, who finds the gilded plaything of his childhood elevated in his maturer years into a god, he bowed his heart to what he held so lightly, and brought the costly sacrifice of time and thought to its altars. He had fed his eyes upon the divine glories of the pencil, and upon the breathing wonders of love in marble, beneath the sky and in the dissolving air in which they rose to the hand of inspiration; and with his eye disciplined, and his blood fused with taste and enthusiasm, that idolatry of beauty, which had before seemed sensual or unreal, kindled its first fires in his mind, and his senses were intoxicated with the incense. There is a kind of compromise in the effects of the atmosphere and arts of Italy. If the intellect takes a warmer hue in its study of the fair models of antiquity, the senses in turn become more refined and intellectual. In other latitudes and lands

woman is loved more coldly. After the brief reign of a passion of instinct, she is happy if she can retain her empire by habit, or the qualities of the heart. That divine form, meant to assimilate her to the angels, has never been recognised by the dull eye that should have seen in it a type of her soul. To the love of the painter or the statuary, or to his who has made himself conversant with their models, is added the imperishable enthusiasm of a captivating and exalted study. The mistress of his heart is the mistress of his mind. She is the breathing realization of that secret ideal which exists in every mind, but which, in men ignorant of the fine arts, takes another form, and becomes a woman's rival and usurper. She is like nothing in ambition—she is like nothing in science or business—nothing in out-of-door pleasures. If politics, or the chase, or the acquisition of wealth, is the form of this ruling passion, she is unassociated with that which is nearest his heart, and he returns to her with an exhausted interest and a flagging fancy. It is her strongest tie upon his affection, even, that she is his refuge when unfit for that which occupies him most—in his fatigue, his disappointment, his vacuity of head and heart. He thinks of her only as she receives him in his most worthless hours; and, as his refreshed intellects awake, she is forgotten with the first thought of his favorite theme—for what has a woman's loveliness to do with that?

Count Basil had not concluded his first interview with the Lady Geraldine, without marvelling at the new feelings with which he looked upon her. He had never before realized her singular and adorable beauty. The exquisitely turned head, the small and pearly ears, the spiritual nostril, the softly moulded chin, the clear loftiness of expression yet inexpressible delicacy and brightness in the lips, and a throat and bust than which those of Faustina in the delicious marble of the Gallery of Florence might be less envied by the Queen of

Love—his gaze wandered over these, and followed her in the harmony of her motions, and the native and unapproachable grace of every attitude ; and the pictures he had so passionately studied seemed to fade in his mind, and the statues he had half worshipped seemed to descend from their pedestals depreciated. The Lady Geraldine, for the first time, *felt* his eye. For the first time in their acquaintance, she was offended with its regard. Her embarrassment was read by the quick diplomat, and at that moment sprang into being a passion, which perhaps had died but for the conscious acknowledgment of her rebuke.

Up to the evening in the Cascine, with which the second chapter of this simply true tale commences, but one of the two leading threads in the Count Basil's woof had woven well. "The jealous are the damn'd," and the daily and deadly agony of the Marchesa del Marmore was a dark ground from which his love to the Lady Geraldine rose to his own eye in heightened relief. His dearest joy forwarded with equal step his dearest revenge ; and while he could watch the working of his slow torture in the fascinated heart of his victim, he was content to suspend a blow to which that of death would be a mercy. "The law," said Count Basil, as he watched her quivering and imploring lip, "takes cognizance but of the murder of the *body*. It has no retribution for the keener dagger of the *soul*."

### III.

The conversation between the Russian Secretary and the Prince Poniatowski ended at last in a graceful bow from the former to his horse's neck ; and the quicker rattling of the small hoofs on the ground, as the fine creature felt the movement in the saddle and prepared to bound away, drew all eyes once more upon the handsomest and most idolized gallant of Florence. The narrow lane of carriages, commencing with the showy

*caleche* of the Marchesa del Marmore, and closed up by the plain chariot of the Lady Geraldine, was still open, and with a glance at the latter which sufficiently indicated his destination, Count Basil raised his spurred heel, and with a smile of delight and the quickness of a barb in the desert, galloped toward the opening. In the same instant the Marchesa del Marmore gave a convulsive spring forward, and, in obedience to an imperative order, her coachman violently drew rein and shot back the forward wheels of the *caleche* directly across his path. Met in full career by this sudden obstacle, the horse of the Russian reared high in air; but ere the screams of apprehension had arisen from the adjacent carriages, the silken bridle was slacked, and with a low bow to the foiled and beautiful Marchesa as he shot past, he brushed the hammer-cloths of the two scarce separated carriages, and at the same instant stood at the chariot window of the Lady Geraldine, as calm and respectful as if he had never known danger or emotion.

A hundred eyes had seen the expression of his face as he leaped past the unhappy woman, and the drama of which that look was the key was understood in Florence. The Lady Geraldine alone, seated far back in her chariot, was unconscious of the risk run for the smile with which she greeted its hero; and unconscious, as well, of the poignant jealousy and open mortification she had innocently assisted to inflict, she stretched her fair and transparent hand from the carriage, and stroked the glossy neck of his horse, and while the Marchesa del Marmore drove past with a look of inexpressible anguish and hate, and the dispersing nobles and dames took their way to the city gates, Count Basil leaned close to the ear of that loveliest of breathing creatures, and forgot, as *she* forgot in listening to the bewildering music of his voice, that the

stars had risen, or that the night was closing around them.

The Cascine had long been silent when the chariot of the Lady Geraldine took its way to the town, and, with the reins loose upon his horse's neck, Count Basil followed at a slower pace, lost in the reverie of a tumultuous passion. The sparkling and unobstructed stars broke through the leafy roof of the avenue whose silence was disturbed by those fine and light-stepping hoofs, and the challenge of the Duke's forester, going his rounds ere the gates closed, had its own deep-throated echo for its answer. The Arno rippled among the rushes on its banks, the occasional roll of wheels passing the paved arch of the Ponte Seraglio, came faintly down the river upon the moist wind, the pointed cypresses of the Convent of Bello Sguardo laid their slender fingers against the lowest stars in the southern horizon, and with his feet pressed, carelessly, far through his stirrups, and his head dropped on his bosom, the softened diplomate turned instinctively to the left in the last diverging point of the green alleys, and his horse's ears were already pricked at the tread, before the gate, of the watchful and idle *doganieri*.

Close under the city wall, on this side Florence, the traveler will remember that the trees are more thickly serried, and the stone seats, for the comfort and pleasure of those who would step forth from the hot streets for an hour of fresh air and rest, are mossy with the depth of the perpetual shade. In the midst of this dark avenue, the unguided animal beneath the careless and forgetful rider suddenly stood still, and the next moment starting aside, a female sprang high against his neck, and Count Basil, ere awake from his reverie, felt the glance of a dagger-blade across his bosom.

With the slender wrist that had given the blow firmly arrested in his left hand, the Count Basil slowly dismounted, and after a steadfast look, by the dim light,

to the face of the lovely assassin, he pressed her fingers respectfully, and with well counterfeited emotion, to his lips.

"Twice since the Ave-Maria!" he said in a tone of reproachful tenderness, "and against a life that is your own!"

He could see, even in that faint light, the stern compression of those haughty lips, and the flash of the darkest eyes of the Val d'Arno. But leading her gently to a seat, he sat beside her, and with scarce ten brief moments of low-toned and consummate eloquence, he once more deluded her soul!

"We meet to-morrow," she said, as after a burst of irrepressible tears, she disengaged herself from his neck, and looked toward the end of the avenue, where Count Basil had already heard the pawing of her impatient horses.

"To-morrow!" he answered; "but, mia carissima!" he continued, opening his breast to stanch the blood of his wound, "you owe me a concession after this rude evidence of your love."

She looked into his face as if answer were superfluous.

"Drive to my palazzo at noon, and remain with me till the Ave-Maria."

For but half a moment the impassioned Italian hesitated. Though the step he demanded of her was apparently without motive or reason—though it was one that sacrificed to a whim her station, her fortune, and her friends—she hesitated but to question her reason if the wretched price of this sacrifice would be paid—if the love, to which she fled from this world and heaven, was her own. In other countries, the *crime* of infidelity is punished—in Italy it is the *appearance* only that is criminal. In proportion as the sin is overlooked, the violation of the outward proprieties of life is severely visited; and while a lover is stipulated for in the

marriage-contract, an open visit to that lover's house is an offence which brands the perpetrator with irremediable shame. The Marchesa del Marmore well knew that in going forth from the ancestral palace of her husband on a visit to Count Basil, she took leave of it for ever. The equipage that would bear her to him would never return for her; the protection, the fortune, the noble relations, the troops of friends, would all drop from her. In the pride of her youth and beauty,—from the highest pinnacle of rank,—from the shelter of fortune and esteem—she would descend, by a single step, to be a beggar for life and love from the mercy of the heart she fled to!

"I will come," she said, in a firm voice, looking close into his face, as if she would read in his dim features the prophetic answer of his soul.

The Count Basil strained her to his bosom, and starting back as if with the pain of his wound, he pleaded the necessity of a surgeon, and bade her a hasty good-night. And while she gained her own carriage in secrecy, he rode round to the other gate, which opens upon the Borg'-ognisanti, and dismounting at the Cafe Colonna, where the artists were at this hour usually assembled, he sought out his fellow-traveler, Giannino Speranza, who had sketched the Marchesa upon the lagoon, and made an appointment with him for the morrow.

#### IV.

While the Count Basil's revenge sped thus merrily, the just Fates were preparing for him a retribution in his love. The mortification of the Marchesa del Marmore, at the Cascine, had been made the subject of conversation at the *prima sera* of the Lady Geraldine; and other details of the same secret drama transpiring at the same time, the whole secret of Count Basil's feelings toward that unfortunate woman flashed clearly

and fully upon her. His motives for pretending to have drawn the portrait of the lagoon, for procuring her an admission to the exclusive suppers of the Pitti, for a thousand things which had been unaccountable, or referred to more amiable causes, were at once unveiled. Even yet, with no suspicion of the extent of his revenge, the Lady Geraldine felt an indignant pity for the unconscious victim, and a surprised disapproval of the character thus unmasked to her eye. Upon further reflection, her brow flushed to remember that she herself had been made the most effective tool of his revenge; and as she recalled circumstance after circumstance in the last month's history, the attention and preference he had shown her, and which had gratified her, perhaps, more than she admitted to herself, seemed to her sensitive and resentful mind to have been only the cold instruments of jealousy. Incapable as she was of an unlawful passion, the unequalled fascinations of Count Basil had silently found their way to her heart, and if her indignation was kindled by a sense of justice and womanly pity, it was fed and fanned unaware by mortified pride. She rang, and sent an order to the gate that she was to be denied for the future to Count Basil Spirifort.

The servant had appeared with his silver tray in his hand, and before leaving her presence to communicate the order, he presented her with a letter. Well foreseeing the *eclaircissement* which must follow the public scene in the Cascine, the Count Basil had left the case for his own palazzo, and, in a letter, of which the following is the passage most important to our story, he revealed to the lady he loved a secret, which he hoped would anticipate the common rumor:—

\* \* \* “But these passionate words will have offended your ear, dearest lady, and I must pass to a theme on which I shall be less eloquent. You will hear to-night, perhaps, that which, with all your ima-



gination, will scarce prepare you for what you hear to-morrow. The Marchesa del Marmore is victim of a revenge which has only been second heart to the love I have for the first time breathed you. I can never hope that you will either understand or forgive the bitterness in which it springs ; yet the demon to which I am delivered, soul and body, and spirit but my own can know its power. When I called it by its name, and told you of its exasperation if you do not pardon, you will pity me.

"You know that I am a Russian, and you know that my talents have won me ; but you do not know that I was born a serf and a slave ! If you could open my heart and see the pool of blackness and bitterness that lies in its bottom, fallen, drop by drop from this accursed remembrance, there would be no need to explain to you how this woman has obtained me. Had I been honorably born, like yourself, that I could have been, like you, an angel of light it is, the contumely of a *look* has stirred me to the vengeance which has in it, I do not need to be to the darkest elements of murder.

"My early history is of no importance, yet I will tell you it was such as to expose to every wind the exasperated nerve. In a foreign land, and holding no official rank, it was seldom breathed upon. I wore, however, a gay heart at Paris. In my late exile at Venice I had time to brood upon my dark remembrance, and was revived and fed by the melancholy of my solitude. The obscurity in which I lived, and the occasional comparison between myself and some passing noble in the Piazza, served to remind me, could I have forgiven myself, I never dreamed of love in this humble disguise ; so never felt the contempt that had most powerfully wounded me. On receiving the letters of my disappointment, however, this cautious humility did not to be put off with my sombrero. I started for

ence, clad in the habiliments of poverty, but with the gay mood of a courtier beneath. The first burst of my newly-released feelings was admiration for a woman of singular beauty, who stood near me on one of the most love-awakening and delicious eves that I ever remember. My heart was overflowing, and she permitted me to breathe my passionate adoration in her ear. The Marchesa del Marmore, but for the scorn of the succeeding day, would, I think, have been the mistress of my soul. Strangely enough, I had seen you without loving you.

"I have told you, as a bagatelle that might amuse you, my rencontre with del Marmore and his dame in the cathedral of Bologna. The look she gave me there sealed her doom. It was witnessed by the companions of my poverty, and the concentrated resentment of years sprang up at the insult. Had it been a man, I must have struck him dead where he stood;---she was a woman, and I swore the downfall of her pride." \* \* \*

Thus briefly dismissing the chief topic of his letter, Count Basil returned to the pleading of his love. It was dwelt on more eloquently than his revenge; but as the Lady Geraldine scarce read it to the end, it need not retard the procession of events in our story. The fair Englishwoman sat down beneath the Etruscan lamp, whose soft light illumined a brow, cleared, as if by a sweep from the wing of her good angel, of the troubled dream which had overhung it, and in brief and decided, but kind and warning words, replied to the letter of Count Basil.

## V.

It was noon on the following day, and the Contadini from the hills were settling to their siesta on the steps of the churches, and against the columns of the Piazza del Gran' Duca. The artists alone, in the cool gal-

lery, and in the tempered halls of the Pitti, shook off the drowsiness of the hour, and strained sight and thought upon the immortal canvas from which they drew ; while the sculptor, in his brightening studio, weary of the mallet, yet excited by the bolder light, leaned on the rough block behind him, and with listless body but wakeful and fervent eye, studied the last touches upon his marble.

Prancing hoofs, and the sharp quick roll peculiar to the wheels of carriages of pleasure, awakened the aristocratic sleepers of the Via dei Servi, and with a lash and jerk of violence, the coachman of the Marchesa del Marmore, enraged at the loss of his noon-day repose, brought up her showy *caleche* at the door of Count Basil Spirifort. The fair occupant of that luxurious vehicle was pale, but the brightness of joy and hope burned almost fiercely in her eye.

The doors flew open as the Marchesa descended, and following a servant in the Count's livery, of whom she asked no question, she found herself in a small saloon, furnished with the peculiar luxury which marks the apartment of a bachelor, and darkened like a painter's room. The light came in from a single tall window, curtained below, and under it stood an easel, at which, on her first entrance, a young man stood sketching the outline of a female head. As she advanced, looking eagerly around for another face, the artist laid down his palette, and with a low reverence presented her with a note from Count Basil. It informed her that political news of the highest importance had called him suddenly to the cabinet of his *Chef*, but that he hoped to be with her soon ; and, meantime, he begged of her, as a first favor in his newly-prospered love, to bless him with the possession of her portrait, done by the incomparable artist who would receive her.

Disappointment and vexation overwhelmed the heart of the Marchesa, and she burst into tears. She read

the letter again, and grew calmer ; for it was laden with epithets of endearment, and seemed to her written in the most sudden haste. Never doubting for an instant the truth of his apology, she removed her hat, and with a look at the deeply-shaded mirror, while she shook out from their confinement the masses of her luxuriant hair, she approached the painter's easel, and with a forced cheerfulness inquired in what attitude she should sit to him.

"If the Signora will amuse herself," he replied, with a bow, "it will be easy to compose the picture, and seize the expression without annoying her with a *posse*."

Relieved thus of any imperative occupation, the unhappy Marchesa seated herself by a table of intaglios and prints, and while she apparently occupied herself in the examination of these specimens of art, she was delivered, as her tormentor had well anticipated, to the alternate tortures of impatience and remorse. And while the hours wore on, and her face paled, and her eyes grew bloodshot with doubt and fear, the skilful painter, forgetting every thing in the enthusiasm of his art, and forgotten utterly by his unconscious subject, transferred too faithfully to the canvas that picture of agonized expectation.

The afternoon meantime had worn away, and the gay world of Florence, from the side towards Fiesole, rolled past the Via dei Servi on their circuitous way to the Cascine, and saw, with dumb astonishment, the carriage and liveries of the Marchesa del Marmore at the door of Count Basil Spirifort. On they swept by the Via Mercata Nova to the Lung' Arno, and there their astonishment redoubled ; for in the window of the Casino dei Nobili, playing with a billiard-cue, and laughing with a group of lounging exquisites, stood Count Basil himself, the most unoccupied and listless of sunset idlers. There was but one deduction to be drawn from this sequence of events ; and when they

remembered the demonstration of passionate jealousy on the previous evening in the Cascine, Count Basil, evidently innocent of participation in her passion, was deemed a persecuted man, and the Marchesa del Marmore was lost to herself and the world !

Three days after this well-remembered circumstance in the history of Florence, an order was received from the Grand Duke to admit into the exhibition of modern artists a picture by a young Venetian painter, an *eleve* of Count Basil Spirifort. It was called "The Lady expecting an Inconstant," and had been pronounced by a virtuoso who had seen it on private view, to be a master-piece of expression and color. It was instantly and indignantly recognised as the portrait of the unfortunate Marchesa, whose late abandonment of her husband was fresh on the lips of common rumor ; but ere it could be officially removed, the circumstance had been noised abroad, and the picture had been seen by all the curious in Florence. The order for its removal was given ; but the purpose of Count Basil had been effected, and the name of the unhappy Marchesa had become a jest on the vulgar tongue.

This tale had not been told, had there not been more than a common justice in its sequel. The worst passions of men, in common life, are sometimes inscrutably prospered. The revenge of Count Basil, however, was betrayed by the last which completed it ; and while the victim of his fiendish resentment finds a peaceful asylum in England under the roof of the compassionate Lady Geraldine, the once gay and admired Russian wanders from city to city, followed by an evil reputation, and stamped unaccountably as a *Jattatore*.\*

\* A man with an evil eye.

## LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

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“Pray pardon me,  
For I am like a boy that hath found money—  
Afraid I dream still.”

*Ford or Webster.*

It was on a fine September evening, within *my* time, (and I am not, I trust, too old to be loved,) that Count Anatole L——, of the impertinent and particularly useless profession of *attache*, walked up and down before the glass in his rooms at the “Archduke Charles,” the first hotel, as you know, if you have traveled, in the green-belted and fair city of Vienna. The brass ring was still swinging on the end of the bell-rope, and, in a respectful attitude at the door, stood the just-summoned Signor Attilio, valet and privy councillor to one of the handsomest coxcombs errant through the world. Signor Attilio was a Tyrolese, and, like his master was *very* handsome.

Count Anatole had been idling away three golden summer months in the Tyrol, for the sole purpose, as far as mortal eyes could see, of disguising his fine Phidian features in a callow moustache and whiskers. The *crines ridentes* (as Eneas Sylvius has it) being now in a condition beyond improvement, Signor Attilio had for some days been rather curious to know what course

of events would next occupy the diplomatic talents of his master.

After a turn or two more, taken in silence, Count Anatole stopped in the middle of the floor, and eyeing the well-made Tyrolese from head to foot, begged to know if he wore at the present moment his most becoming breeches, jacket, and beaver.

Attilio was never astonished at any thing his master did or said. He simply answered, "*Si Signore.*"

"Be so kind as to strip immediately, and dress yourself in that traveling suit lying on the sofa."

As the green, gold-corded jacket, knee-breeches, buckles, and stockings, were laid aside, Count Anatole threw off his dressing-gown, and commenced encasing his handsome proportions in the cast-off habiliments. He then put on the conical, slouch-rimmed hat, with the tall eagle's feather stuck jauntily on the side and the two rich tassels pendent over his left eye, and, the toilet of the valet being completed at the same moment, they stood looking at one another with perfect gravity—rather transformed, but each apparently quite at home in his new character.

"You look very like a gentleman, Attilio," said the Count.

"Your Excellency has caught to admiration, *Paria del paese*," complimented back again the sometime Tyrolese.

"Attilio!"

"Signore?"

"Do you remember the lady in the forest of Friuli?"

Attilio began to have a glimmering of things. Some three months before, the Count was dashing on at a rapid post-pace, through a deep wood in the mountains which head in the Adriatic. A sudden pull-up at a turning in the road nearly threw him from his britska, and looking out at the "*anima di porco*!" of the postillion, he found his way impeded by an overset carriage, from

which three or four servants were endeavoring to extract the body of an old man, killed by the accident.

There was more attractive metal for the traveler, however, in the shape of a young and beautiful woman, leaning, pale and faint, against a tree, and apparently about to sink to the ground, unassisted. To bring a hat full of water from the nearest brook, and receive her falling head on his shoulder, was the work of a thought. She had fainted quite away, and taking her, like a child, into his arms, he placed her on a bank by the road-side, bathed her forehead and lips, and chafed her small white hands, till his heart, with all the distress of the scene, was quite mad with her perfect beauty.

Animation at last began to return, and as the flush was stealing into her lips, another carriage drove up with servants in the same livery, and Count Anatole, thoroughly bewildered in his new dream, mechanically assisted them in getting their living mistress and dead master into it, and until they were fairly out of sight, it had never occurred to him that he might possibly wish to know the name and condition of the fairest piece of work he had ever seen from the hands of his Maker.

An hour before, he had doubled his *bono mano* to the postilion, and was driving on to Vienna as if to sit at a new Congress. Now, he stood leaning against the tree, at the foot of which the grass and wild flowers showed the print of a new-made pressure, and the postilion cracked his whip, and Attilio reminded him of the hour he was losing, in vain.

He remounted after a while ; but the order was to go back to the last post-house.

Three or four months at a solitary albergo in the neighborhood of this adventure, passed by the Count in scouring the country on horseback in every direction, and by his servant in very particular ennui, brings up the story nearly to where the scene opens.



"I have seen her !" said the Count.

Attilio only lifted up his eyebrows.

"She is here, in Vienna !"

"*Felice lei !*" murmured Attilio.

"She is the Princess Leichstenfels, and, by the death of that old man, a widow."

"*Veramente ?*" responded the valet, with a rising inflexion ; for he knew his master and French morals too well not to foresee a damper in the possibility of matrimony.

"*Veramente !*" gravely echoed the Count. "And now, listen, The Princess lives in close retirement. An old friend or two, and a tried servant, are the only persons who see her. You are to contrive to see this servant to-morrow, corrupt him to leave her, and recommend me in his place, and then you are to take him as your courier to Paris ; whence, if I calculate well, you will return to me before long, with important despatches. Do you understand me ?"

"*Signor, si !*"

In the small boudoir of a *maison de plaisance*, belonging to the noble family of Leichstenfels, sat the widowed mistress of one of the oldest titles and finest estates of Austria. The light from a single long window opening down to the floor and leading out upon a terrace of flowers, was subdued by a heavy crimson curtain, looped partially away, a pastille lamp was sending up from its porphyry pedestal a thin and just perceptible curl of smoke, through which the lady musingly passed backwards and forwards one of her slender fingers, and, on a table near, lay a sheet of black-edged paper, crossed by a small silver pen, and scrawled over irregularly with devices and disconnected words, the work evidently of a fit of the most absolute and listless idleness.

The door opened, and a servant in mourning livery stood before the lady.

"I have thought over your request, Wilhelm," she said. "I had become accustomed to your services, and regret to lose you ; but I should regret more to stand in the way of your interest. You have my permission."

Wilhelm expressed his thanks with an effort that showed he had not obeyed the call of Mammon without regret, and requested leave to introduce the person he had proposed as his successor.

"Of what country is he ?"

"Tyrolese, your Excellency."

"And why does he leave the gentleman with whom he came to Vienna ?"

"*Il est amoureux d'une Viennoise, madame,*" answered the ex-valet, resorting to French to express what he considered a delicate circumstance.

"*Pauvre enfant !*" said the Princess, with a sigh that partook as much of envy as of pity ; let him come in !"

And the Count Anatole, as the sweet accents reached his ear, stepped over the threshold, and in the coarse but gay dress of the Tyrol, stood in the presence of her whose dewy temples he had bathed in the forest, whose lips he had almost "pried into for breath," whose snowy hands he had chafed and kissed when the senses had deserted their celestial organs—the angel of his perpetual dream, the lady of his wild and uncontrollable, but respectful and honorable love.

The Princess looked carelessly up as he approached, but her eyes seemed arrested in passing over his features. It was but momentary. She resumed her occupation of winding her taper fingers in the smoke curls of the incense-lamp, and with half a sigh, as if she had repelled a pleasing thought, she leaned back in the silken fauteuil, and asked the new comer his name.

"Anatole, your Excellency."

The voice again seemed to stir something in her

memory. She passed her hand over her eyes, and was for a moment lost in thought.

"Anatole," she said (Oh, how the sound of his own name, murmured in that voice of music, thrilled through the fiery veins of the disguised lover!) "Anatole, I receive you into my service. Wilhelm will inform you of your duties, and—I have a fancy for the dress of the Tyrol—you may wear it instead of my livery, if you will."

And with one stolen and warm gaze from under his drooping eyelids, and heart and lips on fire, as he thanked her for her condescension, the new retainer took his leave.

Month after month passed on—to Count Anatole in a bewildering dream of ever deepening passion. It was upon a soft and amorous morning of April, that a dashing equipage stood at the door of the proud palace of Leichtenfels. The arms of E—— blazed on the panels, and the *insoucians* chasseurs leaned against the marble columns of the portico, waiting for their master, and speculating on the gaiety likely to ensue from the suit he was prosecuting within. How could a Prince of E—— be supposed to sue in vain?

The disguised footman had ushered the gay and handsome nobleman to his mistress's presence. After re-arranging a family of very well-arranged flower-pots, shutting the window to open it again, changing the folds of the curtains not at all for the better, and looking a stolen and fierce look at the unconscious visiter, he could find no longer an apology for remaining in the room. He shut the door after him in a tempest of jealousy.

"Did your Excellency ring?" said he, opening the door again, after a few minutes of intolerable torture;

The Prince was on his knees at her feet!

“No, Anatole ; but you may bring me a glass of water.”

As he entered with the silver tray trembling in his hand, the Prince was rising to go. His face expressed delight, hope, triumph—every thing that could madden the soul of the irritated lover. After waiting on his rival to his carriage, he returned to his mistress, and receiving the glass upon the tray, was about leaving the room in silence, when the Princess called to him.

In all this lapse of time it is not to be supposed that Count Anatole played merely his footman's part. His respectful and elegant demeanor, the propriety of his language, and that deep devotedness of manner which wins a woman more than all things else, soon gained upon the confidence of the Princess ; and before a week was past she found that she was happier when he stood behind her chair, and gave him, with some self-denial, those frequent permissions of absence from the palace which she supposed he asked to prosecute the amour disclosed to her on his introduction to her service. As time flew on, she attributed his earnestness and occasional warmth of manner to gratitude ; and, without reasoning much on her feelings, gave herself up to the indulgence of a degree of interest in him which would have alarmed a woman more skilled in the knowledge of the heart. Married from a convent, however, to an old man who had secluded her from the world, the voice of the passionate Count in the forest of Friuli was the first sound of love that had ever entered her ears. She knew not why it was that the tones of her new footman, and now and then a look of his eyes, as he leaned over to assist her at table troubled her memory like a trace of a long lost dream.

But, oh, what moments had been *his* in these fleeting months ! Admitted to her presence in her most unguarded hours—seeing her at morning, at noon, at

night, in all her unstudied and surpassing loveliness—for ever near her, and with the world shut out,—her rich hair blowing with the lightest breeze across his fingers in his assiduous service—her dark full eyes, unconscious of an observer, filling with unrepressed tears, or glowing with pleasure over some tale of love—her exquisite form flung upon a couch, or bending over flowers, or moving about the room in all its native and untrammelled grace—and her voice, tender, most tender to him, though she knew it not, and her eyes, herself unaware, ever following him in his loitering attendance---and he, the while, losing never a glance nor a motion, but treasuring all up in his heart with the avarice of a miser---what, in common life, though it were the life of fortune's most favored child, could compare with it for bliss ?

Pale and agitated, the Count turned back at the call of his mistress, and stood waiting her pleasure.

“ Anatole ! ”

“ Madame ! ”

The answer was so low and deep it startled even himself.

She motioned him to come nearer. She had sunk upon the sofa, and as he stood at her feet she leaned forward, buried her hands and arms in the long curls which, in her retirement, she allowed to float luxuriantly over her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Overcome and forgetful of all but the distress of the lovely creature before him, the Count dropped upon the cushion on which rested the small foot in its mourning slipper, and taking her hand, pressed it suddenly and fervently to his lips.

The reality broke upon her ! She was beloved---but by whom ? A menial ! and the appalling answer drove all the blood of her proud race in a torrent upon her heart, sweeping away all affection as if her nature

had never known its name. She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand upon the bell.

“Madame !” said Anatole, in a cold proud tone.

She stayed her arm to listen.

“I leave you forever.”

And again, with the quick revulsion of youth and passion, her woman’s heart rose within her, and she buried her face in her hands, and dropped her head in utter abandonment on her bosom.

It was the birth-day of the Emperor, and the courtly nobles of Austria were rolling out from the capital to offer their congratulations at the royal palace of Schoenbrunn. In addition to the usual attractions of the scene, the drawing-room was to be graced by the first public appearance of a new ambassador, whose reputed personal beauty, and the talents he had displayed in a late secret negotiation, had set the whole court, from the Queen of Hungary to the youngest *dame d’honneur*, in a flame of curiosity.

To the Prince E----- there was another reason for writing the day in red letters. The Princess Leichtenfels, by an express message from the Empress, was to throw aside her widow’s weeds, and appear once more to the admiring world. She had yielded to the summons, but it was to be her last day of splendor. Her heart and hand were plighted to her Tyrolese menial, and the brightest and loveliest ornament of the Court of Austria, when the ceremonies of the day were over, was to lay aside the costly bauble from her shoulder, and the glistening tiara from her brow, and forget rank and fortune as the wife of his bosom !

The dazzling hours flew on. The plain and kind old Emperor welcomed and smiled upon all. The wily Metternich, in the crime of his successful manhood, cool, polite, handsome, and winning, gathered golden opinions by every word and look ; the young

Duke of Reichstadt, the mild and gentle son of the struck eagle of St. Helena, surrounded and caressed by a continual *cordon* of admiring women, seemed so getful that Opportunity and Expectation awaited him like two angels with their wings outspread; and haughty nobles and their haughtier dames, statesmen, scholar soldiers, and priests, crowded upon each other's heel and mixed together in that doubtful *podrida*, which goes by the name of *pleasure*. I could moralise here had I time !

The Princess of Leichstenfels had gone through the ceremony of presentation, and had heard the murmur of admiration, drawn by her beauty from all lips. Dizzy with the scene, and with a bosom full of painful and conflicting emotions, she had accepted the proffered arm of Prince E—— to breathe a fresher air upon the terrace. They stood near a window, and he was pointing out to his fair but inattentive companion the various characters as they passed within.

"I must contrive," said the Prince, "to show you the new Envoy. Oh ! you have not heard of him Beautiful as Narcissus, modest as Pastor Corydon, clever as the prime minister himself, this paragon of diplomatists has been here in disguise these three months negotiating about—Metternich and the devil know what—but rewarded at last with an ambassador's star and---but here he is ; Princess Leichstenfels, permit me to present -----"

She heard no more. A glance from the diamond star on his breast, to the Hephæstion mouth and keen dark eye of Count Anatole, revealed to her the mystery of months. And as she leaned against the window for support, the hand that sustained her in the Forest of Friuli, and the same thrilling voice, in almost the same never-forgotten cadence, offered his impassioned sympathy and aid, and she recognised and remembered all

I must go back so far as to inform you, that Count Anatole, on the morning of this memorable day, had sacrificed a silky, but prurient moustache, and a pair of the very sauciest dark whiskers out of Coventry. Whether the Prince E----- recognised in the new Envoy, the lady's gentleman who so inopportunately broke in upon his tender avowal, I am not prepared to say. I only know (for I was there) that the Princess Leichtenfels was wedded to the new ambassador in the "leafy month of June," and the Prince E-----, unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the nuptials, lost a very handsome opportunity of singing with effect,

"If she be not fair for me,"

supposing it translated into German.

Whether the enamored ambassadress prefers her husband in his new character, I am equally uncertain; though, from much knowledge of German Courts and a little of human nature, I think she will be happy if at some future day she would not willingly exchange her proud Envoy for the devoted Tyrolese, and does not sigh that she can no more bring him to her feet with a pull of a silken string.



THE

MADHOUSE OF PALERMO.

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HE who has not skimmed over the silvery waters of the Lipari, with a summer breeze right from Italy in his topsails, the smoke of Stromboli alone staining the unfathomable looking blue of the sky, and, as the sun dipped his flaming disk in the sea, put up his helm for the bosom of *La Concha d'Oro*, the Golden Shell, as they beautifully call the Bay of Palermo; he who has not thus entered, I say, to the fairest spot on the face of this very fair earth, has a leaf worth the turning in his book of observation.

- In ten minutes after dropping the anchor, with sky and water still in a glow, the men were all out of the rigging, the spars of the tall frigate were like lines pencilled on the sky, the band played inspiringly on the poop, and every boat along the gay Marina was freighted with fair Palermitans on its way to the stranger ship.

I was standing with the officer of the deck by the capstan, looking at the first star which had just sprung into its place like a thing created with a glance of the eye.

"Shall we let the ladies aboard, sir?" said a smiling middy, coming aft from the gangway.

"Yes, sir. And tell the boatswain's mate to clear away for a dance on the quarter-deck."

In most of the ports of the Mediterranean a ship of war, on a summer cruise, is as welcome as the breeze from the sea. Bringing with her forty or fifty gay young officers overcharged with life and spirits, a band of music never so well occupied as when playing for a dance, and a deck whiter and smoother than a ball-room floor, the warlike vessel seems made for a scene of pleasure. Whatever her nation, she no sooner drops her anchor, than she is surrounded by boats from the shore; and when the word is passed for admission, her gangway is crowded with the mirth-loving and warm people of these southern climes, as much at home on board, and as ready to enter into any scheme of amusement, as the maddest-brained midshipman could desire.

The companion-hatch was covered with its grating, lest some dizzy waltzer should drop his partner into the steerage, the band got out their music stand, and the bright buttons were soon whirling round from larboard to starboard, with forms in their clasp, and dark eyes glowing over their shoulders, that might have tempted the devil out of Stromboli.

Being only a passenger myself, I was contented with sitting on the slide of a carronade, and with the music in my ear, and the twilight flush deepening in the fine-traced angles of the rigging, abandoning myself to the delicious listlessness with which the very air is pregnant in these climates of paradise.

The light feet slid by, and the waltz, the gallopade, and the mazurka, had followed each other till it was broad moonlight on the decks. It was like a night without an atmosphere—the radiant flood poured down with such an invisible and moon-like clearness.

"Do you see the lady leaning on that old gentleman's arm by the hammock-rail?" said the first lieutenant, who sat upon the next gun, like myself, a spectator of the scene.

I had remarked her well. She had been in the ship five or ten minutes, and in that time, it seemed to me I had drunk her beauty, even to intoxication. The frigate was slowly swinging round to the land breeze and the moon, from drawing the curved line of a gipsy-shaped *capella di paglia* with bewitching concealment across her features, gradually fell full upon the dark limit of her orbed forehead. Heaven! what a vision of beauty! Solemn, and full of subdued passion as the countenance seemed, it was radiant with an almost supernatural light of mind. Thought and feeling seemed steeped into every line. Her mouth was large—the only departure from the severest model of the Greek—and stamped with calmness, as if it had been a legible word upon her lips. But her eyes—what can I say of their unnatural lightning—of the depth, the fulness, the wild and maniac-like passionateness of their every look?

My curiosity was strongly moved. I walked aft to the capstan, and throwing off my habitual reserve with some effort, approached the old gentleman on whose arm she leaned, and begged permission to lead her to the dance for a waltz.

"If you wish it, *carissima mia!*" said he, turning to her with all the tenderness in his tone of which the honied language of Italy is capable.

But she clung to his arm with startled closeness, and without even looking at me, turned her lips up to his ear, and murmured, "*Mai piu!*"

At my request the officer on duty paid them the compliment of sending them ashore in one of the frigate boats, and after assisting them down the ladder, I stood upon the broad stair on the level of the water, a

watched the phosphoric wake of the swift cutter till the bright sparkles were lost amid the vessels nearer land. The coxswain reported the boat's return; but all that belonged to the ship had not come back in her. My heart was left behind.

The next morning there was the usual bustle in the gun-room preparatory to going ashore. Glittering uniforms lay about upon the chairs and tables, sprinkled with swords, epaulettes, and cocked hats; very well brushed boots were sent to be re-brushed, and very nice coats to be made, if possible, to look nicer; the ship's barber was cursed for not having the hands of Briareus, and no good was wished to the eyes of the washerwoman of the last port where the frigate had anchored. Cologne water was in great request, and the purser had an uncommon number of "private interviews."

Amid all the bustle, the question of how to pass the day was busily agitated. Twenty plans were proposed; but the sequel—a dinner at the *Hotel Anglais*, and a "stroll for a lark" after it—was the only point on which the speakers were quite unanimous.

One proposition was to go to Bagaria, and see the Palace of Monsters. This is a villa about ten miles from Palermo, which the owner, Count Pallagonia, an eccentric Sicilian noble, has ornamented with some hundreds of statues of the finest workmanship, representing the form of woman in every possible combination, with beasts, fishes, and birds. It looks like the temptation of St. Anthony on a splendid scale, and is certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the world.

Near it stands another villa, the property of Prince Butera, (the present minister of Naples at the court of France,) containing, in the depths of its pleasure grounds, a large monastery, with wax monks, of the size and appearance of life, scattered about the pas-

sages, and cells, and engaged in every possible unclerical avocation. It is a whimsical satire on the Order, done to the life.

Another plan was to go to the Capuchin Convent, and see the dried friars—six or eight hundred bearded old men, *baked*, as they died, in their cowls and beards, and standing against the walls in ghastly rows, in the spacious vaults of the monastery. A more infernal spectacle never was seen by mortal eyes.

A drive to Monreale, a nest of a village on the mountain above the town, a visit to the gardens of a nobleman who salutes the stranger with a *jet d'eau* at every turning, and a lounge in the public promenade of Palermo itself, shared the honors of the argument.

I had been in Sicily before, and was hesitating which of these various lions was worthy of a second visit, when the surgeon proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to a Sicilian Count living in the neighborhood, who had converted his chateau into a lunatic asylum, and devoted his time and a large fortune entirely to this singular hobby. He was the first to try the system, now, thank God, generally approved, of winning back reason to these most wretched of human sufferers by kindness and gentle treatment.

We jumped into one of the rattling *calesini* standing in the handsome Corso of Palermo, and fifteen minutes beyond the gates brought us to the *Casa dei Pazzi*. My friend's uniform and profession were an immediate passport, and we were introduced into a handsome court, surrounded by a colonnade, and cooled by a fountain, in which were walking several well-dressed people, with books, drawing-boards, battledores, and other means of amusement. They all bowed politely as we passed, and at the door of the interior we were met by the Count.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "she was insane, then!"

It was the old man who was on board the night before !

"*E ella ?*" said I, seizing his arm, before he had concluded his bow, quite sure that he must understand me with a word.

"*Era pazza.*" He looked at me, as he answered, with a scrutiny, as if he half suspected my friend had brought him a subject.

The singular character of her beauty was quite explained. Yet what a wreck !

I followed the old Count around his establishment in a kind of dream, but I could not avoid being interested at every step. Here were no chains, no whips, no harsh keepers, no cells of stone and straw. The walls of the long corridors were painted in fresco, representing sunny landscapes, and gay dancing figures. Fountains and shrubs met us at every turn. The people were dressed in their ordinary clothes, and all employed in some light work or amusement. It was like what it might have been in the days of the Count's ancestors—a gay chateau, filled with guests and dependants, with no more apparent constraint than the ties of hospitality and service.

We went first to the kitchen. Here were ten people, all, but the cook, stark mad ! It was one of the peculiarities of the Count's system, that his patients led in his house the lives to which they had previously been accustomed. A stout Sicilian peasant girl was employed in filling a large brasier from the basin of a fountain. While we were watching her task, the fit began to come on her, and after a fierce look or two around the room, she commenced dashing the water about her with great violence. The cook turned, not at all surprised, and patting her on the back, with a loud laugh, cried, "*Brava, Pepina ! brava !*" ringing at the same moment a secret bell.

A young girl of sixteen with a sweet, smiling coun-

tenance, answered the summons, and immediately comprehending the case, approached the enraged creature, and putting her arms affectionately round her neck, whispered something in her ear. The expression of her face changed immediately to a look of delight, and dropping the bucket, she followed the young attendant out of the room with peals of laughter.

"*Venite !*" said the count, "you shall see how we manage our furies."

We followed across a garden filled with the sweetest flowers to a small room opening on a lawn. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a hammock, and Pepina was already in it, swung lightly from side to side by a servant, while the attendant stood by, and, as if in play, threw water upon her face at every approach. It had all the air of a frolic. The violent laughter of the poor maniac grew less and less as the soothing motion and the coolness of the water took effect, and in a few minutes her strained eyes gently closed, the hammock was swung more and more gently, and she fell asleep.

"This," said the Count, with a gratified smile, "is my substitute for a forced shower-bath and chains ; and this," kissing his little attendant on the forehead, "for the whip and the grim turnkey." I blessed him in my heart.

"Come !" said he, as we left the sleeper to her repose, "I must show you my grounds."

We followed him to an extensive garden, opening from the back of the chateau, laid out originally in the formal style of an Italian villa. The long walks had been broken up, however, by beautiful arbors with grottos in their depths, in which wooden figures, of the color and size of life, stood or sat in every attitude of gaiety or grotesqueness. It was difficult, in the deep shadow of the vines and oleanders, not to believe them real. We walked on through many a winding shrub-

bery, perfumed with all the scented flowers of the luxuriant climate, continually surprised with little deceptions of perspective, or figures half concealed in the leaves, till we emerged at the entrance of a charming summer theatre, with sodded seats, stage, orchestra, and scenery complete. Orange trees, roses, and clematis were laced together for a wall in the rear.

"Here," said the old man, bounding gaily upon the stage, "here we act plays the summer long."

"What! not with your patients?"

"*Si Signore!* Who else?" And he went on to describe to us the interest they took in it, and the singular power with which the odd idea seized upon their whimsied intellects. We had been accompanied from the first, by a grave, respectable looking man, whom I had taken for an assistant. While we were listening to the description of the first attempt they had made at a play, he started out from the group, and putting himself in an attitude upon the stage, commenced spouting a furious passage in Italian.

The Count pointed to his forehead, and made a sign to us to listen. The tragedian stopped at the end of his sentence, and after a moment's delay, apparently in expectation of a reply, darted suddenly off and disappeared behind the scenes.

"*Poveretto!*" said the Count, "it is my best actor!"

Near the theatre stood a small chapel, with a circular lawn before it, on which the grass had been lately much trodden. It was surrounded partly by a green bank, and here the Count seated us, saying, with a significant look at me, that he would tell us a story.

I should like to give it you in his own words—still more with his own manner; for never was a tale told with more elegance of language, or a more natural and pleasant simplicity. But a sheet of "wire-wove" is not a Palermitan cavaliere, and the cold English has not



the warm eloquence of the Italian. He laid aside his hat, ordered fruit and wine, and proceeded.

"Almost a year ago I was called upon by a gentleman of a noble physiognomy and address, who inquired very particularly into my system. I explained it to him at his request, and he did me the honor, as you gentlemen have done, to go over my little establishment. He seemed satisfied, and with some hesitation informed me that he had a daughter in a very desperate state of mental alienation. Would I go and see her ?

"This is not, you know, gentlemen, a public institution. I am crazy," he said it very gravely, "quite crazy—the first of my family of fools, on this particular theme—and this asylum is my toy. Of course it is only as the whim seizes me that I admit a patient ; for there are some diseases of the brain seated in causes with which I wish not to meddle.

"However, I went. With the freedom of a physician I questioned the father, upon the road, of the girl's history. He was a Greek, a prince of the Fanar, who had left his degraded people in their dirty and dangerous suburb at Constantinople, to forget oppression and meanness in a voluntary exile. It was just before the breaking out of the last Greek revolution, and so many of his kinsmen and friends had been sacrificed to the fury of the Turks, that he had renounced all idea of ever returning to his country.

"And your daughter ?

"My dear Katinka, my only child, fell ill upon receiving distressing news from the Fanar, and her health and reason never rallied after. It is now several years, and she has lain in bed till her limbs are withered, never having uttered a word, or made a sign which would indicate even consciousness of the presence of those about her."

"I could not get from him that there was any disap-

pointment of the heart at the bottom of it. It seemed to be one of those cases of sudden stupefaction, to which nervously sensitive minds are liable after a violent burst of grief; and I began, before I had seen her, to indulge in bright hopes of starting once more the sealed fountains of thought and feeling.

"We entered Palermo, and passing out at the other gate, stopped at a vine-laced casino on the lip of the bay, scarcely a mile from the city wall. It was a pretty, fanciful place, and, on a bed in its inner chamber, lay the most poetical-looking creature I had ever seen out of my dreams. Her head was pillowed in an abundance of dark hair, which fell away from her forehead in masses of glossy curls, relieving with a striking effect, the wan and transparent paleness of a face which the divinest chisel could scarce have copied in alabaster. *Dio mio!*—how transcendent was the beauty of that poor girl!"

The Count stopped and fed his memory a moment with closed eyes upon the image.

"At the first glance I inwardly put up a prayer to the Virgin, and determined, with her sweet help, to restore reason to the fairest of its earthly temples. I took up her shadow of a hand, and spread out the thin fingers in my palm, and as she turned her large wandering eye towards me, I felt that the blessed Mary had heard my prayer, 'You shall see her well again,' said I confidently.

"Quite overcome, the Prince Ghika fell on the bed and embraced his daughter's knees in an agony of tears.

"You shall not have the *seccatura*, gentlemen, of listening to the recital of all my tedious experiments for the first month or two. I brought her to my house upon a litter, placed her in a room filled with every luxury of the East, and suffered no one to approach her except two Greek attendants, to whose services she

was accustomed. I succeeded in partially restoring animation to her benumbed limbs by friction, and made her sensible of music, and of the perfumes of the East, which I burned in a pastille-lamp in her chamber. Here, however, my skill was baffled. I could neither amuse nor vex. Her mind was beyond me. After trying every possible experiment, as it seemed to me, my invention was exhausted, and I despaired.

"She occupied, however, much of my mind. Walking up and down yonder orange-alley one sweet morning, about two months ago, I started off suddenly to my chamber with a new thought. You would have thought me the maddest of my household, to have seen me, gentlemen. I turned out by the shoulders the *regazza*, who was making my bed, washed and scented myself, as if for a ball, covered my white hairs with a handsome brown wig, a relic of my coxcombical days, rouged faintly, and, with white gloves, and a most youthful appearance altogether, sought the chamber of my patient.

"She was lying with her head in the hollow of her thin arm, and, as I entered, her dark eyes rested full upon me. I approached, kissed her hand with a respectful gallantry, and in the tenderest tones of which my damaged voice was susceptible, breathed into her ear a succession of delicately turned compliments to her beauty.

"She lay as immovable as marble, but I had not calculated upon the ruling passion of the sex in vain. A thin flush in her cheek, and a flutter in her temple, only perceptible to my practised eye, told me that the words had found their way to her long-lost consciousness.

"I waited a few moments, and then took up a ringlet that fell negligently over her hand, and asked permission to sever it from the glossy mass in which the arm under her head was literally buried.

She clutched her fingers suddenly upon it, and gazing at me with the fury of a roused tigress, exclaimed in a husky whisper, '*Lasciate me, Signore!*' I obeyed her, and, as I left the room, I thanked her virgin in my heart. It was the first word she had said to me for years.

The next day, having patched myself up more successfully in my leisure, in a disguise so absolute that none even of my pets knew me as I passed through the corridor, I bowed myself up once more to her bed-

She lay with her hands clasped over her eyes, and took no notice of my first salutation. I commenced a little raillery, and under cover of finding fault with her attitude, contrived to pay an adroit compliment to the glorious orbs she was hiding from admiration. She lay a moment or two without motion, but the muscles of her slight mouth stirred just perceptibly, and presently she drew her fingers quickly apart, and looked at me with a most confiding expression in her pale eyes, a full sweet smile broke like sudden sunshine through her lips. I could have wept for joy.

I soon acquired all the influence over her I could wish for. She made an effort at my request to leave her room, and in a week or two walked with me in the garden.

Her mind, however, seemed to have capacity for only one thought, and she soon began to grow uneasy, and would weep for hours. I endeavored to divert her from the cause, but she only buried her face in my bosom, and wept more violently, till one day, sighing out her broken words almost inarticulately, I guessed her meaning. She was grieved that I did not love her!

"Poor girl!" soliloquized the Count after a brief pause, "she was only true to her woman's nature. In my day had but removed the veil of custom and restraint.

She would have broken her heart before she had betrayed such a secret, with her reason.

"I was afraid at last she would go melancholy mad; this one thought preyed so perpetually on her brain—and I resolved to delude her into the cheerfulness necessary to her health by a mock ceremony.

"The delight with which she received my promise almost alarmed me. I made several delays, with the hope that in the convulsion of her feelings a ray of reason would break through the darkness; but she took every hour to heart, and I found it was inevitable.

"You are sitting, gentlemen, in the very scene of our mad bridal. My poor grass has not yet recovered, you see, from the tread of the dancers. Imagine the spectacle. The chapel was splendidly decorated, and at the bottom of the lawn stood three long tables, covered with fruits and flowers, and sprinkled here and there with bottles of colored water, (to imitate wine,) sherbets, cakes, and other such innocent things as I could allow my crazy ones. They were all invited."

"Good God!" said the surgeon, "your lunatics!"

"All! all! And never was such a sensation produced in a household since the world was created. Nothing else was talked of for a week. My worst patients seemed to suspend for the time their fits of violence. I sent to town for quantities of tricky stuffs, and allowed the women to deck themselves entirely after their own taste. You can conceive nothing like the business they made of it! Such apparitions! *Santa Maria!* shall I ever forget that Babel!"

"The morning came. My bride's attendants had dressed her from her Grecian wardrobe, and with her long braid parted over her forehead, and hanging back from her shoulders to her very heels, her close-fitted jacket, of gorgeous velvet and gold, her costly bracelets, and the small spangled slippers upon her unstock-

aged feet, she was positively an angelic vision of beauty. Her countenance was thoughtful, but her step was unusually elastic, and a small red spot, like a rose-leaf under the skin, blushed through the alabaster paleness of her cheek.

"My maniacs received her with shouts of admiration. The women were kept from her at first with great difficulty, and it was only by drawing their attention to their own gaudier apparel, that their anxiety to touch her was distracted. The men looked at her, as she passed along like a queen of love and beauty, and their wild, gleaming eyes, and quickened breaths, showed the effect of such loveliness upon the unconcealed feelings. I had multiplied my attendants, scarce knowing how the excitement of the scene might affect them, but the interest of the occasion, and the imposing decencies of dress and show, seemed to overcome them effectually. The most sane guests at a bridal could scarce have behaved with more propriety.

"The ceremony was performed by an elderly friend of mine, the physician to my establishment. Old as I am, gentlemen, I could have wished that ceremony to have been in earnest. As she lifted up her large liquid eyes to heaven, and swore to be true to me till death, I forgot my manhood, and wept. If I had been younger—*ma che porcheria!*

"After the marriage the women were invited to salute the bride, and then all eyes in my natural party turned at once to the feast. I gave the word. Fruits, cakes, and sherbets, disappeared with the rapidity of magic, and then the music struck up from the shrubbery, and they danced—as you see by the grass.

"I committed the bride to her attendants at sunset, but I could with difficulty tear myself away. On the following day I called at her door, but she refused to see me. The next and the next I could gain no admittance without exerting my authority. On the

fourth morning I was permitted to enter. She had resumed her usual dress, and was sad, calm and gentle. She said little, but seemed lost in thought to which she was unwilling or unable to give utterance.

"She has never spoken of it since. Her mind, I think, has nearly recovered its tone, but her memory seems confused. I scarce think she remembers her illness, and its singular events, as more than a troubled dream. On all the common affairs of life she seems quite sane, and I drive out with her daily, and have taken her once or twice to the opera. Last night we were strolling on the Marina when your frigate came into the bay, and she proposed to join the crowd and go off to hear the music. We went on board, as you know; and now, if you choose to pay your respects to the lady who refused to waltz with you, take another sip of your sherbet and wine, and come with me."

To say more would be trespassing perhaps on the patience of my readers, but certainly on my own feelings. I have described this singular case of madness and its cure, because I think it contains in itself the seeds of much philosophy on the subject. It is only within a very few years that these poor sufferers have been treated otherwise than as the possessors of incarnate devils, whom it was necessary to scourge out with unsparing cruelty. If this literal statement of a cure in the private mad-house of the eccentric Conte — of Palermo, induce the friends of a single unfortunate maniac to adopt a kind and rational system for his restoration, the writer will have been repaid for bringing circumstances before the public, which have since had much to do with his own feelings.

## MINUTE PHILOSOPHIES.

Nature there  
Was with thee ; she who loved us both, she still  
Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become  
A silent poet ; from the solitude  
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.

*Wordsworth.*

A SUMMER or two since, I was wasting a college vacation among the beautiful creeks and falls in the neighborhood of New York. In the course of my wanderings, up stream and down stream, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and never without a book for an excuse to loiter on the mossy banks and beside the edge of running water, I met frequently a young man of a peculiarly still and collected eye, and a forehead more like a broad slab of marble than a human brow. His mouth was small and thinly cut ; his chin had no superfluous flesh upon it ; and his whole appearance was that of a man, whose intellectual nature prevailed over the animal. He was evidently a scholar. We had met so frequently at last, that, on passing each other one delicious morning, we bowed and smiled simul-



taneously, and, without further introduction, entered into conversation.

It was a temperate day in August, with a clear but not oppressive sun, and we wandered down a long creek together, mineralizing here, botanizing there, and examining the strata of the ravines, with that sort of instinctive certainty of each other's attainments, which scholars always feel, and thrusting in many a little way-side parenthesis, explanatory of each other's history and circumstances. I found that he was one of those pure and unambitious men, who, by close application and moderate living while in college, become in love with their books; and, caring little for anything more than the subsistence, which philosophy tells them is enough to have of this world, settle down for life into a wicker-bottomed chair, more contentedly than if it were the cushion of a throne.

We were together three or four days, and when I left him, he gave me his address, and promised to write to me. I shall give below an extract from one of his letters. I had asked him for a history of his daily habits, and any incidents which he might choose to throw in—hinting to him, that I was a dabbler in literature, and would be obliged to him if he would do it minutely, and in a form of which I might avail myself in the way of publication.

After some particulars, unimportant to the reader, he proceeds:—

“I keep a room at a country tavern. It is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, with a whole generation of elms about it; and the greenest grass up to the very door, and the pleasantest view in the whole country round from my chamber window. Though it is a public-house, and the word ‘HOTEL’ swings in golden capitals under a landscape of two hills and a river, painted for a sign by some wandering Tinto, it is so orderly a town, that not a lounge is ever seen about the door;

and the noisiest traveler is changed to a quiet man, as if it were by the very hush of the atmosphere.

“Here, in my pleasant room, upon the second floor, with my round table covered with choice books, my shutters closed just so much as to admit light enough for a painter ; and my walls hung with the pictures which adorned my college chambers, and are therefore linked with a thousand delightful associations, I can study my twelve hours a day, in a state of mind sufficiently even and philosophical. I do not want for excitement. The animal spirits, thanks to the Creator, are enough at all times, with employment and temperate living, to raise us above the common shadows of life ; and after a day of studious confinement, when my mind is unbound, and I go out and give it up to reckless association, and lay myself open unreservedly to the influences of nature—at such a time, there comes mysteriously upon me a degree of pure joy, unmingled and unaccountable, which is worth years of artificial excitement. The common air seems to have grown rarer ; my step is strangely elastic ; my sense of motion full of unwonted dignity ; my thoughts elevated ; my perceptions of beauty acuter and more pleasurable ; and my better nature predominant and sublime. There is nothing in the future which looks difficult, nothing in my ambition unattainable, nothing in the past which cannot be reconciled with good ; I am a purer and a better man ; and though I am elevated in my own thoughts, it will not lead to vanity, for my ideas of God, and of my fellow men, have been enlarged also. This excitement ceases soon ; but it ceases like the bubbling of a fountain, which leaves the waters purer for the influence which has passed through them—not like the mirth of the world, which ebbs like an unnatural tide, and leaves loathsomeness and disgust.

“Let no one say, that such a mode of life is adapted to peculiar constitutions, and can be relished by those

only. Give me the veriest worldling—the most devoted, and the happiest of fashionable ephemera, and if he has material for a thought, and can take pride in the improvement of his nature, I will so order his daily round, that, with temperance and exercise, he shall be happier in one hour spent within himself, than in ten wasted on folly.

“Few know the treasures in their own bosoms—very few, the elasticity and capacity of a well-regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of philosophers, and historians, and poets, seem, to the secluded student, to have labored but for his pleasure ; and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart ; which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. I have seen my college chum—a man, who from a life of mingled business and pleasure, became suddenly a student—lean back in his chair, at the triumph of an argument, or the discovery of a philosophical truth ; and give himself up for a few moments to the enjoyment of sensations, which, he assured me, surpassed exceedingly the most vivid pleasures of his life. The mind is like the appetite ; when healthy and well-toned, receiving pleasure from the commonest food ; but becoming a disease, when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself, satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give birth to health, to animal spirits, to everything which invigorates the body, while it is advancing by every step the capacities of the soul. Oh ! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters, better even than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told, that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet ; they will not know, that the music they look to enchant them, is sleeping in their own untouched in-

struments ; that the lamp which they vainly ask from the enchanter, is burning in their own bosoms !

“ When I first came here, my host’s eldest daughter was about twelve years of age. She was, without being beautiful, an engaging child, rather disposed to be contemplative, and, like all children at that age, very inquisitive and curious. She was shy at first, but soon became acquainted with me ; and would come into my room in her idle hours, and look at my pictures and read. She never disturbed me, because her natural politeness forbade it ; and I pursued my thoughts or my studies just as if she were not there, till, by-and-by, I grew fond of her quiet company, and was happier when she was moving stealthily around, and looking into a book here and there, in her quiet way.

“ She had been my companion thus for some time, when it occurred to me that I might be of use to her in leading her to cultivate a love for study. I seized the idea enthusiastically. Now, thought I, I will see the process of a human mind. I have studied its philosophy from books, and now I will take a single original, and compare them, step by step. I have seen the bud, and the flower full blown, and I am told that the change was gradual, and effected thus---leaf after leaf. Now I will watch the expansion, and while I water it and let in the sunshine to its bosom, detect the secret springs which move to such beautiful results. The idea delighted me.

“ I was aware that there was great drudgery in the first steps, and I determined to avoid it, and connect the idea of my own instruction with all that was delightful and interesting in her mind. For this purpose I persuaded her father to send her to a better school than she had been accustomed to attend, and, by a little conversation, stimulated her to enter upon her studies with alacrity.

“ She was now grown to a girl, and had begun to

assume the *naïve*, womanly airs which girls do at her age. Her figure had rounded into a flowing symmetry, and her face, whether from associating principally with an older person, or for what other reason I know not, had assumed a thoughtful cast, and she was really a girl of most interesting and striking personal appearance.

"I did not expect much from the first year of my experiment. I calculated justly on its being irksome and common-place. Still, I was amused and interested. I could hear her light step on the stair, alway at the same early hour of the evening, and it was a pleasure to me to say 'Come in,' to her timid rap, and set her a chair by my own, that I might look over her book, or talk in a low tone to her. I then asked her about her lessons, and found out what had most attracted her notice, and I could always find some interesting fact connected with it, or strike off into some pleasant association, till she acquired a habit of selection in her reading, and looked at me earnestly to know what I would say upon it. You would have smiled to see her leaning forward, with her soft blue eye fixed on me, and her lips half parted with attention, waiting for my ideas upon some bare fact in geography or history; and it would have convinced you that the natural, unstimulated mind, takes pleasure in the simplest addition to its knowledge.

"All this time I kept out of her way every thing that would have a tendency to destroy a taste for mere knowledge, and had the pleasure to see that she passed with keen relish from her text books to my observations, which were as dry as they, though recommended by kindness of tone and an interested manner. She acquired gradually, by this process, a habit of reasoning upon everything which admitted it, which was afterwards of great use in fixing and retaining the leading features of her attainments.

“I proceeded in this way till she was fifteen. Her mind had now become inured to regular habits of inquiry, and she began to ask difficult questions and wonder at common things. Her thoughts assumed a graver complexion, and she asked for books upon subjects of which she felt the want of information. She was ready to receive and appreciate truth and instruction, and here was to begin my pleasure.

“She came up one evening with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress. She took her usual seat, and told me that she had been thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things—so much, even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she got on so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better, she said, to be happy in ignorance, than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child ! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and that the wisest of men were only ‘gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea ! I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment and wonderful discovery—sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul—the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world, with a loftier capacity than your fellow-beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation—the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect and true appreciation.

“She listened to me in silence, and wept. It was one of those periods which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear ; and when it passed by, and her

ambition stirred again, she gave vent to her feelings with a woman's beautiful privilege. I had no more trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than while following her from step to step in this delightful study.

"I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind, from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half-familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name—a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by and by, you came to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face in a tumultuous consciousness—you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features—and you know, now, that it was jealousy, or ambition, or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject, of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion for your very partialities, or a strange warming in your heart toward people or pursuits that you had disliked; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart, and a wish that you might die.

"These are mysteries which are not all soluble,

even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies, and like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player.

“I remembered my school-day feelings, and lived them over again with my beautiful pupil. I entered with as much enthusiasm as she, into the strength and sublimity which I had wondered at before; and I believe that, even as she sat reading by herself, my blood thrilled, and my pulses quickened, as vividly as her own, when I saw, by the deepening color of her cheek, or the marked passages of my book, that she had found a noble thought or a daring hypothesis.

“She proceeded with her course of philosophy rapidly and eagerly. Her mind was well prepared for its relish. She said she felt as if a new sense had been given her—an inner eye which she could turn in upon herself, and by which she could, as it were, stand aside while the process of thought went on. She began to respect and to rely upon her own mind, and the elevation of countenance and manner, which so certainly and so beautifully accompanies inward refinement, stole over her daily. I began to feel respectful in her presence, and when, with the peculiar elegance of a woman’s mind, she discovered a delicate shade of meaning which I had not seen, or traced an association which could spring only from an unsullied heart, I experienced a sensation like the consciousness of an unseen presence—elevating, without alarming me.

“It was probably, well, that with all this change in her mind and manner, her person still retained its childish grace and flexibility. She had not grown tall, and she wore her hair yet as she used to do—falling with a luxuriant fulness upon her shoulders. Hence she was still a child, when, had she been taller or more womanly, the demands upon her attention, and the at-



tractiveness of mature society, might have divided that engrossing interest which is necessary to successful study.

"I have often wished I was a painter ; but never so much as when looking on this beautiful being as she sat absorbed in her studies, or turned to gaze up a moment to my face, with that delicious expression of inquiry and affection. Every one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined with its rarity, to make this expression less observable in woman ; but, to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from every thing gross and material, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave it to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough for me that I can see and feel it in every pulse of my being. It is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not define it ; he may be totally unconscious what it is that awes him ; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother who prays nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave round her a defence stronger than steel—that she may place in her heart a living amulet whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution. I am not 'stringing pearls.' I have seen, and I know, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel ; and in the melancholy chronicle of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the 'point of a diamond,' and I were writing on living

hearts ! for when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor—and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed, utterly, by a daughter's degradation, I feel, that if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant !

“ My pupil had, as yet, read no poetry. I was uncertain how to enter upon it. Her taste for the beautiful in prose had become so decided, that I feared for the first impression of my poetical world. I wished it to burst upon her brilliantly—like the entrance to an inner and more magnificent temple of knowledge. I hoped to dazzle her with an high and unimagined beauty, which should exceed far the massive but plain splendors of philosophy. We had often conversed on the probability of a previous existence, and, one evening I opened Wordsworth, and read his sublime ‘ Ode upon Intimations of Immortality.’ She did not interrupt me, but I looked up at the conclusion, and she was in tears. I made no remark, but took Byron, and read some of the finest passages in Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Cain—and, from that time, poetry has been her world !

“ It would not have been so earlier. It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish and feel poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste, and then it is like a language from heaven. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of plain garment and a homely presence—and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend who talked with us by the wayside, and kept us company on our familiar paths—and we see him coming with a stately step, and a glittering diadem on his brow ; and we wonder that

we did not see that his plain garment honored him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king !

“ Poetry entered to the very soul of Caroline Grey. It was touching an unreachd string, and she felt as if the whole compass of her heart were given out. I used to read to her for hours, and it was beautiful to see her eye kindle, and her cheek burn with excitement. The sublimed mysticism and spirituality of Wordsworth were her delight, and she feasted upon the deep philosophy and half-hidden tenderness of Coleridge.

“ I had observed, with some satisfaction. that, in the rapid development of her mental powers, she had not found time to study nature. She knew little of the character of the material creation, and I now commenced walking constantly abroad with her at sunset, and at all the delicious seasons of moonlight and starlight and dawn. It came in well with her poetry. I cannot describe the effect. She became, like all who are, for the first time, made sensible of the glories around them, a worshipper of the external world.

There is a time when nature first loses its familiarity, and seems suddenly to have become beautiful. This is true, even of those who have been taught early habits of observation. The mind of a child is too feeble to comprehend, and does not soon learn, the scale of sublimity and beauty. He would not be surprised if the sun were brighter, or if the stars were sown thicker in the sky. He sees that the flower is beautiful, and he feels admiration at the rainbow ; but he would not wonder if the dyes of the flower were deeper, or if the sky were laced to the four corners with the colors of a prism. He grows up with these splendid phenomena at work about him, till they have become common, and, in their most wonderful forms, cease to attract his attention. Then his senses are, suddenly, as by an invisible influence, unsealed, and, like the proselyte of

the Egyptian pyramids, he finds himself in a magnificent temple, and hears exquisite music, and is dazzled by surpassing glory. He never recovers his indifference. The perpetual changes of nature keep alive his enthusiasm, and if his taste is not dulled by subsequent debasement, the pleasure he receives from it flows on like a stream—wearing deeper and calmer.

“Caroline became now my constant companion. The changes of the natural world have always been my chief source of happiness, and I was curious to know whether my different sensations, under different circumstances, were peculiar to myself. I left her, therefore, to lead the conversation, without any expression of my feelings, and, to my surprise and delight, she invariably struck their tone, and pursued the same vein of reflection. It convinced me of what I had long thought might be true—that there was, in the varieties of natural beauty, a hidden meaning, and a delightful purpose of good, and, if I am not deceived, it is a new and beautiful evidence of the proportion and extent of God’s benevolent wisdom. Thus, you may remember the peculiar effect of the early dawn—the deep, unruffled serenity, and the perfect collectedness of your senses. You may remember the remarkable purity that pervades the stealing in of color, and the vanishing of the cold shadows of grey—the heavenly quiet that seems infused, like a visible spirit, into the pearly depths of the East, as the light violet tints become deeper in the upper sky, and the morning mist rises up like a veil of silvery film, and softens away its intensity; and then you will remember how the very beatings of your heart grew quiet, and you felt an irresistible impulse to pray! There was no irregular delight, no indefinite sensation, no ecstasy. It was deep, unbroken repose, and your pulses were free from the fever of life, and your reason was lying awake in its chamber.

“There is a hush also at noon; but it is not like the

morning. You have been mingling in the business of the world, and you turn aside, weary and distracted, for rest. There is a far depth in the intense blue of the sky which takes in the spirit, and you are content to lie down and sleep in the cool shadow, and forget even your existence. How different from the cool wakefulness of the morning, and yet how fitted for the necessity of the hour !

“The day wears on and comes to the sun-setting. The strong light passes off from the hills, and the leaves are mingled in golden masses, and the tips of the long grass, and the blades of maize, and the luxuriant grain, are all sleeping in a rich glow, as if the daylight had melted into gold and descended upon every living thing like dew. The sun goes down, and there is a tissue of indescribable glory floating upon the clouds, and the almost imperceptible blending of the sunset color with the blue sky, is far up towards the zenith. Presently the pomp of the early sunset passes away ; and the clouds are all clad in purple, with edges of metallic lustre ; and very far in the West, as if they were sailing away into another world, are seen spots of intense brightness, and the tall trees on the hilly edge of the horizon seem piercing the sky, on fire with its consuming heat. There is a tumultuous joy in the contemplation of this hour which is peculiar to itself. You feel as if you should have had wings ; for there is a strange stirring in your heart to follow on—and your imagination bursts away into that beautiful world, and revels among the unsubstantial clouds till they become cold. It is a triumphant and extravagant hour. Its joyousness is an intoxication, and its pleasure dies with the day.

“The night, starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a blue, intense almost to blackness, and the stars are set in it like gems. They are of different glory, and there are some that burn, and some that

have a twinkling lustre, and some are just visible and faint. You know their nature, and their motion ; and there is something awful in so many worlds moving on through the firmament so silently and in order. You feel an indescribable awe stealing upon you, and your imagination trembles as it goes up among them. You gaze on, and on, and the superstitions of olden time, and the wild visions of astrology steal over your memory, till, by and by, you hear the music which they 'give out as they go,' and drink in the mysteries of their hidden meaning, and believe that your destiny is woven by their burning spheres. There comes on you a delirious joy, and a kind of terrible fellowship with their sublime nature, and you feel as if you could go up to a starry place and course the heavens in company. There is a spirituality in this hour, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of happiness. The purity of the morning, and the noontide quietness, and the rapture of the glorious sunset, are all human and comprehensible feelings ; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose—See now the wisdom of God !—the collected intellect for the morning prayer and our daily duty—the delicious repose for our noontide weariness, and the rapt fervor to purify us by night from our worldliness, and keep wakeful the eye of immortality ! They are all suited to our need ; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out at this or that season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

“The world had become to Caroline a new place. No change in the season was indifferent to her—nothing was common or familiar. She found beauty in things you would pass by, and a lesson for her mind or her heart in the minutest workmanship of nature. Her character assumed a cheerful dignity, and an elevation

above ordinary amusements or annoyances. She was equable and calm, because her feelings were never reached by ordinary irritations, and, if there were no other benefit in cultivation, this were almost argument enough to induce it.

"It is now five years since I commenced my tutorship. I have given you the history of two of them. In the remaining three there has been much that has interested my mind—probably little that would interest yours. We have read together, and, as far as possible, studied together. She has walked with me, and shared all my leisure and known every thought. She is now a woman of eighteen. Her childish graces are matured, and her blue eye would send a thrill through you. You might object to her want of fashionable *tournure*, and find fault with her unfashionable impulses. I do not. She is a high-minded, noble, impassioned being—with an enthusiasm that is not without reason, and a common sense that is not a regard to self-interest. Her motion was not learnt at schools, but it is unembarrassed and free; and her tone has not been educated to a refined whisper, but it expresses the meaning of her heart, as if its very pulse had become articulate. The many might not admire her—I know she would be idolized by the few.

"Our intercourse is as intimate still; and it could not change without being less so—for we are constantly together. There is—to be sure—lately—a slight degree of embarrassment—and—somehow—we read more poetry than we used to do—but it is nothing at all—nothing."

My friend was married to his pupil a few months after writing the foregoing. He has written to me since, and I will show you the letter if you will call, any time. It will not do to print it, because there are some domestic details not proper for the general eye; but,

to me, who am a bachelor, bent upon matrimony, it is interesting to the last degree. He lives the same quiet, retired life, that he did before he was married. His room is arranged with the same taste, and with reference to the same habits as before. The light comes in as timidly through the half-closed window, and his pictures look as shadowy and dim, and the rustle of the turned leaf adds as mysteriously to the silence. He is the fondest of husbands, but his affection does not encroach on the habits of his mind. Now and then he looks up from his book, and, resting his head upon his hand, lets his eye wander over the pale cheek and drooping lid of the beautiful being who sits reading beside him ; but he soon returns to his half-forgotten page, and the smile of affection which had stolen over his features fades gradually away into the habitual soberness of thought. There sits his wife, hour after hour, in the same chair which she occupied when she first came, a curious loiterer to his room ; and though she does not study so much, because other cares have a claim upon her now, she still keeps pace with him in the pleasanter branches of knowledge, and they talk as often and as earnestly as before on the thousand topics of a scholar's contemplation. Her cares may and will multiply ; but she understands the economy of time, and I have no doubt that, with every attention to her daily duties, she will find ample time for her mind, and be always as well fitted as now for the companionship of an intellectual being.

I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married—as the world said—well ! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is



natural to be sanguine for the young, and, at such times, I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself, and, if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light

of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them as they glide by, joyously and confidently, the crest of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride ; and many—oh ! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on, for a while, undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband, first in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by-and-by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their "lover and friend" could not give them !

Heed this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings ! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever, a fellowship of mind—the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship—and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition,

to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Ask you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the interesting themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge!—Oh! no, lady!—believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun—and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest!

THE END.













